

THE SATURDAY REVIEW

OF

POLITICS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

No. 1,646, Vol. 63.

May 14, 1887.

[Registered for
Transmission abroad.]

Price 6d.

THE GOSCHEN BANQUET.

IT would be certainly uncharitable, and perhaps unjust, to suppose that the Gladstonian party disagrees with all the sentiments of Holy Writ. But there is one such sentiment which we may be pretty sure does not commend itself to them. It can hardly have been a joyful thing to see the Unionist brethren dwelling together in such unity as was shown once more in the banquet to Mr. GOSCHEN last Saturday night. Ever since their great overthrow at the general election, the Separatists have been unweariedly declaring that this union—as blackguardly and devilish as the other—could not, would not, and should not last. Yet it goes on lasting worse than ever. The Separatists have indeed gained, say half, or some more delicately adjusted fraction, of Sir GEORGE TREVELYAN, at the cost to Sir GEORGE himself of about nineteen-twentieths of his political and intellectual reputation. They have got Mr. WINTERBOTHAM body and soul. Two or three other Liberal Unionists hover in a kind of debatable land, giving an abstention now and then to Mr. GLADSTONE, and a vote now and then to the enemies of Mr. GLADSTONE. But the Liberal Unionist party, as a whole, is staunchly impenitent and impenitently staunch. Lord HARTINGTON remains obstinately unconscious of the wickedness of keeping the causes of political living at the sacrifice of what some count political life—that is to say, office. Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, at once confounding and maddening the prophets, declines to leave off being a Radical because he has left off being a Gladstonian. The Tories, instead of insisting that their Liberal and Radical allies shall do penance and burn everything that they have adored, are quite calmly and rationally contented with the efforts of those allies to prevent Mr. GLADSTONE from burning the “cursed Union” and scattering its ashes to the wind. In short, the whole Unionist party has politely declined to commit the blunders which the Separatist party, with a good deal less politeness, assumed that it was going to commit.

It may, of course, be retorted that there is nothing easier than to speak brave words to a sympathizing audience after dinner, that Lord SALISBURY can make a slogging speech anywhere and on anything, and that the general question will be decided, not at dinner-parties, not even in the House of Commons, but in the constituencies. But such retorts show a rather unfortunate forgetfulness of the real facts of the case in those who make them. In the first place, it was their contention that the unnatural alliance, the dishonourable coalition, would break down, not merely at the polling-booths months or years hence, but in the House and at the dinner-table itself. The Liberal Unionists were to be frightened off by dim but dreadful prospects of Tory reaction. They were to be convinced by Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL's retirement of the instability of the Government. They were to be staggered by the Coercion Bill as a whole; they were to be knocked clean out of time by the change of venue. Now none of these things has happened. Again, everybody knew, no doubt, that Lord SALISBURY could slog on any ground, and against any bowling. But the revelation of a similar faculty in Mr. GOSCHEN must be surely a revelation to any Separatist who can read the signs of the times at all. The CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER was always a vigorous and ready debater, a clear expositor of his subject, a logical arguer to his conclusions. But it is only since the famous Unionist meeting at Her Majesty's that he has developed fire in his platform addresses, while during the same time,

and under the same inspiration, his always considerable debating faculty has ripened in the most remarkable fashion. Mr. GOSCHEN spoke brilliantly enough at the Criterion on Saturday to a shouting audience of friends. But such a display is far less remarkable than that which has recently become one of the most curious and not the least frequent sights of the House of Commons—the sight of Mr. GOSCHEN with a yelping or yelling crew of English and Irish Parnellites before him, goading them purposely into interruption, and then leaving the interrupters, from Mr. GLADSTONE to Mr. CONYBEARE, upset and sprawling on the ground. Does our supposed reasonable Separatist think that this increased inspiration in individuals, and this unbroken solidity in party, looks exactly like the effect of a rotten and losing cause? Is it very likely that a mere paper Union, to use their own brilliant and *spirituel* expression, would hold such incongruous elements the tighter the longer and stronger the strain put upon them? The Mahometan simplicity of the Gladstonian creed and the simple attractiveness of the Gladstonian paradise of office might be expected to keep that party together, at any rate, for some time. But where men have principles, and not a few of them, where those principles conflict in many cases, and it is understood that no man is expected to sacrifice his own—where one large section can hardly expect office in the present, and may seem to be completely cut off from it in the future, there the danger of disintegration is indeed serious. There must surely have been, if not—which may be thought to be begging the question—some singularly solid substratum of truth, at any rate some singularly powerful undercurrent of conviction.

Proceedings in Parliament during the past week have given fresh force to the remarks which were made by the speakers at Saturday's banquet. The union of the whole better sentiment of the country, of which Lord HARROWBY spoke, is not likely to be weakened by the more and more unblushing obstruction of the Separatists, or by such trifling with common sense as Mr. GLADSTONE's argument in committee, that punishments which might be suitable for crime are not suitable for a mere refusal to pay rent. That, such as it is, may be a good or a bad argument against the whole Bill—that is to say, on the second or third reading. It is irrelevant and puerile at the present stage. Yet it is a contribution from the strongest man on the other side. Nor are Unionists likely to be disheartened by Lord SALISBURY's distinct pointing out of the character of the Unionist alliance, or by his complete exposure of the conciliation fallacy. But the chief encouragement to the Unionist cause was, as it ought to have been, contained in the speech of the guest of the evening himself. For years, almost all dispassionate students of politics have seen that the only chance of avoiding, if not national ruin, at any rate national disaster, lay, and must lie, in that joint action of parties, suspending but not sacrificing immediately unimportant differences, and laying stress on important agreements, whereto Mr. GOSCHEN made allusion. Such students have also seen that Mr. GLADSTONE, if any one, was likely to be the unwilling cause of such joint action, though they have been more than once disappointed in regard to the circumstances which might possibly bring it about. He has at last driven the heart and brains of his party to revolt, and the joint action has taken place. It is of course impossible to say how long it may continue, or whether it may succeed in achieving positive as well as negative results. But it has at least broken through

the wholly mischievous and almost wholly modern tradition of two hard-and-fast parties, the members of which are bound to follow, under pain and penalty of apostasy, not a code of principles, not a chain of party tradition, but the absolute "shall" of a single leader or the machined and engined decisions of a temporary majority. It has done, in fact, what has so often been talked of in phrase—it has set country above party. It has achieved the peculiar and not altogether pleasant result of turning some very well-known public men inside out to the public view, and of showing what value they set on their own consistency, on the order of Parliamentary proceedings, on the sacredness of English justice, when it suits them to be inconsistent, disorderly, and lawless, or to give aid and countenance to lawlessness and disorder. Important as the maintenance of the Union is, it has all along here been maintained to be of less importance than the final destruction of the notion that Mr. GLADSTONE or Lord SALISBURY, or any successor of Mr. GLADSTONE or Lord SALISBURY's, can make at his pleasure doctrines and principles incumbent *de fide* on Liberals or on Tories. As a man is supposed to take all minor engagements subject to and with a reservation of his allegiance to the Crown, so should party bonds be considered as holding or relaxing their strictness in accordance entirely with the deliberate judgment of the individual as to his duties to his country and his conscience. Gladstonian Separatism is bad enough as it tends to separation; it is much worse as it implies the principle that the exigencies or the caprices of a party leader may dictate or reverse, unchecked and uncriticized, the policy of the party. The quite extraordinary difference of vigour between the utterances of the two sides is due, no doubt, to various causes; but none of these causes can be stronger than the sense of one side that it is opposing, of the other that it is defending, a principle the like of which has never been heard of in history (for even Papal infallibility does not touch it) since the private revelations of the Prophet of Islam.

EGYPT.

WHEN JOSÉ MARIA asked CARMEN for explanations of her prolonged and unaccountable absences, he never got anything more definite than a general statement that she was engaged on the affairs of Egypt. In substance this is the answer given when questions are asked as to the employment of Sir H. DRUMMOND WOLFF during his lengthy, and to the Treasury costly, stay in the Levant. The comparison may even be pushed a little further. When PROSPER MÉRIMÉ's too-fascinating heroine used this conveniently vague phrase, what she really meant was that she had been engaged in one or another form of mischief for which, in the long run, JOSÉ MARIA was sure to have to suffer. Now one must not push analogies of this kind too far. There are many and obvious differences between Sir HENRY and CARMEN. We do not forget them, and yet we cannot get rid of a certain fear that in one respect the likeness between them may turn out to be strong, and that in this case, too, the affairs of Egypt may mean mischief. Nobody has yet stated in any intelligible way what Sir H. DRUMMOND WOLFF was sent to Cairo to hold an indefinite place by the side of the English Resident for, or why he has since been transferred to Constantinople to hold an equally dubious position by the side of the Ambassador. It may be convenient to have an officer especially told off to hold endless conferences with Turkish delegates and discuss questions which hardly admit of diplomatic settlement with the SULTAN's Ministers. He would at least save Sir EVELYN BARING and Sir WILLIAM WHITE a good deal of trouble, and if these negotiations must go on he may prove permanently useful. But there are many reasons why they should not go on. If they did nothing more than delay the general recognition of the fact that England is henceforward mistress in Egypt, with or without garrison, they would be a nuisance. Until this permanence of our hold on the country is accepted as beyond dispute, the foreign colony in Egypt and the nondescript population of the towns will continue to intrigue and agitate. But Sir HENRY's diplomacy was almost certain to do more than negative mischief. It was liable to end, and we are even told that it is about to end very soon, in one more of those Conventions by which we give somebody the right to ask at some future day why we have not left the Nile Valley. The threatened Anglo-Turkish Convention may not be finally settled for a week, or a month, or a year; but whenever it is published it can hardly be found to amount

to anything better than this, and it may prove worse. The SULTAN can do nothing which is of any help to us in Egypt except recognize our stay there as settled beyond peradventure. This he is by no means likely to do unless for some very serious consideration. No fair-minded man wishes to prejudge Sir H. WOLFF's Convention, or criticize documents not yet published. The appeals to the justice of the country made in some quarters are unnecessary, and the Convention, if it ever comes to light, will be fairly examined. But, though nobody wants to declare beforehand that Sir H. DRUMMOND WOLFF has done his work badly, there is a very general doubt whether he is doing any work at all, or whether he is not doing something which ought to be left undone. If the Convention contains anything more than a public recognition of the fact that our stay in Egypt will be prolonged until our interests are made thoroughly safe, of which safety this country is the only competent judge, it will be purely mischievous. It is not probable that the SULTAN will make any such confession; and, therefore, we look forward to the Anglo-Turkish Convention with distrust. That no formal arrangement of any kind should be made with the SULTAN would be as satisfactory an end to these prolonged negotiations as could be expected; but then, if that is all his work was to lead to, there is no particular reason for employing a special envoy who is regarded by many foreigners as a kind of outward and visible sign that England is a little frightened and very much puzzled at her position in Egypt.

The letters of Mr. WILFRID SCAWEN BLUNT about Egypt have always a certain modest value. They give a fairly good literary expression to the opinions of the little knot of fad-mongers and sentimentalists who, having fallen in love with the East considered as a great fancy-dress entertainment and bric-à-brac shop, are filled with a resolute determination to oppose the interest of their own country to the best of their ability whenever it seems likely to interfere with their playground. On Wednesday, however, the *Times* contained a column and a half from the pen of Mr. WILFRID SCAWEN BLUNT in which there was about a fifth of a column of more than this general value. In this smaller part of his epistle he confesses in explicit terms that the fellahs have not only been greatly benefited by the English occupation, but that they know it, and are grateful for it. Now this is evidence in our favour of some value. Mr. BLUNT has just returned from harkening at Cairo to all the envy, hate, malice, greed, and restless dishonesty which is banded against England in Egypt. In the towns he has found the occupation unpopular; and, without in the least seeing it, he gives the reason. It is that all those deeds of the "Indianizing" English officials who, as Mr. BLUNT can see, really govern Egypt, which are so odious to the mongrel population of the towns, are daily making them more popular with the fellahs. The courbash and the corvée have disappeared by the act of Englishmen, in spite of the apathy of Mr. BLUNT's enlightened urban Egyptians, and the opposition of that foreign colony to whose hostility he appeals as a proof of our failure. The English officials who control the irrigation works, and who go into every part of Egypt, have convinced the fellahs that they mean well towards them. For the first time in Egyptian history the fellah finds that there is an officer set over him who will neither oppress him himself nor allow oppression in others. He compares this with the treatment he received from Turk or Circassian or town Egyptian, all nearly as foreign to him as the Englishman, and, on Mr. BLUNT's own showing, prefers the Englishman. The thing is antecedently probable, and we believe it. It is also the quite sufficient justification of our prolonged occupation on purely philanthropic grounds. It was not for philanthropic reasons that we went to Egypt; but the Englishman who has the greatest possible detestation of gush may still be pleased to know that the benefits of English rule are acknowledged by the recipients of them. With consistent anti-patriotic sentimentality, Mr. BLUNT would deprive the fellahs of the protection they enjoy from oppression, merely because it is given them by his own countrymen, and because the power of England is served by her control over Egypt. The friend of ARABI can find no remedy for the evils he imagines weigh on his native friends except the restoration of the SULTAN's power. If Mr. BLUNT were entitled to be considered seriously, the obvious remark to make on this scheme would be that the partisan of the Arabs could hardly do a more shameless thing than bring back the Turk. Another criticism of the practical kind is that England has not the power to restore the SULTAN's authority. If we withdrew to-morrow, any attempt

he might make to establish an effective control in Egypt would be unanimously opposed in Europe. It may have been unwise to destroy the SULTAN's authority. The soundest of English Foreign Ministers believed that it was so for long, and went to the verge of war with France to postpone the disruption of the Turkish Empire; but the mischief is done now, and it is England's right and duty to see that her own interests are consulted in the division of the fragments. There is a kind of cynical amusement to be got out of the spectacle of Mr. BLUNT, the friend of the Arabs, become the defender of the disappointed Turk or half-Turk official class in Egypt.

Of the many loose threads we have left to be wound up in Egypt, the most slovenly were the loose ends left in the Soudan. The honest attempt which is at last being made to wind up one of them is apparently in a fair way to succeed. At least there is reason to believe that it is not being made too late. EMIN PASHA is still holding out, and, to judge from the tone of the last letters from him, is of good courage and does not despair of his ability to hold his ground. In the meantime Mr. STANLEY has got so far that he is about to begin the really difficult part of his journey to Gondokoro. Some of us, at least, would have preferred to see the help sent by England not only earlier, but more distinctly as her own act. Since this was not done, however, it is not to be denied that the measures tardily taken are as likely to prove effectual as any which could now be named. Mr. STANLEY has yet to prove that he can—or even that he will—make a rapid journey along the Upper Congo. The country is disturbed, and an agent of the International Company may find his road barred, even though he go ever so well provided with machine-guns and breechloaders. He must also be strongly tempted to use the force at his disposal for the good of the Company, and he will not find it easy to know when he has done just enough to open his road. It would be grossly unfair to suppose, in the absence of all evidence, that Mr. STANLEY will fail in the discharge of his duty, and his expedition is now the only means of saving this country from one more disgrace. Its progress will be watched with some anxiety, and the news of its success will be heartily welcome.

IRELAND AND THE CRIMES BILL.

IT is not premature, we think, to express the opinion that the firmness of the Government is beginning to bear fruit already. We see signs of this in more than one quarter, both in Ireland and abroad. Mr. DILLON's hurry to assure his friends that the Crimes Bill, when it becomes law, will make no difference in the world to him, and his boast—on which we comment elsewhere—that he can drive a revised Plan of Campaign through its provisions, we regard as favourable omens. Mr. O'BRIEN, again, is not prospering very magnificently with his Plan of Campaign in Canada. The "movements in various senses" which occurred on board the *Umbria* before Mr. O'BRIEN appeared symbolical of the state of sentiment within the Dominion itself. In the towns in which the agitator's opinions are congenial to the Irish element in the population his reception is, no doubt, personally gratifying enough; but even here we notice no marked success at present in his endeavour to excite popular passion against Lord LANSDOWNE; while, on the other hand, if he pursues his propaganda into places where the Orange party are largely represented, he will probably find himself silenced by the police, lest a worse thing happen to him. Reverting once more to Ireland, we find one or two occurrences of a highly satisfactory character to be recorded. It is true that outrages still continue in the disturbed districts. A farmer has been shot at through the window of his house in Castle Island, and an unfortunate wretch, whose offence is unreported, was waylaid and beaten to death the other day at another place by the finest peasantry in the world. Still there seems to be evidence that the mere anticipation of the enforcement of the law is doing good. Accounts from Kerry speak of a continuous exodus of bad characters, who think it well to be out of the range of the expected Crimes Act, and the effect of their departure is making itself felt in the diminution of outrages. And last, not least, it will be noted with profound gratification that the police have made some arrests in connexion with the brutal outrage on which Mr. GLADSTONE looks with an indulgence

confined by him, curiously enough, to this sole example of an Irish institution wearing a foreign garb. Three men have been apprehended on suspicion of having been among the party of ruffians who entered the house of the farmer MURPHY and cut off the hair and tarred the head of one of his daughters for disregarding Dr. TANNER's injunctions not to be seen speaking to a policeman.

In the meantime, though the Parliamentary progress of the measure against which Mr. DILLON proposes to try his strength is still very much too slow, an incident, unthinkingly acclaimed by the Radicals, has occurred which suggests new possibilities of quickening it. At about four o'clock last Tuesday morning Mr. SMITH, after having borne almost too patiently with many hours of obstruction, moved, in the prescribed form, to put the question that a certain portion of the first clause stand part of the Bill. Mr. COURTNEY, however, interposed his veto, on the ground that the motion would exclude the discussion of two amendments deserving, in his opinion, of a moderate amount of debate, which amendments he proceeded, in compliance with request, to indicate. Upon this Mr. HEALY, in acknowledgment of the Chairman's interposition, signified his willingness not to move certain prior amendments standing in his name; and the two indicated by Mr. COURTNEY being at once taken, and after a brief discussion negatived, the Closure, in terms of Mr. SMITH's motion, was applied. There has been much rejoicing in the Radical camp over the alleged rebuff thus administered to the Leader of the House; but the rebuff, such as it is, was, in our opinion, well worth incurring for the sake of the useful precedent which it establishes. For, if Mr. COURTNEY proposes to follow this course in future, and to specify the amendments which he thinks deserving of discussion, the work of the Leader of the House will be considerably simplified for him. Whatever amendment the Chairman of Committees does not sanction he condemns; and, as it is a fair presumption that amendments of the latter class will form the rule rather than the exception, the Government has now at hand a ready means of effecting a rapid reduction of the list. We trust that the Leader of the House will not permit much more discussion of a clause which has already been threshed out without moving to add other portions of it, and in tolerably quick succession, to the Bill. If, then, Mr. COURTNEY is of opinion that any amendments bearing on such portions of the clause deserve discussion, he will say so, and designate them; upon which the Government can, we apprehend, at once revise their motion so as to dispose of all amendments preceding those thus accepted; while, if the Chairman expresses no such opinion, the motion of Closure will, of course, be put and carried in its original form. By the regular and resolute adoption of this course of procedure, an impression will speedily be made on the vast mass of obstructive matter which now encumbers the notice-paper; and the prospect, till now, it must be confessed, but too remote, of completing the Committee stage of the Bill before the Whitsuntide recess will be brought into sensibly nearer view.

The desire of the public to see it become law will not be diminished, whatever Mr. GLADSTONE may persuade himself on the subject, by the recent debate on Sir CHARLES LEWIS's motion, with its virtually decisive exposure of the true relations to this country of the men who now control Ireland. In this connexion, we are glad to observe that the *Times* has begun a new series of articles on "Parnellism and Crime," opening with an account of the Clan-na-Gael Society, under the heading of "Behind the Scenes in America." One of the most instructive, perhaps, of the disclosures of this article in its bearing on the present position of the Irish Parliamentary party is that relating to the quarrel in America over the Skirmishing Fund early in 1881. PATRICK FORD was publicly accused of having appropriated to his own use 17,000 dollars of the money. In his defence he published, without disguise, the whole history of the fund, setting out in capital type the names of the trustees, and declaring the object for which they held the money to be to "lay the big cities of England in ashes," and to destroy by dynamite the property of England, both on land and at sea. For these and no other purposes, he declared, should that fund be used. These statements appeared on the front page of the *Irish World* of the 16th of April, 1881—the newspaper which was the acknowledged organ of the Land League—and they were from the pen of PATRICK FORD himself. At the head of the list of signatories of the circular summoning the Irish National Convention in November 1881 stands this same name of PATRICK FORD,

while lower down on that list come those of Mr. T. P. O'CONNOR and Mr. T. M. HEALY. Surely even a Nonconformist minister and a friend of Dr. PARKER's might be able to understand the significance of a piece of evidence like this, and should have no difficulty in deciding which is the more worthy of an intelligent man's attention—the string of mendacious sophisms with which Mr. GLADSTONE endeavoured to confuse the public mind last Wednesday, or these few blunt sentences from Mr. BRIGHT's recently published letter:—"You do not seem to be aware that all the charges of the *Times* consist of evidence contributed by the rebel conspirators themselves. They are statements drawn from *United Ireland* in Dublin, from the *Irish World* in New York, and from other papers edited by or the property of the active men of the conspiracy. The facts are their own facts. The *Times* has not invented them; it has only put them in order, so that the public may understand the case."

MORE FROM MR. STANHOPE.

MR. HANBURY'S motion to omit from the vote for the army the pay or pensions of the officials responsible for the issue of bad weapons to an important part of HER MAJESTY'S forces deserves every encouragement. Whether he succeeds or not does not really much matter. The essential thing is that he will have done a great deal to make the word "responsible," as used of official persons, a little less of a farce than it is at present. As things stand there is great need of strong measures. The position is this. A very bad weapon—so bad that the merest bungler in the art of sword-making should be ashamed to be answerable for it—has been issued. Certain officers were responsible for the pattern chosen, and the superintendence of the work of making weapons according to that pattern. The most illogical of mankind can see that these said responsible officers have done their work very badly. It would seem to follow that they should be made to answer for their incompetence. They would assuredly have to do so if they were connected with a private concern, and were liable to be sued. Here, however, the War Office comes in and points out that these gentlemen are no longer in actual possession of those particular posts of dignity and emolument. Their period of office is over, and other men have their places. This being so, what is to be done? says the War Office. The men who made the bungle are out. The men who are in did not make the bungle; and how is anybody to be punished? It is a very pretty dilemma; but then in comes Mr. HANBURY, and says the men who made the bungle are still in this vale of tears, and are drawing sums of money either as pay or pension, which is given them, in theory at least, because their work has been properly done in former times. But, on the showing of Mr. STANHOPE himself, their work was not properly done—argal, they ought not to draw those pensions or that pay; argal, let us dock them of these pleasant sums of money. Really, as a matter of pure reasoning, Mr. HANBURY has a great deal to say for himself. It is high time that the word "responsible," which is a very respectable member of the QUEEN'S English, should cease to be treated with contempt by the QUEEN'S officers. If officials are appointed to make good weapons, and fail to do so, either through ignorance or negligence, they ought to answer for it. The fact that they are no longer in the places which they filled so inefficiently does not affect the question. To the end of their lives they are answerable for the work they did, and ought to answer for it. If the bad weapons they forged are not served out till years after they are in other places, the case is nowise altered. They are still responsible; and, though they be ever such amiable gentlemen, they should bear the burden. This may be a startling theory for the War Office, but it is one which is getting steadily more popular, and, in some form or other, will have to be interpreted into practice.

It is a proof of the consistency of our War Office that, while it is tacitly helping generals, admirals, and inspectors to escape the consequences of bungling, it is obstinate in trying to abolish an undoubtedly efficient part of our forces. The conversion of the artillery into nobody knows what, goes steadily on. Mr. STANHOPE explained last Monday to General FRASER that artillery must have ammunition-trains; and so, in order to supply them, the War Office is going to suppress part of the artillery. A more ludicrous illustration of the manner in which our army is managed

could hardly be given. It is very much in keeping with this unmilitary way of treating our forces that Mr. STANHOPE did not even know till the other night what proportion of our field artillery was armed with the 9-pounder. We really are prepared to believe that Mr. STANHOPE is doing what he thinks is best for the army; but what do statements of this kind mean? On the showing of Mr. STANHOPE himself, this country cannot make the insufficient forces it has really efficient without sacrificing a part of them. It may be virtuous for the SECRETARY OF STATE for WAR to prefer a very little good to a little more bad, but the country cannot be properly served by "a very little." If our artillery cannot be put into a position to take the field without more provision for an ammunition-train, the obvious resource is to create one in addition to the existing force. The War Office prefers to sacrifice part of what little fighting power we have. This has been made very clear in the recent correspondence between Mr. STANHOPE and the hundred and seventeen gentlemen who signed the memorial against the reduction (Mr. STANHOPE, with great loyalty to his office, persists in calling it a conversion) of the Horse Artillery. The memorialists have pointed out to him that his scheme of army reorganization can be relied on to produce only one effect with any certainty, and that effect is the weakening of the Horse Artillery. Whatever else may come out of it, so much is certain. Several batteries will be lost; and, as a compensation, we shall have a new scheme—as if we had not had a dozen of them in about as many years. Nothing on paper can compensate us for the loss of a single unit of our small fighting force. That deficiencies should not be made good and reforms should not be carried out at the expense of the Horse Artillery is the doctrine, the very sound doctrine, of the memorialists; but the War Office takes another view. To make its last scheme complete, it must either ask for more money from the Treasury or economize somewhere. It prefers the latter course; and so the Horse Artillery is to suffer, and the general efficiency of the army with it, unless the department is stopped in time. A very characteristic feature of the correspondence is Mr. STANHOPE's attempt to describe the dispute between him and the memorialists as a "personal controversy." There is absolutely nothing of the sort in the whole matter. We are threatened with the loss of an effective fighting force we cannot spare, and we object to the sacrifice. It is absurd in Mr. STANHOPE to talk of personal controversies; and, indeed, his language is only one more proof of the deep-rooted belief of the War Office that the army is its personal property. It is sincerely persuaded that it can abolish a fighting force or make a bad bayonet, and that no official should be a penny the worse. This is a creed which requires confuting by strong measures.

IMPERIAL TRADE RELATIONS.

THE Colonial representatives at the late Conference were not asked to discuss any question relating to their own tariffs or those of the mother-country. Even if the present Ministers had inclined to any form of Customs Union, they would have known that it was useless to suggest the abandonment or modification of protective duties. Sir HENRY HOLLAND would not have consented to disturb the harmony which prevailed by the introduction of a subject on which agreement was impossible. As a sound economist, he would scarcely have accepted a common scale of duties, if it had been possible that such a scheme could be proposed. In more genial and less responsible intercourse with the London Chamber of Commerce, both the delegates and the members of the Chamber could safely indulge in vague aspirations. It seems that some of the colonists were not unwilling to countenance an undefined arrangement which would operate as a qualified protection. One or two speeches, which may perhaps have been imperfectly understood, seem to have given the advocates of economic heresies an encouragement of which they are greatly in need. If colonial opinion could be tested, the wild project of a Customs Union would present little resemblance to the theory of Fair-trade. Those who are interested in branches of colonial industry which find a market in Great Britain would not object to secure a monopoly to themselves by imposing differential duties on foreign imports; but the value of the privilege would be greatly impaired by the competition of various dependencies with one another. A pro-

tective or prohibitive duty on American corn, if it were possible to reimpose such a tax, for the benefit of Canada or Australia, could scarcely be extended to other English dependencies. The wheat of Manitoba would still compete with the produce of Queensland and New Zealand, and India, which has of late become the most formidable rival of the English farmer. The importation of manufactured goods from the Colonies is insignificant in amount. Differential duties on textile fabrics, or on cutlery and hardware, would protect domestic, and not colonial, industry.

The Chamber of Commerce met at the Mansion House to hear a paper which was read by Mr. BADEN-POWELL on the commercial relations of the British Empire. The document seems to have been judicious and instructive; but it is only on special facts or statistical details that men of business, for the most part, need information. The perversity of nearly all civilized communities in subsidizing production at the expense of consumers is, as experience has proved, incurable, except perhaps by time. Retaliation would certainly fail to convert foreign or colonial legislators, who would only understand that, after long resistance, their own erroneous principles had prevailed. They would, at the same time, with good reason distrust the permanence of a conversion involving doctrines which had long been repudiated in England. The negotiation of commercial treaties in former times was constantly embarrassed by the visible insincerity of at least one of the parties. As Mr. GLADSTONE says in his late essay in the *Historical Review*, "the operation, 'however disguised, may be summed up in these words—'I will not, or at the least I wish you to believe that I will not, secure for myself certain changes of commercial law 'which I know to be beneficial, unless you will add to 'that benefit another benefit, in its nature perfectly 'separate, by making certain other changes in the law.'" A skilful diplomatist may perhaps maintain his gravity while he offers a boon which he knows to be illusory; but the foreigner has no difficulty in discerning the opinions which are officially concealed. He knows that the negotiator, while he ostensibly confines his attention to the interests of the English producer, is, nevertheless, conscious that cheapness is an unmixed advantage to the consumer. In the same article a slip of Mr. GLADSTONE'S memory curiously illustrates his inveterate faith in the soundness of economic principles. The expedience of the French Commercial Treaty of 1860 is to him so obvious that he forgets its comparatively recent termination. "Though," he says, "the term has long passed at which the treaty 'might have been abolished, it has been maintained by the 'sheer force of public opinion." The assumption that an event has happened, because it ought to have happened, is a dangerous form of *a priori* reasoning. The treaty has certainly not been maintained by the sheer force of public opinion, as it has, in fact, been abolished. It would never have been concluded if the personal and political interests of NAPOLEON III. had not coincided with Mr. CORDEN'S general and well-founded convictions.

The most irritating form of legislative interference with the free course of trade is furnished by the bounties which are allowed on certain kinds of domestic industries. The privilege of buying sugar cheap is bestowed on English purchasers, certainly not for their own benefit, but for the purpose of displacing the competition of English sugar-refiners. France, Germany, and some other Continental States are so unwise as to make large pecuniary sacrifices for the exclusive interest of a few favoured capitalists in the several countries. It is not surprising that the English refiners, and the workmen whom they have formerly employed, should demand retaliatory measures in the form of the entire or partial exclusion of foreign sugar, as long as the bounty is maintained. When the proposal is examined, its plausible character fails to disguise the operation of differential duties on the public interest. The artificial cheapness of Continental sugar in England has the same effect on the interest of the consumer with an improvement in the climate or soil of the places where sugar is produced. It would be unjust that a casual advantage of such a kind should be abolished or neutralized by the action of Parliament. Something might be said for retaliatory measures if they were likely to be both effective and temporary; but it would still be questionable whether in any case artificial dearth ought to be created. The objections to permanent protection of the sugar-refining industry are the same which apply to all protective duties. If the system of bounties were extended to other articles of general consumption, the paradoxical result would follow that the inhabitants of

Great Britain would enjoy an eleemosynary subsidy at the expense of their neighbours on the Continent. It would not be for the recipients of an unearned subsidy to protest against the artificial arrangement, however anomalous and absurd.

The grant of enormous bounties to the French fishermen of the islands near the coast of Newfoundland is still more objectionable to those whom it affects. The business of sugar-refining is only one among many profitable occupations of the industrial classes in England; but in the bleak and barren island of Newfoundland the great bulk of the population is dependent on the fisheries. The French have, in virtue of shortsighted treaties concluded in the last and in the present centuries, lawful possession of certain islands within reach of Newfoundland. The deep-sea fisheries in these seas are, as in other parts of the world, open to fishermen of all nations. When the French title was recognized in 1763 and 1815 all parties to the treaties must have foreseen that the French markets would be exclusively reserved for the produce of the French fisheries; but successive French Legislatures have not been content with simple preference or monopoly. A bounty is given on the produce of the French fisheries, which is said to amount to 75 per cent. on the original value. The Newfoundland fishermen and traders consequently find themselves undersold in neutral markets, and they are now suffering general distress. In this case it is evident that no relief can be afforded by manipulation of tariffs. There can be no question of taxing imports from the Seychelles to the ports of Newfoundland; but neither the Colonial Legislature nor its constituents are disposed to suffer, without an effort at relief, hardships which seem to them unjust and oppressive. It happens that by the whole or a large part of the French fishing fleet the shores of Newfoundland are frequented for various purposes. They have, by treaty, certain easements on the coast, as for drying and curing their fish, though the nature and extent of their rights are chronic subjects of controversy. The Government and Parliament of Newfoundland have satisfied themselves that the provision of bait is not one of the privileges which the foreigners can legitimately claim. They have, therefore, passed an Act for the exclusion of the French fishermen from the waters where the bait is procured. The Governor, Sir WILLIAM DES VŒUX, earnestly recommended the measure to the Government at home, but some months ago Sir HENRY HOLLAND declined to submit the Bill to the QUEEN for approval. His claim was founded on the remonstrances made by the French Government against a sudden disturbance of the arrangements of the French fishermen. It was, as it appeared, the beginning of the fishing season, and great inconvenience would, it was said, result from immediate interference with their supply of bait. The colonists have since strongly urged the COLONIAL SECRETARY to reconsider the question, and the Governor has arrived in person to support their claims. It has lately been stated that Sir HENRY HOLLAND will now approve the Colonial Act, on the understanding that it shall not be put in force during the present year. The most satisfactory termination of the dispute would be the withdrawal of the French bounty; but it is to be feared that the action of the Newfoundland Legislature will be followed by some counter movement on the part of the French Government. The representatives of Newfoundland are probably satisfied with the latest decision of the COLONIAL SECRETARY. No other measure affecting the commercial relations of the Colonies has been lately taken into consideration. Sir SAMUEL GRIFFITH, Prime Minister of Newfoundland, propounded at the Mansion House the oracular opinion that the Imperial and Colonial Governments ought to consult their own interests. Both countries have, in fact, anticipated his advice, though at present they use contradictory methods for securing opposite results.

THE R. A. AGAIN.

THERE are no Academy scandals this year; or rather, if any such there be, they are (as it were) on the right side of the hedge, and may be considered, not in scorn, like those of 1886, but with decent and comfortable pride. As for those whose trade is fault-finding, they have this time found their occupation gone; and it has been reserved for one who, as he is careful to explain, is no habitual "wielder of the quill"—who is, in fact, an eminent comic draughtsman—to make them once more happy in a grievance.

The assailant is no other than Mr. HARRY FURNISS, who, as we know, has but to "wield the pencil" to be the pleasantest creature imaginable. To the quill he is less accustomed, and he brandishes that instrument with a certain infelicity. But he is always good company; and it is less his fault than his misfortune that, in the latter equipment, he makes his audience laugh, not with, but at, him. It is a pity, for his cause is just enough. Indeed, in calling attention, in the columns of the *Daily News*, to that "narrow-mindedness which characterizes the treatment the press receive at the hands of the Royal Academy," he enters on the fairest of fair quarrels, and deserves applause. But his manner is that of the professional comic journalist, and his case is lost ere it is well stated. It is most true that "one day only is set apart for the press," and that one day only is not enough. It is also true that for the nonce there are no refreshments to be had at Burlington House; so that, "if one forgets to pocket a biscuit before leaving home, he loses most valuable time in rushing to his club to avoid fainting from hunger" ere he has done his work—or, as Mr. FURNISS puts it, "before getting half through the usual exhibition of dazzling ability." It is true, moreover, that the Academy gives but a single catalogue to each critic, issues but a single invitation to each journal, and after the press view will allow no sketching within its precincts. But this condition of things, desperate as it is, is not one to be bettered by bad jests, and might as well as not be treated in decent English. Mr. FURNISS's plan is to tell "comic" stories about "most eminent journalists," who retire into corners, and "there nervously eat sandwiches," and, "when the doorkeeper's eyes are turned, sip sherry and water from a travelling flask"; to "offer this incident to any Academician in want of an historical subject"; to babble of the absence of "kleptomanic tendencies" in critics let loose upon piles of catalogues—"value of the catalogue fourpence"; to suggest that "three clear days" be put "aside" for the art-critics, and that "an enterprising old apple-woman" be allowed "to start a stall" in Burlington House, "to provide some sort of refreshment."

Mr. FURNISS is perhaps more pertinent when he puts the inquiry why "artists connected with the press . . . are not thought worthy of Academical recognition." Here we are happy to be in entire agreement with him. Why should they not? Sir JOHN MILLAIS has remarked, as Mr. FURNISS reminds us, that some of them are "artistically superior to painters"; and there is no doubt that Sir JOHN MILLAIS is right. It is not so certain that "in any other country but ours" Messrs. TENNIEL and DU MAURIER and KEENE "would have been honorary members at least of"—whatever the expression may signify—a "national academy devoted to popular art." At all events, the assertion is as much at variance with the story of HONORÉ DAUMIER, the greatest comic draughtsman of the century, as with the brighter fortune of GAVARNI himself. What is not to be attacked is Mr. FURNISS's position; and what is not to be gainsaid, the fact that an artist of the genius and accomplishment of Mr. CHARLES KEENE would do honour to any Academy in existence. Enough has been heard of the claims of water-colourists and engravers on wood, and it is high time that something was urged on behalf of "artists connected with the press." One TENNIEL is worth a wilderness of respectable R.A.'s, and there is more and better art in a single sketch signed "C. K." than in nine-tenths of the pictures in the Diploma Gallery put together.

PRINCE BISMARCK'S REVELATIONS.

FROM the very beginning of the controversy on the understanding of 1877 between Austria and Russia it was evident that Prince BISMARCK's account of the transaction was authoritative and correct. The adverse disputant, indeed, had no apparent interest in discrediting the statements of the *North German Gazette*, and the past and present Ministers of Hungary and of the Dual Monarchy abstained for obvious reasons as long as possible from taking part in the discussion. There seems to be no doubt that a formal treaty for a partition of Turkish provinces was executed, at the beginning of the disturbances in Bosnia, by the Emperors ALEXANDER and FRANCIS JOSEPH, and by their respective Ministers. For the purpose of securing secrecy the four signatories of the document occupied

the inside of a close carriage. Dramatists and romance writers may take a hint from the arrangement when they have hereafter occasion to select a suitable scene for a dangerous conspiracy. The two Divine Figures from the North and the South may possibly have smiled at Mr. GLADSTONE's credulity, if they chanced to think of the contemporaneous agitation in England. No sentimental reflection on Bulgarian atrocities suggested the annexation of Bosnia by one party, and the license to occupy Constantinople supposed to be accorded the other. Their English coadjutor had equally practical objects in view, though his aspirations were directed, not to territorial acquisition, but to the resumption of office. The short drive which sufficed for the prospective dismemberment of the Ottoman Empire may recall the memory of a voyage down the Danube a hundred years before as it is recorded in the *Memoirs of the Prince de LIGNE*. The Empress CATHERINE and the Emperor JOSEPH II. were then accompanied by FREDERICK the Great; and the three potentates gaily conversed on the future partition of Turkey, and also on the possible establishment in their respective dominions of spiritual supremacy. Their friendship was not destined long to outlast the occasion, and in the present day political combinations are not more durable. The august associates of Reichstadt remained on cordial terms with one another till the time arrived for dividing the spoil. For once Austrian diplomatists succeeded in outwitting their Russian colleagues, as they appropriated without opposition Bosnia and Herzegovina, and yet refused to support the provisions of the Treaty of San Stefano. It is not known whether the Austrian Government was neutral or actively hostile in reducing the Russian pretensions within the limits which were eventually defined by the Treaty of Berlin.

More than one useful lesson may be learned from the recent historical revelations. The liberality with which the Russian Emperor conceded to his ally a share in the territory which was to be taken from Turkey seems to show that an able writer in the *Fortnightly Review* has placed too low an estimate on the military resources of Austria. To a Russian invader of the Turkish dominions the policy of Austria may have made all the difference between victory and failure. If the right flank of the Russian army had been threatened by an Austrian force, the Roumanians would perhaps have been emboldened to refuse their aid and a passage through their territory to Russia. It is scarcely probable that in such a condition of affairs the Russian generals would have ventured to cross the Danube, or even the Pruth, and during the long delay in front of Plevna the invaders would have been at the mercy of an Austrian army. The newly-divulged treaty explains the perfect security with which the Russian troops advanced through Bessarabia, and, after the fall of Plevna, through Bulgaria. The isolation of Turkey was worth a heavy price. As long as the Sultan can dispose of a considerable army the same circumstances will in any future war be produced. The Austrian forces, whether or not they are, single-handed, a match for Russia, will always be strong enough to check a direct attack on Turkey. Throughout the Crimean War, Austria prevented the Russians from attempting a campaign in Europe by occupying the Principalities which are now the kingdom of Roumania. Austrian neutrality will only be purchased by a second bargain, which may perhaps involve a passage to the sea at Salonica. It is true that the value of Austrian co-operation with England is reduced to small dimensions by the disclosure of the Treaty of Reichstadt; but the Pan Slavist agitation will render a friendly understanding with Russia difficult and precarious; and the Hungarians, who have hitherto been kept in ignorance of the negotiations of 1877, will not easily be induced to connive at any new treaty of partition.

The substance of the agreement of 1877 is scarcely more important than the time which has been selected for publishing the apparently authentic account of the transaction. To the question of *Cui bono?* or Who profits by the disclosure? the negative answer may be confidently given that the benefit will not accrue to Austria. It might have been supposed that the *Moscow Gazette* would neither deny nor extenuate an arrangement which can in no sense be regarded as creditable to Austria. M. KATKOFF's party will readily approve of the late Emperor's conciliation of Austria if they believe that in the long run Russia will not have been outwitted. M. KATKOFF, though he thought it expedient, in the first instance, to contradict the statements of the *North German Gazette*, must himself have long since been in

the secret. He may, perhaps, not have considered that the present moment was opportune for disclosing the story to the world. There may have been some inconvenience in provoking the suspicions which are naturally excited among the minor South-Eastern States. There were perhaps other stipulations in the secret treaty besides the sanction given to the Austrian seizure of Bosnia. It appears that on some ground the Roumanian and Servian Governments have an uneasy feeling, though their ostensible grievances consist in the demeanour of the Russian functionaries attached to their Governments. Both at Bucharest and at Belgrade the representatives of the Russian Government are accused of intrigues with local malcontents, and, generally, of the promotion of disorder. It is asserted that formal complaints on the subject have been transmitted to St. Petersburg. It is not known that any domestic or foreign conspiracies against the person or dynasty of the King of Roumania have either been formed at home or encouraged by Russia; but the Servians are constantly threatened with the advent of a Pretender who lives under Russian patronage in Montenegro. The Servians, who have for some time past courted the protection of Austria, may be justly alarmed by the discovery that their patron is accustomed to settle its differences with Russia at the expense of their weaker neighbours. The Bulgarian complication still exists. The Regents have resolved to convoke the Parliament, which will almost certainly proclaim the independence of Bulgaria and the union of East Roumelia. Some excuse for armed Russian intervention will probably be provided; and it is no longer possible to rely on the resistance of Austria. It may be assumed that when Bosnia and Herzegovina were prospectively ceded to Austria, no conditions were imposed on Russia as to its supremacy in Bulgaria.

The ostensible reason of the disclosure of the Treaty of Reichstadt by the *North German Gazette* is to prove that the terms of peace settled at Berlin were the result of engagements between Russia and Austria. Prince BISMARCK has always been consistent in his desire to meet or anticipate Russian complaints of unfriendly policy on the part of Germany. The most puzzling part of his present proceeding is the indifference which is apparently shown to the susceptibilities or the interests of Austria. It is certain that Count ANDRASSY, who is not in office, will be severely blamed for his share in the Convention of 1877, and the tenure of their places by M. TISZA and Count KALNOKY may not improbably be endangered. The treaty itself has certainly not alienated at the present time the good will of the PRINCE. He must have known of its terms when he concluded the close alliance with Austria which is now for the first time liable to be disturbed. It seems hardly to have been worth while to supply an historical omission at the risk of diminishing the cordiality of the alliance with Austria. All the Powers may wish to justify their respective proceedings by ingenious arguments; but they care more seriously for the future than for the past. It is more interesting to know whether Austro-Hungary will oppose a Russian occupation of Bulgaria than to apportion the contributions which the various Governments may have made to the text of the Treaty of Berlin. The Correspondent of the *Times* at Paris has lately stated, on authority which he describes as indisputable, the cause of the final rejection of the Treaty of San Stefano. According to his account, Count SCHOUVALOFF, who had practically superseded Prince GORTCHAKOFF in the conduct of the negotiation, repeatedly telegraphed to the Emperor his advice that the Russian army should occupy Constantinople, adding the assurance that the English Government would not lift a finger to prevent it. He proved to be so far mistaken that the English plenipotentiaries formally declared that the entrance of the Russian troops into Constantinople would be regarded as a case of war. The Czar, on receiving the intimation, determined after a short delay to revoke or withhold the order for the occupation of the city. If this story is true, it tends to prove that in diplomacy, as in domestic administration, force, or the threat of force, is sometimes the only remedy. It is by no means an unmixed advantage that the secret history of a treaty should be made known within seven or eight years from its date. Some of the dangers which were to be averted by a treaty are liable to reappear when the controversy is revived.

THE QUEEN AT THE PEOPLE'S PALACE.

THIS is an interesting day for the East End of London. HER MAJESTY will open the People's Palace in Mile End at five o'clock this afternoon. The PRINCE OF WALES will also be present, and will, in the QUEEN's name, declare the Queen's Hall to be open. The building which is opened to-day ought to be the beginning of a social revolution in East London. There has been nothing like it before, though it will probably have many imitators and competitors in the future. The Hall will first be used for an industrial exhibition to be opened on the 25th of this month. Concerts, however, will be given in it during the progress of the show; so that some idea may be formed of its fitness for its primary purpose. There is to be an organ, as in Miss ANGELA MESSENGER's institution; but the Queen's Hall is only a small part of the People's Palace. When the QUEEN has opened the Hall, she will go on to open also the Technical Schools, for which enough money has been collected, and which will be begun at once. The rest of the Palace must wait for the present.

The cause of delay is that eternal want of pence which vexes public men and hinders public enterprise. The land and buildings fund of the Palace is estimated at a hundred thousand pounds. Of this sum seventy-five thousand pounds had been collected when the meeting was held on the 18th of April, with Lord ROSEBURY in the Chair. Lord ROSEBURY made an eloquent appeal for the remaining twenty-five thousand, and in three weeks more than six thousand pounds was subscribed. On Wednesday Sir EDMUND CURRIE expressed through the *Times* his acknowledgments for favours already received, and his lively hope of favours to come. Sir EDMUND CURRIE is a sturdy beggar, in the best sense of that term. His services to the People's Palace have been invaluable, and it cannot be long before the remaining nineteen thousand pounds are raised. Nearly a quarter of a million has, we believe, now been subscribed to the Palace—a fact which is highly creditable to the generosity of the public. Sir EDMUND CURRIE refuses to believe that his work, the work of the Beaumont Trustees, can be allowed to stand still for want of a paltry nineteen thousand, and this obstinate refusal to accept disagreeable contingencies has often been found to avert them. Two of the City Wards, the Ward of Cheap and the Ward of Farringdon Without, have voted a hundred pounds each for decorating the QUEEN's route to-day. One cannot help coveting this money for the land and buildings fund. The Queen's Hall is a great thing in itself. But it is essentially incomplete. Rich Londoners cannot mean that it should remain for ever unfinished, or rather part of an unfinished whole, like "Siena's tiger-striped Cathedral," with its Popes. Whitechapel and Mile End want, after the fashion of children, to be amused. The People's Palace is intended to amuse them, or to give them an opportunity of amusing themselves. We mean amusement in its old, wide, and correct sense, which includes SHAKESPEARE and MILTON as well as beer and skittles. Monotony is the curse of existence, especially for those who have to earn their living by manual labour. The Palace, if it is to be properly managed, and not put under Pharisaical or Puritanical control, is bound to supply the want. Its library, its gymnasium, its swimming-baths, its spacious grounds, will promote the mental, moral, and physical welfare of hundreds of thousands. The QUEEN is doing her part, and HER MAJESTY's subjects should do theirs.

A REVISED PLAN OF CAMPAIGN.

AT a recent meeting of the National League in Dublin Mr. DILLON, who presided, made the interesting announcement that he "had clearly in his mind a line of policy for the people of Ireland by which they would be enabled to knock the bottom out of" the Crimes Bill. The Government and the landlords, he went on to boast, would find that when the Bill was passed the Plan of Campaign would go on without the slightest inconvenience. Yet the line of policy which Mr. DILLON has clearly in his mind involves neither "crime nor outrage"—to which, he graciously added, "he had always been opposed"—nor even disorder, violence, or resistance to the law. It was a line of policy which would "bring about a combination so perfect that the people would be induced to act so loyally towards each other that they would not revert to crime and outrage."

With this to guide us, it does not need a magician to guess the contents of Mr. DILLON's mind. The means by which the Irish tenantry are to be induced to act loyally towards each other in a general repudiation of their just debts can be nothing other, of course, than a development and perfection of the institution of boycotting. And there is no doubt whatever that that institution as it at present exists is able to "induce the people" (in the sense in which DICK TURPIN "prevailed upon" the coachman) to carry loyalty to each other to an almost Quixotic pitch. When, for instance, a farmer who has purchased an outgoing tenant's interest in his holding—and purchased it, too, with the consent of the League, the local priest, and, in fact, all the now constituted authorities in Ireland—can be compelled to vacate his newly-acquired farm in favour of another competitor, who arrives from America with the announcement that he would have been prepared to give a larger sum for the tenant-right, the machinery of coercion (that hateful word to the ears of a free people) is already, it will be seen, in capital working order. If Mr. DILLON could give it that touch which he meditates in order to perfect the "system of combination," we have no doubt that he would be able to protect the people, not only from the temptation to "pay excessive rents," but from the seductions of the desire to exercise their rights as free men in any way forbidden by their petty tyrants.

There are, however, just two considerations of which Mr. DILLON, in devising his new line of policy, seems not to have taken sufficient account. One of these is that, though he himself is, and "has always been," virtuously opposed to crime and outrage, there are a certain number of persons in Ireland who do not share his sensitive delicacy in this respect, and that their silent services (which cannot safely be dispensed with) in promoting loyalty towards each other among the people will be seriously interfered with if the Bill becomes law. These are they who punish disloyalty by shooting the disloyal in the legs; and it seems a little premature on Mr. DILLON's part to assume that a "system of combination" can be made quite "perfect" without their assistance. The penalties which they inflict (as Mr. GLADSTONE once said in the days when, as he now tells us, he was concealing his found salvation, like a Christian convert in the Rome of the first century) are the "sanctions" of the boycotter's law; and we have yet to see whether that law, unlike any other known to man, can maintain its authority unimpaired after its sanctions have been withdrawn. In other words, it will be necessary to ascertain whether, for instance, a man in the position of our outbitten tenant-farmer above cited will consent to be cruelly dispossessed of his purchase and turned adrift when he knows that no one is any longer likely to shoot him in the legs, or to cut off his daughter's hair and pour pitch upon her head, in the event of his being disloyal enough to stick to his rights.

This, we say, is one consideration which Mr. DILLON seems to have overlooked—the consideration that the crime and outrage to which "he has always been opposed," but which have nevertheless most loyally co-operated with him, are in all human probability essential to the success of his contemplated line of policy, and that their suppression will defeat it. The second point to which we would call his attention is, that the summary jurisdiction clauses of the Crimes Bill are directed against, among other acts, that of "intitement to boycotting." It will probably prove that the work of "inducing" the people to display, in many cases to their own material ruin, an extraordinary "loyalty" to each other, or rather to the League which tyrannizes over them all, is incapable of being carried out without bringing those who attempt it into frequent conflict with the provisions of the Act.

THE HELP OF BOOKS.

TWO periodicals, one in England and one in America, the *Forum* and the *British Weekly*, are publishing articles by various persons about various books that they think have "helped" them. The last of the confessors are Professor BLACKIE and Mr. ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON. It does not much matter what books aided Professor BLACKIE in the acquisition of his unobtrusive modesty and in the singular facility with which he writes sonnets—of a sort. He is like a toffee or cigarette machine. You drop a penny into the machine, and, on every lawful day, out comes some

toffee. An idea or an incident drops into the mechanism of Professor BLACKIE, and out comes butter-scotch, or at least a sonnet in praise of braes, gowans, Cameronians, bonny lassies, and other local produce.

As to Mr. STEVENSON, fiction and romance hold a great share of his gratitude. HAMLET and ROSALIND have been among the kindest of his friends. He pays a deserved compliment to the illustrious D'ARTAGNAN, the mature and ripened D'ARTAGNAN of the *Vicomte de Bragelonne*.

Among writers less diverting, Mr. STEVENSON declares a rather unexpected debt to Mr. HERBERT SPENCER, though he wisely declines to say how much of the Spencerian edifice will prove to be of clay and how much more durable than bronze. MARTIAL, ST. MATTHEW, and many other authors, all of them excellent and well chosen, and miscellaneous (as they ought to be), are included in Mr. STEVENSON's list. MONTAIGNE, in particular, has a great claim on his recognition—MONTAIGNE, who, it is to be feared, is little read in this newspaper age.

But it does not appear to have occurred to most of the writers on books which have helped them that books, except in the way of enjoyment, help us very little. The exception, of course, is enormously wide. Few men whom nature has blessed with the love of reading would exchange it, as GIBBON said, for any wealth or power that could be offered to them. But it is for enjoyment, not for aid or improvement, that men really read. We want to make friends in fiction, like Mr. STEVENSON, with ROSALIND and HAMLET; also with Colonel NEWCOME, and F. B., and Mrs. RAWDON CRAWLEY. People strive, and spend, and eat the dust of the earth, like the serpent, all that they may "get into" society. But no society that they can get into will be a quarter so delightful and engaging as one of Mrs. RAWDON CRAWLEY's little suppers, or that astonishing "blow out" which DAVID COPPERFIELD gave at old CREAKLE'S. People pay much money also, and are extremely unwell, and are bitten by strange beasts and insects, in their desire to travel. But, with all their yachting, they will never reach Treasure Island, nor the country of Zu-Vendis, nor that isle where LUCIAN takes us, and shows us the souls of the heroes, in purple webs of woven air. Such are the society, such the travel that the love of reading brings within the reach of every patron of the *British Weekly*. To live with these immortal people is better than all society; moreover, it is sadly suspected that, if we do not make their acquaintance in this life, we shall never make it in the next. What says the poet?—

No doubt we'll have endless progressions
Of Patriarchs, Sages, and Seers,
But amid apostolic successions,
We shall pine for the Three Musketeers!

So books help us, or those of us who can read, more than anything else in the world can aid or comfort. But they do not help us much in any other or more moral way. You read Mr. HERBERT SPENCER. Even if you do not find out that he is sadly to seek about English history and Primitive Man, what do you gain? You have not found the secret of the painful earth, any more than you find it in the *De Rerum Natura* of LUCRETIUS, which is immeasurably better reading. You study MARCUS AURELIUS, and (if you are not one of the people who call him an Imperial Prig) you have the comfort of sympathizing with an Emperor. We live again in his Pagan times, and the great Empire crumbles in his hands, and the Northern races gather on the Marches, and the Roman mob shouts for Free-trade and the "Buffalo BILL" of the period, while the Roman amateur saunters through the Roman Christie's, with the catalogue of the Imperial collection in his hand:—"Property of an Emperor leaving Rome for the Danube. To be sold without reserve." All this you seem to see and hear, and through it all comes the still small voice of the Imperial stoic. His meditations (which people think they are "helped" by) come only to this—*ἐνδύει δὴ καρδίαν*, "Endure my heart!" and his heart endures as well as it may in the midst of his misery at the spectacle of the world. We gain sympathy from him, as it were, but our own case is not otherwise bettered. In sorrow and shame, personal and national, there comes to us this pleasure of sympathy, the knowledge that we do not stand alone, that the foot of others has been in the difficult place. The feeling of community with all men of heart in the past, this vision of the dignity of their example, may be consoling and inspiring, but it is only in this limited sense that there is moral help in books. The books of philosophy make nothing clearer; the books of

morality make nothing easier. We are beguiled by the style and manner of MONTAIGNE, or of SOPHOCLES, into forgetting our own fortune a little, and thus are "well deceived" into the belief that we are "helped" by books. This, at least, is a theory not more difficult to urge than its opposite. After all, the theory leaves to books a great part in life. But as to life, the books can say no more than you may hear a costermonger in the street say to a grumbling friend, "You must get used to it." Certainly books cheat us into getting used to existence, with its Irish questions and other waves of the troublesome world.

THE SPEECH OF THE WEEK.

ONE of two conclusions seems inevitably to follow from Mr. GLADSTONE's extraordinary self-abasement at the hospitable Dr. PARKER's luncheon-table at Hampstead on Wednesday last. Either Mr. PARNELL must be not only a hard taskmaster—we know he is that—but a wanton tormentor, a very LEGREE among political slave-drivers; or else Mr. GLADSTONE himself has drunk so deeply of the cup of humiliation during the last eighteen months that he has actually acquired a liking for its taste. On the whole, we incline to the latter supposition. It seems difficult to suppose that Mr. PARNELL can have demanded from Mr. GLADSTONE a more new and more ample retraction of and apology for his opinions than he has received from him already. We do not know that he is of so relentlessly vindictive a nature that he likes inflicting fresh disgrace for the mere pleasure of the thing. We can hardly conceive his informing his illustrious henchman that another and more signal act of penance would be required of him than any he had yet performed; that he was to go and lunch with Dr. PARKER of the City Temple, and "fifty" or sixty gentlemen, chiefly representing wide circles of "English Nonconformity," and that, after the meal, he was to drape himself in penitence, and then and there publicly and humbly ask pardon of the men he five years ago vilified and imprisoned for his injurious language and oppressive action. This hypothesis, we say, must be rejected as incredible, and, if so, no other remains than this—that Mr. GLADSTONE's last and most abject act of self-prostration at the feet of Mr. PARNELL was wholly of his own choice; that he has, in fact, got to feel more comfortable in the prone position than in any other attitude, and has learnt positively to relish the flavour of dust upon the tongue.

"I did say six years ago," said Mr. GLADSTONE, in faltering tones to Dr. PARKER and the fifty or sixty Nonconformist ministers, "that the footsteps of what was called 'the Land League' (for who knows that even to style it the 'Land League' on my own responsibility may not offend my master!) 'were in my opinion dogged by crime' . . . I did say that it was a question of proceeding through 'rapine to dismemberment.' These were very grave words 'to use. . . I am bound to say this, that I am not 'prepared to say at this moment' (have I softened it enough, have I writhed and wriggled enough to avoid offending him?) 'that they were without force and truth.' But, then, 'grave charges were made at that time by 'the Nationalist party against us'; and (oh! how eagerly I seize the opportunity of admitting that) 'I can now 'see that some of those charges are true, and I see 'that that is the case for the first time. I see that 'some of the measures which we prepared, especially the 'measure for the suspension of the Habeas Corpus Act' (for did we not throw over the man who carried and administered it, and is he not dead, and powerless to help or harm?), 'were unhappy and mischievous measures; but we 'spoke' (please, Sir) 'according to the circumstances that 'were before us.' But 'the other day, following the footsteps of Lord SPENCER, I stated in public that there was 'not, and never had been, any reason for charging upon 'Mr. PARNELL and the Irish party complicity with crime'; and (although some people might say that to have your footsteps dogged by crime, and to continue to walk—and talk—in the way which, to your knowledge, causes it to dog your footsteps is very like incurring complicity with crime) 'I would have said as much six years ago.' (And as to proceeding through 'rapine to the dismemberment 'of the Empire,' as I am not prepared with any gloss to explain that away, I entreat my master to consider the expression withdrawn and humbly apologized for.) This is, in effect, what Mr. GLADSTONE said to the hospitable

Dr. PARKER and the fifty or sixty Nonconformist ministers—as anybody who chooses to apply common intelligence to the speech can see for himself.

Happily for the stomach of the reader, it does not consist altogether of this nauseous stuff. Of the two, we had rather watch Mr. GLADSTONE pleading, however sophistically, to his countrymen than cringing to Mr. PARNELL; and the argumentative dishonesty of the rest of his speech comes quite as a relief after the apologetic servility of its beginning. Perhaps, indeed, for a collection of dialectical frauds, for a little museum of logical counterfeit coins waiting to be nailed to the counter, Mr. GLADSTONE has rarely done better than in his dealing at Dr. PARKER's with the "PARNELL and *Times*" question. Take the following statements and insinuations, all contained within some forty or fifty lines of his speech:—

(1) That the Parnellites "demanded" an inquiry at the hands of the Assembly to which they belong.

(2) That the inquiry so demanded would have been held in the "only method known to usage and precedent."

(3) That the prosecution for which the Government offered to find funds, while leaving it to be conducted exclusively by the Parnellites themselves, was a "pretended prosecution."

(4) That "the House" (and not merely the Parnellites) "rejected" the proposal; and

(5) That the charges of the *Times* are "libels"—meaning obviously, from the context, "slanders"—a description of the statements to be investigated which proceeds, let it be noted, from the man who claims to designate the tribunal of investigation and the leader of something like one-half of the Assembly from which that tribunal would have had to be drawn.

This is pretty well for one speech over a luncheon-table. It is satisfactory to note that Mr. BRIGHT can dispose of most of its misrepresentations in a letter of twenty lines.

AFGHANISTAN.

THE answers given in both Houses as to the position of affairs in Afghanistan continue to be far from encouraging. It would seem that the Indian Government knows very little of what is passing in that country, and what little it does know is disturbing. When the probable, or rather the certain, consequences of prolonged confusion are remembered, it is ominous to find that the India Office does not clearly know whether the rebels have or have not occupied the Khyber Pass, and to find that the best it has to say is that there is no evidence that the AMEER is not holding his own. The phrase holding his own is in itself a curious one to use of a ruler who is fighting, if not unsuccessfully, then certainly not victoriously, with a rebellion. What is the Ameer ABDUR RAHMAN's own? If it is only his throat, he may possibly be able to protect it at Cabul; but if it is the effective sovereignty of Afghanistan, he would seem to be in a fair way to lose it for good. It will be quite enough to deprive ABDUR RAHMAN of all value as an ally of the Indian Government and a barrier against Russia if a considerable part of the country breaks away from his rule. That this is what is happening seems only too probable. It is prudent, no doubt, to give a measured confidence to the stories which reach India from native sources. The tittle-tattle of the bazaars is usually most inaccurate in its details, but in substance the reports are commonly sufficiently trustworthy. In the present case they all agree in representing the difficulties of ABDUR RAHMAN's position as increasing rather than diminishing. It is significant that, though stories about the victories of his officers are commonly contradicted, or at least considerably discounted, by later rumours, there are no contradictions of the contradictions. At the end of the week it is reported the rebellious Ghilzais are surrounding Ghuznee. It does not much affect the question that the AMEER still holds the chief cities and fortresses of Afghanistan or that the rebellious tribes are fighting among themselves. The strength of his position and the certain divisions among his enemies would probably enable the AMEER to win in the long run if he is left alone. But, if there were any security that he would be allowed time, the troubles of ABDUR RAHMAN would not be of great importance to this country. It is precisely because of the great uncertainty as to whether he will not be rudely in-

terfered with that his struggle with the Ghilzais is watched with so much anxiety. The value of Afghanistan as a barrier between Russia and England depends on the degree of order the Sovereign can contrive to maintain. If it falls into anarchy or is split up among rival competitors—and either thing may happen—it will cease to be of any use whatever.

The rumours as to the doings of the Russians agree very well with the stories which come down from Afghanistan. That troops are being massed on the frontier, and bridges provided on the Amu Daria, is precisely what we might expect to hear. Such reports are common and are not contradicted. The rumours of last week which promised the speedy dissolution of the Frontier Commission have been contradicted and again confirmed. The Commission is still sitting, but it is as it were in the air until the two Governments can come to an understanding. Sir WEST RIDGWAY will not come nearer London than Moscow, whither he is to retire for a holiday if the Russians prove too obstinate. It is by no means probable that the Russian members of the Commission will do much to detain Sir WEST RIDGWAY at St. Petersburg just now. They must have altered their views and habits greatly if there is much inaccuracy in the letters of the Correspondents who represent them as watching the progress of the Ghilzai rebellion in the hope that something will turn up to their advantage before long. While there is any doubt as to the occurrence of the windfall, it is, of course, their obvious interest to keep the negotiations dragging on and the boundary commission in abeyance. The condition of parties at the Russian Court makes this prolongation of futile discussions all the easier. With M. DE GIERS all for peace and quiet, and with a military party urging strong measures and extreme demands, and with a CZAR between the two who seems resolved to show an equal amount of favour to both, negotiations may easily be spun out to any length. Confusion in Afghanistan will, of course, materially assist the Russian military party. The English members of the Commission will find it more difficult than ever to mark out the frontier of a country which is in a state of anarchy, and concerning which nobody can assert with any confidence what part of it obeys what ruler. The manifestly proper course to be taken under the circumstances is one which the Frontier Commission cannot enter on on its own responsibility. It is to draw a line, and inform the Russian Government that, with or without its leave, this will be considered by us as the frontier of Afghanistan, and that any violation of it will be considered as a *casus belli*. The Frontier Commission cannot use language of this kind. It is for the English Government to do it. Whether the English Government will do it is another thing. In the absence of some authoritative declaration of our policy and intentions, Russian officials in Central Asia, with more or less encouragement from their Government, will fish for whatever is to be caught in the troubled waters of Afghan politics.

REPUBLICANS AT PLAY.

SELDOM has a more interesting and agreeable study of the varieties of the Radical temperament been afforded to the philosopher than the opponents of the Duke of CONNAUGHT's Leave Bill were good enough to furnish last Thursday night. What makes it so peculiarly pleasing to contemplate is that the mind is not distracted from it by any collateral demands upon the attention. The case itself, for instance, in which these gentlemen gave themselves away, has, so to speak, no merits to be examined and weighed. It is perfectly clear; the plainest of plain sailing from first to last; and, if it was anybody but a Royal Duke who, as a high military servant of the Crown, was seeking legislative relief from a statutory disability to which he and a few other officials alone among all the servants of the Crown, military or civil, are subject—if, we say, it had been anybody else but a Royal Duke, who was seeking this relief from Parliament, it would have been granted, not only without opposition, but probably without debate. Hence, as it is the Royal Duke alone, and not the Commander-in-Chief, whose application to the House of Commons has provoked resistance from Mr. DILLWYN and his supporters, we may confine ourselves wholly to an analysis of the various ways in which the accident of the Duke of CONNAUGHT's individuality appears to have acted upon their minds.

The most piquant of the cases before us are undoubtedly those of Mr. LABOUCHERE and Mr. CONYBEARE. It is in these alone that temperament pure and simple seems to have been the sole determinant of action. The others can all plead a certain amount of intellectual wrongheadedness by way of excuse. Thus, for instance, the opposition of Mr. DILLWYN was that merely of a narrow-minded, somewhat stupid, but not ill-meaning man, who, if he sees one side of a case, is thereby absolutely incapacitated from getting the faintest glimpse of any other. Sir JOHN SWINBURNE's, again, is a mind of that analogous class which can only grasp one thing at a time, and who, having got hold of the conviction that military commands ought not to be conferred on relations of the Sovereign, was unable to perceive, in spite of the SPEAKER's patient efforts to explain it to him, that the exposition and defence of that conviction would be out of order in the debate of a Bill for suspending the operation of a certain clause in an Act of WILLIAM IV. Mr. PICTON and Mr. CREMER represent merely the simple-minded belief of the old-fashioned "friend of the people"—that there are certain "privileged classes" who are always getting jobs done for them, the fact being that in these days the only persons who can and do job successfully are the obscure, and that the "privileged class" consists of those who cannot, without provoking an outcry, look over the hedge behind which their unprivileged neighbours are busy stealing horses to their hearts' content. Mr. LABOUCHERE and Mr. CONYBEARE are, we repeat, the interesting and amusing actors in scenes of this kind, and the former is the funnier because we suspect him of intentionally caricaturing the latter. If Mr. CONYBEARE were a little more acute than he is, we imagine he would regard Mr. LABOUCHERE as much askance as the late Mr. NEWDEGATE was in the habit of regarding Mr. WHALLEY. The member for Northampton speaks always with his tongue more or less in the cheek, and we feel convinced that, when he describes a measure of this simple and straightforward kind as an "obsequious and servile Bill, brought in to suit the private convenience of a Royal Prince," he is really poking fun at that "terror of kings," the representative of "the young democracy," as he has proudly avowed himself, the member for the Camber Division of Cornwall. Mr. CONYBEARE had been too diffident in avowing his deeply interesting political opinions in the debate on the Duke of CONNAUGHT's Leave Bill, and Mr. LABOUCHERE's proud language was intended to stir him up. Whence it came about that, in the discussion of the Vote for the Jubilee Service in Westminster Abbey, the representative of the young democracy boldly declared the faith, or rather the hope, that was in him. "He should not be sorry," he said, "if this were the last Jubilee the nation would consent to celebrate. Before the next came he hoped the country would be a Republic, and not a Monarchy." Even this calculation, however, allows the Monarchy a minimum lease of fifty years; and, if it should last that time, we fear that age would have disqualified the otherwise fittest man for the post of first President.

THOMAS STEVENSON, C.E.

IN Thomas Stevenson—"by whose devices the great sea-lights in every quarter of the globe now shine more brightly"—we have lost a man of singular personality and an engineer of rare ability and accomplishment. Born in Edinburgh on the 22nd of July, 1818, he had attained to close on threescore and ten when he died in his house in Heriot Row on Sunday last. He had been ailing for some little time, but until within the last few months he went about his business as usual; so that his working life was one full fifty years long. It is not likely that the sum of his achievement during that space of time will ever be generally known; it is too large, too varied, and too technical (the word is used in no invidious sense) for that. It cannot fail to be widely recognized, however, that the honourable vaunt of his son, Mr. R. L. Stevenson, which we have quoted at the beginning of this notice, is but a modest expression of the truth, and that his name is one to be remembered in connexion with lighthouse engineering in all its elements—alike of construction and equipment—as long as the present system obtains.

His father, Robert Stevenson, was the builder of the famous lighthouse on the Bell Rock; and to him Thomas Stevenson, his brother Alan—the designer and builder of the great lighthouse at Skerryvore—was apprenticed. The business was hereditary; and in due time he took his place in the firm as one of the engineers to the Board of Northern Lights and to the Fishery Board of Scotland. It fell to his lot in this capacity to complete the illumination of the Scottish coasts and to take a principal share in the improvement of their harbour system as well. He bore a part

—no insignificant one we are assured—in the designing and construction of some thirty several lighthouses, two of which—those of Dhu Heartach and the Chicken Rocks—are described by the highest authority as “triumphs of engineering skill”; he did an immense amount of work in connexion with the rivers and harbours of the kingdom—the Foyle in Ireland, the Forth and Tay and Nith in Scotland, and the Lune and the Ribble in England, to name but a few of many; he was equally active in the building of docks, the making of canals, the construction of piers and breakwaters; and on all these matters he was for many years the most authoritative of experts, the most trusted of scientific witnesses. And side by side with all this achievement on the largest scale he was constantly engaged in work more delicate in kind and not a whit less useful in degree. He carried out, with instruments of his own contrivance, a series of most elaborate experiments with a view to determining the force, the height, and the action of sea-waves, the results of which are set forth in his work—a textbook on the subject—*On the Design and Construction of Harbours*. He was closely connected with the Edinburgh Royal and Meteorological Societies, to which he read innumerable papers; for which he designed innumerable instruments—the “Stevenson screen,” a set of self-registers, some new forms of anemometers, a rain-gauge, and the “Creper,” for registering the fluctuations of temperature during a given period—and of the first of which he was finally elected president. He improved or perfected “almost every form of instrument or apparatus” which his firm had occasion to employ. As regards the construction and disposition of the lighthouse lantern it is said of him that, since the time of Fresnel and David Brewster, he entirely “revolutionized the subject.” In most of the thirty lighthouses erected by him the optical apparatus was specially designed to meet the peculiar requirements of the situation; and there can be no doubt that Admiral Sullivan, in giving him the entire credit for the great superiority of the English system of illumination to that, the work of Fresnel, which obtains in France, expressed, as he said, no more than “the feeling of every one at the Board of Trade.” It was characteristic of Stevenson, and a most honourable proof of the antique quality of his citizenship, that, regarding himself as a servant of the State, he patented none of his inventions, and declined for conscience sake the fortune that he might easily have made. To this it may be added that he was as eminent in theory as in practice, and that his best-known and most useful book, on “Lighthouse Construction and Illumination” (which has been translated into German, and passed into a third edition some five or six years ago), will not soon be either superseded or forgotten.

Outside his profession Mr. Stevenson's chief interest was in theology. In his *Travels with a Donkey* Mr. R. L. Stevenson has told us that when in the shadow of Our Lady of the Snows he was invited to go and convert his father, he shrank far less from the thought of an hour with the Getulian lion than from that of such an interview with “the family theologian.” Thomas Stevenson, indeed, was bred on the Shorter Catechism, and he held faithfully to its tenets until the end. On this subject he wrote much, and with great force and gusto; and one of his many tracts (most of which were popular enough to be found worth expansion and republication), *On the Immutability of Laws in Relation to God's Providence*, was reprinted (1868) by the late Professor Crawford for distribution among his students. Personally, it may be added, he was vigorously emotional. A staunch friend and an admirable companion, he was the readiest of controversialists and the stoutest of opponents. A Scotchman of the best type, intensely individual, with a strain of melancholy whose expression was sometimes painful, exceptionally generous, with a fine gift of intolerance, he had a vast deal of humour and fancy, and we can well believe that in his best days he “was not easily surpassed for power of speech and social charm.” It may truly be said of him that he laboured in his vocation with all the strength that was in him, and that in the greater safety of our coasts he has built himself an enduring monument.

THE ROOT OF THE MATTER.

A GLADSTONIAN member, speaking last week on the interminable question whether it is reasonable or unreasonable to expect honest men not to sit down quietly under the charge of being atrocious criminals, delivered himself of the highly original remark that the country would know what to think of the conduct of Government. There are few things more interesting than the charm—the wicked charm, as a distinguished Radical would put it—which a well-established phrase, especially one of a solemn and head-wagging vagueness, exercises on the Radical mind. But we may admit that, if it were possible to find out by postcard plebiscite, or newspaper prize competition, or any other dodge of the kind, what the majority of moderately well-informed and intelligent persons of all classes do really think about the whole matter, it would not be unedifying. For ourselves we cannot plead guilty to an ardent or rosy confidence in the wisdom of the general. But this matter happens, when it is cleared of the cant and mystification in which blundering persons on the one side and interested persons on the other have wrapped it up, to be uncommonly well suited for eliciting a just judgment from the plain man. We should really feel very little anxiety, if the

thing were possible at all, in consenting to take the verdict by majority of a hundred or a thousand grand juries, selected haphazard all over England, from chance assemblages of all sorts and conditions of men. We should not rely exclusively on those first-class passengers whom Mr. Labouchere distrusts, probably because they are not in the habit of taking Mr. Labouchere very seriously. And we certainly should not challenge anybody of that class at the other end of the scale, railway and general, which Mr. Labouchere and those about him affect to regard as the sole founts of political wisdom.

It may not be unamusing to try to see how the history of the case would look to such a grand jury—we say grand jury advisedly, because a decision on the *prima facie* case is all that is wanted or can be expected. Well, then, we have, to begin with, a collection of damaging statements and accusations made formally and with the avowed intention of risking a libel suit, if necessary, by the best known daily newspaper in the world, against Mr. Parnell and Mr. Parnell's associates. Most of these statements and accusations are not new; they have been before the world, uncollected indeed, but undisproved and even uncontradicted, for months and years. Some of them have formed the actual basis of severe attacks made in Parliament and out of it on Parnellism by English politicians of the greatest eminence, who are now acting with Mr. Parnell. No notice—or only a notice of affected contempt—is taken by the persons concerned for some time. Then the *Times* drives its nail home by the publication of the famous letter, giving thereby a positive certainty to Mr. Parnell of being able to inflict on it complete loss of reputation and heavy civil or criminal penalties, unless the genuineness of the document could be established. The conduct of Mr. Parnell at this point is so remarkable that it may be permissible to diversify history with anecdote. There is an agreeable legend in one of the largest London newspaper offices, respecting an editor who held the chair many years ago in less impatient and hand-to-mouth days than the present. When any important news came rather late at night into the office, the good man used to summon sub-editors and leader-writers around him. “Such and such a thing,” he would say, “has happened: which is very important. I must beg that none of you will make the slightest allusion to it. Please, Mr. So-and-so, to attend to the ordinary work of the paper to-night. I must go home and think very seriously over this.” So also did Mr. Parnell decide that he must go home and think very seriously over this; and after a splutter of denial, he sought the shades of Avondale and was no more seen. Nay, the hault courage of one or two of his lieutenants, who had been reported as ready to say to the *Times* “Let you and I the battle try” on their own account, was suddenly quenched. The bull being in this reluctant condition, the *banderilleros* had to be busy again, and the *Times* arranged a series of propositions as to which one of Mr. Parnell's chief officers appeared to have been, to say the least, affected with an ignorance so invincible and so incomprehensible as scarcely to be real. But still there was no fight to be got out of the Parnellites, only a little capering and tossing of horns. At last, and rather in violation of the rules of the game, came Sir Charles Lewis's no doubt well-intended, but most certainly not well-advised, attempt to force the question on for trial, not as one practically involving civil life or death before a court of law, but as one involving Parliamentary privilege before the court of the House of Commons. The resolutions and discoveries of last week's proceedings are fresh in all minds. The Irish Parnellites, hanging back even from a Parliamentary inquiry until they were certain that it would not be granted, hung back throughout and more desperately from inquiry in a court of law, though it was offered them under the most advantageous conditions. The conduct of the English Parnellites was even more peculiar. Sir John Redgauntlet, in the finest short story of all literature, remarked to Piper Steenie, after his descent into Hades, “Although this vision of yours tends on the whole to my father's credit as an honest man, that he should even after his death desire to see justice done to a poor man like you, yet you are sensible that ill-dispositioned men might make bad constructions upon it.” Mr. Gladstone, Sir W. Harcourt, and all the rest of the rapid gradations down to Messrs. Conybeare and Cobb, no doubt felt with a gentle glow the credit due to those who even before their death wished to see justice done to poor men like Mr. Parnell and Mr. Dillon. But still they were sensible that ill-dispositioned men might make bad constructions on it—might, indeed, slightly change the proposition, and talk about obstruction, if they did not even worse, and hint that all parties concerned on the poor men's side seemed to be actuated by one sole and single desire, the desire of keeping the matter out of the claws—claws apt to rend falsehood to the bone and marrow—of the furred law-cats. So they set to work, did this ex-Prime Minister of England, this ex-Home Secretary and Solicitor-General, these counsel learned in the law itself, these honourable and right honourable members of the English Parliament and the English Liberal party, to represent the said furred law-cats as exceeding Grippeminaud himself in cruelty, corruption, and injustice, to ridicule trial by jury, to reaffirm the principle of House of Commons' meddling with the liberty of the press, and to urge that a Parliamentary Committee, to which it has long been considered unwise to entrust the seating or unseating of a single member, is the best tribunal for arriving at a decision which, if it went one way, would almost amount to declaring eighty-six at a blow unfit and improper persons to sit, not merely in Parliament, but in any company of honest men anywhere in this world.

Now this is the history of the case as, we do not hesitate to

say, it would present itself to the majority of plain and impartial men who look merely at the actual and generally known facts. Such men would not trouble themselves with the refinements of Lord Carnarvon's proposal for a special tribunal *ad hoc*, with E. P. B.'s unanswerable, but not necessarily material, remarks on the general subject of breach of privilege or with anything else of the kind. They would admit that they are individually unable to decide in the absence of the full evidence, which only a court of law can bring out and sift, whether Mr. Parnell wrote such a letter, whether Mr. Sexton forgathered on such a particular occasion with such a particular ruffian, whether Mr. Dillon said the thing which was not, and which he knew or ought to have known to be not, on such and such a day, at such and such a place, and, in short, whether any of the specified charges against any of the specified persons is specifically and demonstratively correct. But they will say, we think, and we are sure that if they say they will be right in saying, that the general charge against the whole party, leader and followers included, is proved up to the hilt by the conduct of that whole party, including followers as well as leader. They will point out that even details, except of the most insignificant kind, have never been conclusively challenged; that the major charge of all has been met with hysterical denial, windy bluster, frantic abuse, but no kind of proof; and, above all, that the crucial test of examination before a jury, whether in England, Scotland, or Ireland, has been at first persistently evaded, and at last refused downright. Gladstonians, the plain man will say, declare that they are in all but a few parts of Great Britain, if not an actual majority, at least a most formidable minority, and perhaps—more's the pity—they are. It follows, on their own showing, that without the most shameless packing, for which in England there are no means whatever, and which could not possibly take place, or without a collocation of chances against which the betting is infinity to zero, there must be on any jury panel a fair mixture of political opinion. If in such a case a man dares not put his fate to the touch, it is a moral certainty that he fears it very much indeed, and that his desert is something less than small. We might add not a little as to the English sympathizers of these remarkable Irishmen—the persons whose methods are the disturbance of public meetings out of Parliament, and in Parliament the straight and plain surrender of every principle of the respectable kind in reference to political trials which has been held by the Liberal party for two centuries. But their course of conduct has long ago been described by the greatest but one of their own prophets. We all know in what juice they are stewing and what the odour of the broth will be.

THE ENGLISH AND INDIAN BUDGETS.

THE English Chancellor of the Exchequer and the Indian Finance Minister having, within a few weeks of each other, explained the position of their respective Treasuries and the proposed financial policy of the forthcoming year, it is interesting to compare the two statements; to notice, on the one hand, some of the more striking points of contrast between the financial systems concerned; and, on the other, some features in which the condition of the one Exchequer resembles that of the other, and has led to the adoption of an almost identical policy. English people find it hopeless to try to solve the mysteries of Indian finance; the mystery will, perhaps, seem less impenetrable in the light which a comparison of the balance-sheets of the two countries throw upon the subject.

To deal first with the amount with which the two Exchequers are respectively concerned, we find that the English revenue exceeds that of India by about 14 millions sterling. Mr. Goschen puts his revenue at 90 millions, Sir Auckland Colvin has 76 millions to dispose of. The Indian Government, indeed, during the last financial year turned over more than 100 millions. A considerable portion of this, however, related to capital transactions. Five millions, for instance, were employed in redemption of debt, and recouped by borrowing; 6 millions were spent as capital outlay on railways and irrigation; 305,000*l.* were laid out on the defence works of the North-Western Frontier; 3½ millions represented payments to railway companies, who keep their capital and deposit with the Government of India. The real revenue and the expenditure which the revenue had to meet was about 76 millions. Of this the great departments, known as the "Principal Heads of Revenue"—i.e. Land Revenue, Opium, Salt, Stamps, Excise, and others—yielded a gross income of 53½ millions. Deducting from this sum 8½ millions as the cost of collection, and, in the case of opium and salt, manufacture, we have a net revenue of about 44 millions. Out of this the Government has to defray the cost of various departments which result wholly or partially in loss to the Treasury. The net charge for interest on the public debt, apart from that part of it which has been incurred for and is charged upon Railways and Canals, is 3½ millions; the salaries and expenses of civil departments—Law and Justice, Police, Educational, Political, and others—cost 12½ millions; Pensions and other civil charges cost 4½ millions more; the revenue outlay on construction and maintenance of Public Buildings and Roads accounts for another 4½ millions; 2½ millions represent the sum by which the earnings of existing canals and railways fall short of defraying the cost of their maintenance, the interest on their capital cost, and the loss by exchange incurred by payments on their account in England. The Post Office, Telegraph, and Mint

are departments which as nearly as possible pay their way—they involve a net expenditure of 195,000*l.* only. The Army concludes the list with a goodly item of 18,100,000*l.* net expenditure, and brings up the total to that of the net revenue—namely, 44 millions. The 76 millions, accordingly, which the Government receives and spends as revenue, may be divided between the earning departments, which receive 53½ millions and spend 8½, and the spending departments, which spend nearly 67 millions and earn only 2½. The equilibrium of the Indian finances has to be maintained by securing that the net results of the two shall practically be identical. Upon these figures one striking contrast, enormously to the advantage of the Indian Exchequer, becomes at once apparent. Nearly a third of the entire English expenditure—28 millions out of 90—goes in discharge of debt, interest or principal. In India the net charge for interest upon the National Debt proper amounts only to the modest figure of 3½ millions. There is a further sum of 4 millions, payable by way of interest on capital outlay on railways and canals; but this, though not already wholly covered by the net earnings of these undertakings, owing to the heavy fall on exchange, will assuredly be far more than covered when, in the course of the next few years, the various incomplete projects reach maturity; and, in the meanwhile, they are adding yearly to the wealth of the country sums compared with which any small loss in the way of interest becomes entirely insignificant. The fact that the national indebtedness costs the people of India so small a fraction of their yearly income is one which cannot be too strongly insisted on when the intrinsic soundness of the Indian finances is in question. The burden is light, and is yearly becoming lighter. In his recent Budget Sir Auckland Colvin draws attention to the fact that the annual charge under this head has—notwithstanding that the fall in exchange has added largely to the burden of India's gold debt—diminished during the last decade by no less an amount than 855,000*l.* This is owing partly to actual reduction of debt by payments from the Famine Insurance Fund, partly to judicious management, and partly to the improved credit of the Indian Government, which enables it to borrow on more advantageous terms than heretofore. From whatever point of view it is regarded, the circumstance is one in which Indian financiers may take a legitimate pride, and from which, among many grounds for anxiety, they may derive legitimate consolation.

Another curious contrast between the two countries is presented in the sources from which the revenues of the two countries are respectively derived. Mr. Goschen has a revenue of 90 millions to dispose of, of which five-sixths, or 75 millions, are derived from taxes, and one-sixth, or 15 millions, from Post Office, Telegraph, and other like sources of non-tax revenue. In India this state of things is completely reversed. Of the 76 millions which pass into the Indian Exchequer by far the largest proportion is derived from sources other than taxation. The land revenue, which brings 22½ millions, is not, in any strict sense, a tax; it is a rent-charge, always of moderate, and in many cases of inappreciably small, amount, to which the land has, from time immemorial, been liable, and subject to which, or to some far higher amount, it has passed into the hands of its present owners. Opium, again, which brings in a gross revenue of nearly 9 millions, cannot be regarded as a tax; it is the result of the ability of the British Government to supply the Chinese with a commodity, for the production of which it enjoys especial advantages, on terms highly advantageous to the producer. The gross earnings of Post Office, Telegraph, and Mint amount to a couple of millions; the receipts of various civil departments, 1½ million; other miscellaneous receipts come to 830,000*l.*; the gross earnings of railways and canals are 15½ millions; half a million is earned by the Public Works Department, and nearly a million by the army. Forests earn another million; while tributes from foreign States and the interest received by the Government on its loans to rajahs, municipalities, and other public bodies come, each, to nearly three-quarters of a million. On the whole, of the 76 millions which formed the revenue of the Indian Government in 1886, nearly 56 millions were derived from non-tax sources, and only 20 millions from taxation proper. Of this 20 millions, 6½ were produced by salt, 3½ millions by stamps, 4½ millions by Excise, 1½ million by Customs, 3 millions by various rates levied on the landowners in the several provinces, and 1½ million by the Income-tax. Thus, instead of five-sixths of the revenue, as in England, being derived from taxation, no less than eleven-fifteenths of the Indian revenue are derived from non-tax sources, and only four-fifteenths are derived from taxation proper. This is one of the circumstances which render the task of the Indian financier one of such exceptional difficulty. His main sources of revenue are beyond his control. Nothing that he can do can in the slightest degree affect the question how much railways or the Post Office shall earn, or how much opium the Chinese will be disposed to buy; and the sources of revenue of which as taxation he has control are comparatively few and insignificant. Mr. Goschen has an Income-tax, which last year yielded nearly 16 millions, and every penny of which brings him 1½ million; but the Indian Finance Minister has the greatest difficulty and encounters the bitterest opposition in levying less than a million and a half by way of Income-tax from a population of 200 millions, the whole of whose taxation proper comes to little more than 20 millions. Nor can he turn elsewhere in hopes of aid. The land revenue is in many parts of India immovable; in all it admits of only the most moderate enhancement. The Salt-tax is only just beginning to recover from

the modifications carried out a few years ago by Sir John Strachey and Sir Evelyn Baring, and is not nearly robust enough to bear any additional strain; Stamps, which are to a large extent levied on the proceedings in courts of justice, are admittedly far too high already, and continually raise a howl of condemnation, which can be met only by the plea of absolute necessity; the Excise can be enhanced only at the risk of national demoralization, and has on this account been recently reduced in Bengal; Customs are a dwindling resource, and, so far as they are levied on the export of rice, are universally and justly condemned; the Provincial rates could not without risk of hardship and serious discontent be materially increased. When, therefore, an Indian financier, starting with a bare equilibrium, faces the various expensive contingencies with which his position is beset—war, famine, or further fall in exchange—he may be excused for expressing apprehensions which Chancellors of better furnished Exchequers can afford to despise. All he can do is to trim his crank vessel's sail, to steer as carefully as may be, and to trust to fair winds and smooth seas to bring him to his journey's end.

While, however, the resources of the English Exchequer are infinitely greater, the Indian revenues exhibit an elasticity which, though not sufficient to afford immediate relief, contrasts favourably with the recent history of English finance. Mr. Goschen's review of the course of the revenue since 1860 made it perfectly clear that the yield of four main sources of Imperial income, after increasing by leaps and bounds for the first fifteen years of the period, had materially diminished in the years 1875-1880, and had never subsequently recovered its former rate of growth. In the past year its increase did not keep pace with the growth of population, and one principal source of revenue, that from alcoholic drinks, was 7 millions below the figure which its normal growth might have led us to expect. On the whole, the proceeds of indirect taxation had fallen from 42½ millions in 1874-5 to 41½ in 1886-7, while the whole burden of our increased expenditure was borne by the payers of Income-tax, who contributed 34½ millions instead of 20 millions. In India all the principal heads of revenue show a steady normal growth, and the income at the disposal of the Finance Minister is, including the proceeds of the Income-tax, greater by 3 millions than that of 1884. On the other hand, the fall in exchange and the increased military expenditure, which the dangers on the Indian North-West Frontier are now acknowledged to necessitate, have more than exhausted the normal surplus of the Indian Exchequer and the proceeds of the Income-tax, which, small as are its results, is felt as a real grievance. India, like England, is suffering from the effects of a "war scare." In England the policy adopted in November 1884 has involved an expenditure of nearly 6 millions. In India the additional outlay has been far more serious. Lord Dufferin had not been many months in office when he became satisfied of the disagreeable truth, studiously ignored by his predecessor—that the North-Western Frontier of India was absolutely without defence, that means for operating in the direction of Candahar were wholly wanting, and that the general military force of the Empire was, in the opinion of every responsible military authority, quite inadequate for the duties which it might at any moment be called upon to perform. A couple of millions were forthwith spent in preparations for a military demonstration at Quetta, which had little other result than to demonstrate that, without a railway communication with that post, it is impossible for a British force of any adequate size to advance from India upon Beloochistan. One of Lord Ripon's first acts had been to tear up the line which his predecessor had commenced in the direction of Quetta and definitely to negative the project; one of Lord Dufferin's first acts was to order the resumption of the abandoned scheme, with all the additional expense incidental to an emergency, and on a scale, not greater, indeed, than the military experts declared to be essential, but far in excess of that contemplated by Lord Lytton. Two military lines now connect India with Beloochistan, and a first-class military road is under construction, which will serve as an alternative route in case of the railways being obstructed or overtaxed. At the same time, the military forces of the country have received material augmentation, and the Indian army will, by the end of the present year, be large enough to allow of an expeditionary force being detached for the defence of the North-Western Frontier, or operations beyond it, without any dangerous denudation of the local garrisons. All this, however, has cost money, and the Finance Minister has had, besides a large immediate outlay, to provide for a permanent increase of expenditure little short of 2 millions. Combined with this, the fall of silver has year by year imposed a heavier burden on the Indian revenues. In these circumstances the Indian Government has considered that the crisis is sufficiently acute to justify the abandonment of the policy according to which, in normal times, it provides, to the extent of 1½ million, for the reduction of debt and precautionary measures against famine. This is a direct and immediate relief of the Indian taxpayer to this extent, for the sum could have been obtained only by increased taxation. No one with any knowledge of Indian finance has questioned the expediency of the measure. It is justified on the same grounds as those which Mr. Goschen defends the diminution by 2 millions of the yearly contribution in respect of the National Debt. Wise and statesmanlike financiers take careful account of the circumstances of the time, and the prudent reduction of indebtedness, however right and expedient, must not be maintained at the price of public dissatisfaction and distress.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

II.

LATER visits to the Academy modify in no important particular the impression we received from our first. Certain portraits by Messrs. Carolus-Duran, Holl, Herkomer, Hermann Herkomer, and Sargent still seem to us the most notable of the year. Perhaps amongst themselves they hardly preserve the same order in our estimation. That display of brilliance and easy power of style which so impresses one at the first sight of Mr. Carolus-Duran's "Vicomtesse Greffulhe" is scarcely supported by enough personal feeling and enough refinement of drawing. One may still count it as the most powerful and imposing gallery-picture, though a long and close investigation reveals a more steadily growing charm in other work—especially in Mr. Sargent's "Mrs. W. Playfair," and in Mr. Herkomer's nameless lady (377). The black dress in this last might be improved by more modelling and even less detail. We should like to be better aware of the change of plane at the knee; the stuff of the skirt hangs too straightly down, like a wall. In Mr. Sargent's portrait every touch is the direct outcome of feeling; it assists in explaining some nicety of plane and texture. All distinctions of the kind are revealed as if by real light, and without any resort to false, trickily-effective reliefs, or a mannered system of colouring. So, too, amongst the figure pictures, Mr. Sargent's "Carnation, Lily, Lily Rose," continues to gain ground. It has been bought by the Chantry Trustees, and we must congratulate them on their purchase. Every inch of the picture is delicately manipulated; most careful art and an excellent feeling for decoration have been shown in the management of the flowers and other spots of colour. Further search reveals no one who has attempted the nude with such ambition and success as Mr. Collier and Mr. Solomon. Nevertheless, the dryness of Mr. Solomon's colour, and the anatomical over-insistence of his modelling, affect one more painfully at every visit.

Most painters of to-day, when they set themselves to paint something, generally try to affect you by rendering truthfully the aspect of the subject in nature. They wish their picture to stir up your visual memories of similar sights rather than to lead your fancy into long trains of association with past art, with decorative symbols, with legends, and with literary conceptions. Does the scene take place at dawn, they wish none of the natural characteristics of the hour to be lost. They seek carefully the proper relations between the cold mystery enveloping objects on the earth and the sky flushed with livelier hues; and they do their best that nothing in the figures shall suggest another illumination or the treacherous tones of studio conventions. Thus they hope to stimulate your recollection of real dawns, and the emotions and feelings with which you witnessed them. It is quite another school who, believing, with some truth, that most people do not feel when they look at the real world, prefer to carry with them hints of the familiar types of past art and some allusion to the stories and symbolism of mythology. These do not care to make use of any of the sentiments attached to the natural aspect of things. Place, time, light, the real blue of the sky, the green of the grass, the mystery of air and shadow, the distance, the shimmer of sunshine, count for nothing. Pan, Diana, or others, in woods or by rivers, call up no vision of human figures in such places. They are always fixed types, arbitrarily modelled amidst surroundings of little more value in natural suggestion than the label-like hints of environment we see in Greek art. Of course Mr. Burne Jones is pre-eminent among artists of this sort. His people in "The Garden of Pan" this year in the Grosvenor are of the same family as those in the "Depths of the Sea" in last year's Academy. The leathery skin, due to a scheme of light-and-shadow modelling which apparently resists all action of weather, sky, and water, betrays their common origin. Mr. Burne Jones's absence from the Academy this year deprives us of an excellent illustration. It is perhaps better for his work, however, that it should be seen elsewhere; for the realist and the would-be realist terribly predominate at the Academy, and people do not always possess either the fairness or the versatility of mind which should enable them to change their point of view and of criticism in passing from the work of one school to that of another. Yet it would be manifestly absurd to expect the same order of sensations and memories to be stirred by, let us say, Sir Frederick Leighton's "Last Watch of Hero" (229) and Mr. J. W. Waterhouse's "Marianne" (134). Both, however, are pictures of ideals and call up imaginary scenes. One can see that they have something in common which does not belong, for instance, to Mr. Stanhope Forbes's artistic conveyance of an actually received impression, "Their Ever-Shifting Home" (543). Yet Mr. Waterhouse's picture is far more allied to Mr. Stanhope Forbes's than it is to the President's. Mr. Stanhope Forbes wants you to see again with his eyes what you may see every day; Mr. Waterhouse wants you to see, in an equally familiar and unadulterated vision, a scene he has imagined for you. One picture is really no more idealized than the other; but the two artists work with different properties and consult a different experience. It is understood, of course, that there is no question of photographic realism here:—that these gentlemen respect the main truth of their impression of nature rather than its details, and employ the licences of art in conveying it. But Sir Frederick Leighton does not wish you to see anything that you have ever seen before, or could see with the eyes except in pictures, as long as this world is conducted and illumined in the present fashion.

He conjures up another state of things for you, a new universe, where folds exist independently of the laws of matter, new types of people, new textures, a new heaven, and a new atmosphere. This is a great consolation to some people always, and at times to every one, when weary of the ordinary and hungry for the mildly fantastic. We must, of course, only criticize here on decorative principles; we may find the drapery stringy and twisted and tormented out of dignity and repose, but we must not quarrel with the marble, and say that the whole scene reminds one of anything but a girl looking out of a window at dawn. We might object to the work were it ugly or uninteresting; but, on the contrary, it has many elements of decorative beauty, and is full of ingenuity and invention.

It is quite as fair to say that Mr. Waterhouse's marble might be better, especially in the couchant monster, as it is to praise the excellent naturalness of his drapery, his attitudes, and the modelling and gradation of the gilded hall, because it is evidently his aim to make you feel, as if you had been there, all the natural circumstances which attended Mariamne's going forth to execution. But few pure idealists and decorators can be mentioned along with the President. Men very generally fail in this branch of art, because they are neither frankly enslaved to the beauty of paint and blind to fact, nor are they passed masters in the principles of some great tradition. They can hardly keep their feet unaided in the advancing tide of realism, and are encumbered in the pursuit of beauty by some recollection of what things look like. Now it is clear that a man should be convinced one way or another, either as to what he really sees, or as to what he would really like to see. Too often, however, idealists supplement a want of unity in their conception or a failing in their imagination by scraps of inconsistent realism, while Realists try to cover a lack of courage or a defective eyesight with the rags of some old conventions. We are, in fact, in a transition period, and as extreme realism must become too much of a scientific problem to satisfy the human craving for art, we cannot believe that such a school will hold the future. Hitting upon some workable mixture of the real ideas and ideal treatments will probably be the basis of modern effort. Mr. Orchardson, for instance, is a sort of realist; he certainly does not want us to forget the real scene which inspired his picture, but he seems himself to be still more interested in playing his symphony in yolk of egg. The material constituents and factors of his composition "The First Cloud" (291) were originally brought together some years ago in the "Mariage de Convenience." The effect of light was then rich and concentrated, the persons and principal points of colour in the scheme were closely and dramatically associated. In the present work the white lady, the black dress-clothes, with the cool shirt-front, the pink lamp, the notes of gilt and red, &c., swim sparsely in a diluted and palpably yellow atmosphere. The convention is too evidently overwhelming the material, in spite of the intelligence and refinement of the painter. It is to be hoped that Mr. Orchardson will not play another fantasia on this melody. He begins to need the reinvigoration which comes from coping with an entirely new difficulty. Mr. Alma Tadema's "Women of Amphis" (305), one of the most ambitious things he has attempted, shows us rather a strange mixture of truth and artistic falsehood. To make it natural composition is neglected, and the picture turned into a sort of rabbit-warren of beautiful females scuttling about everywhere. The exquisite beauty of most of the groups and of individual figures becomes eclipsed in the confusion; yet the disorder is conventionally clean and pictorial, so that it simply produces bewilderment without serving any useful realistic purpose. No one could wish, however, for more charming colour or more skilful technique than Mr. Tadema has given in this picture. Sir J. E. Millais, in "Mercy" (298), neither decorates so much space with an approach to beauty, nor contrives to impart any feeling of reality to a stirring incident of St. Bartholomew's Day, 1572. The nun's face is hard and false in relief, the attitudes are inexpressive, the drapery is clumsy, and the execution without refinement. Mr. Macbeth's figure, "Ambrosia" (530), pretends to be real, and offends one by its inconsistencies and false relations. The background, because it is simple, need not be without any connexion with the figure or the costume. Still, the touch is vigorous, the still-life element of oysters and beer admirably treated, and the general appearance of the picture well suited to the requirements of an illustration. Mr. Yeames's "Christ Bearer" (179), Mr. F. Goodall's "Mercy and Misery" (338), and Mr. Armitage's "Institution of the Franciscan Order" (681) are large and ambitious canvases which can serve no conceivable purpose. They are not beautiful; they are not quaintly or conscientiously laborious; and they certainly cannot boast of much resemblance to reality. Mr. Armitage's is the most serious, but in an utterly joyless and inhuman manner. Mr. Goodall's is the most like something; it has the interest and elevation of a scanty furnished scene at a theatre, with no drama going on. Mr. Yeames's is simply an unsuccessful attempt to modernize an old master. Sir John Gilbert, Mr. A. Moore, Mr. F. Dicksee, and Miss H. Rae send work which, like the President's, must hope to stand or fall as decoration. In his "Midsummer" (394) Mr. Moore has taken a somewhat new departure in colour, and his raw orange drapery in shapeless folds stands in rather coarse contrast to a scheme of silver grey. Mr. Dicksee's talent suits a picture with a subject better than a work of pure decoration, but he is singularly unfortunate in his place; two gaudy marines on each side of his "Hesperia" (420) seem to fulfil no obvious end but

the destruction of his colour. Miss Rae draws elegantly, but makes a weak impression on one, partly owing to the kind of Battersea Park aspect which she gives her semi-realistic rocks and cascades, especially in "A Naiad" (1016).

We have figure pictures of the realistic French kind from other painters than Mr. Stanhope Forbes. Mr. Melton Fiaber, Mr. Tuke, Mr. Margetson, Mr. C. Plimpton, Mr. Kennington, amongst others, look to value, to the ordering of important masses, to the aerial envelope in order to awake the sentiment which comes from seeing figures revealed in their natural relations to an environment. This may be done with all degrees of thoroughness down to a mere catch-penny imitation of the superficial colour and square brushmarks characteristic of the school. Two pictures hang in the Sixth Room on each side of a door; Mr. Forbes's "Their Ever-Shifting Home," and Mr. Cowen's "Interior of a Model Soup Kitchen" (544). Every plane and every inch of distance is clearly shown in Mr. Forbes's work by subtle modifications of the light. In comparison with it the second picture appears flat and confused. Perhaps, on the whole, English art promises best in the walk of portraiture. To that and to the remaining figures we intend to devote our next article.

THE AMERICAN EXHIBITION.

FAVOURED by fine weather, and in the presence of an immense assemblage of spectators, the American Exhibition at West Brompton was formally opened to the public on Monday afternoon last. It would be unkind to pronounce a judgment now on the Exhibition upon which Canon Farrar invoked a special blessing of Providence, for the simple reason that it is not half completed. The building has an empty appearance, and the majority of the exhibits already in their places are not of paramount public interest. But goods are daily pouring in, and doubtless in a fortnight matters will assume a totally different aspect. Unfortunately, no less than two shiploads full of exhibits failed to enter the docks in time, and among these is a fine collection of pictures from Boston. Even now the Exhibition contains a variety of ingenious trifles in the invention of which the Americans excel. The gardens also are unfinished. Although intersected by two lines of railroads, masked by high wooden palings, they are picturesque; for here and there stand a few trees, relics of some garden of the past, and also a quantity of pear and apple trees laden with blossoms, which until a recent date grew in a well-known market garden. The grounds, too, are undulating, and when illuminated by thousands of coloured lamps and Chinese lanterns, present an exceedingly pretty effect. Here there is a "Switch-back railway," which is already "doing a roaring trade." Close by this is a Tobogganing slide, already immensely popular; and independently of these there are band-stands, a club-house in course of erection, and in a few days will be completed the grand cyclorama of New York, as seen from the harbour, executed by M. Bartholdi. But all these varied amusements are mere sketches of what we hear they will be before very long. The Art Gallery, when in a more advanced state, promises to be exceedingly interesting, and already contains some truly fine works. When it is considered that the Exhibition is purely due to private enterprise, Mr. John R. Whitley and his colleagues must be allowed to deserve great credit for their energy.

But it is the "Wild West," after all, which will prove the great attraction of this Exhibition. Nobody has ever been more thoroughly "boomed" than Buffalo Bill, and there is no doubt that he merits a great deal of the fame and popularity he has achieved. One curious fact connected with this circus—for such it really is—is the extensive republication which is going on of Fenimore Cooper's novels. It seems as if everybody who has paid a visit to the "Wild West" at Earl's Court must forthwith form the acquaintance of *The Last of the Mohicans*, *Leather Stocking*, and *The Pathfinder*. In common justice, Captain Mayne Reid should have his share of the luck. We need not inquire too closely into the accuracy of detail as displayed in the costumes of the inhabitants of the singular camp at West Brompton. They are real Indians, of that there is no doubt, and they wear Indian dresses; but these are touched up and supplemented with a view to theatrical effect, which is evidently pleasing to Indian vanity. Their bead-work, however, is real, and extremely beautiful. A more orderly set of people it would be difficult to find. Their chief occupation, between the hours of the two daily performances, seems apparently to consist of sleeping, eating, and sitting on a wall which overlooks the railroad, in remarkably picturesque groups. The little Indian children trot about, and shake hands with the visitors with much good nature. On Monday last the spectacle presented of a leading judge being lassoed by a *papoose* was one not likely to be forgotten by those who had the supreme pleasure of beholding it.

The crowd assembled on Monday at the initial performance was one which only London can produce. There were at least twenty thousand persons present. When Mr. Levy had trumpeted on his cornet "The Star-Spangled Banner," and the Americans had waved their handkerchiefs and the English had clapped their hands, a very picturesque procession of the whole *dramatis personæ* passed round the vast arena; and then came the hero of the day, galloping gallantly on his white steed to the front. Then the programme was gone through from beginning to end without

interruption and most successfully. It dragged a little, and decidedly needed compression; but it is a "big thing in shows," as the Americans say, and its like has never been seen before on this side of the Atlantic. The war-dance, the bloodthirsty attacks on the little log hut in the centre of the arena and on the lumbering old coach, are things which have been described within the past few weeks in every paper in England; so there is no need to repeat what has been so often said. "Buck Taylor," however, has not quite received the amount of credit due to him. He is a splendid rider, and the grace with which he will pick up a handkerchief or a glove whilst galloping past on his wiry mustang is alone worth going to Brompton to see. The sight of the immense arena when filled is remarkable, and there is a sufficient atmosphere of danger in the sports to give a tone of genuine excitement to the spectators, hence the spontaneity of the applause.

THE CLANDESTINE MARRIAGE.

NO actor's name is so deeply marked on theatrical history as that of David Garrick. He pervaded his time so thoroughly that for the greater part of the last century few important theatrical events occurred on which he had not directly or indirectly an influence. The story of his share in the composition of *The Clandestine Marriage* is set forth at length by the light of long letters from the joint authors, Garrick and George Colman, in the industrious Mr. John Galt's *Lives of the Players*, and elsewhere—for several biographies of Garrick are extant—and the tale of the misunderstanding which arose from some hasty words of Garrick's, consequent on other hasty words attributed to Colman, has been frequently told. The summary of the whole business is that the character of Lord Ogleby was for the most part written by Garrick for himself; it is an expansion of the idea of Lord Chalkstone in Garrick's farce of *Lethe*, which had been previously acted, and, as Colman admits in a letter to Garrick, dated December 4, 1765, "it is true, indeed, that by your suggestion Hogarth's proud lord"—from the first plate of the *Marriage à la Mode*—"was converted into Lord Ogleby." According to Mr. Galt, *The Clandestine Marriage* was a plagiarism from a piece called *The False Concord*, written by the Rev. James Townley, author of *High Life Below Stairs*, played at Covent Garden for the benefit of Woodward, in March 1764, but never printed. The characters of Lord Lavendre, Mr. Sude—a soap-boiler, of course—and a pert valet, were, it is said, "transplanted, with the dialogue of some scenes, into *The Clandestine Marriage*, under the names of Lord Ogleby, Mr. Sterling, and Mr. Brush." In the correspondence between Garrick and Colman, however, no mention is made of *The False Concord*. As for Townley, if Garrick deprived his friend of some literary reputation, and enjoyed it himself, solid compensation was made, for the clergyman obtained through the actor preferment to the valuable vicarage of Hendon.

The breadth and vigour of the play, which is now being performed at the Strand Theatre, are skilfully presented by the members of "The English Comedy Company," a new association of players under the management of Mr. H. B. Conway and Mr. William Farren. It is no doubt owing to the presence of the latter that *The Clandestine Marriage* has been revived; for Lord Ogleby was a part in which the actor's father greatly distinguished himself. It is now represented with great skill and effect by the son. Confusing criticisms have been written on the character of Lord Ogleby. Mrs. Inchbald considered it obsolete, there being, as she thought at the time when she wrote, some half a century after the production, no such fops as his lordship; so that the satire was incomprehensible. But this view was soon contradicted. "The foundation of the artificial character is so noble, so generous, and so kindly," another writer declared, "that whenever it can find a proper representative it must continue to excite our sympathies." In truth, neither writer is accurate. The character of the old lord is comprehensible enough; but there is nothing in the part to awaken sympathy. Ogleby is a sufficiently absurd personage; and though, having fatuously believed that Miss Sterling was in love with himself, he expresses no resentment, but, on the contrary, hints at benevolent intentions when he finds that she is clandestinely married to his young relative, Lovewell, he adopts the only course which can prevent him from appearing ridiculous.

The outline is so boldly drawn that the actor cannot well go astray. The air of self-satisfaction is remarkably well sustained by Mr. Farren. It is only momentarily interrupted by the twinges of pain which contradict the obsequious attendant Canton in his protestations that his lord is not old; but Ogleby's vanity is invincible, and, hard as it may be for him to rise from his chair, pinched as he is by rheumatic pains and hampered by the stiffness of age, he actually trots off to join the ladies when at length his toilet is complete and he has been invigorated from the contents of his medicine-chest. Mr. Farren cleverly avoids exaggeration—a great merit in such a character as this; indeed, the whole performance is exceedingly well balanced. Ogleby must be ludicrous in the earlier scenes, which show us how he is built up and set on his legs; but he must not be contemptible, or the last scene in which he perceives his error and makes the best of it would miss fire. He must, in fact, with all his weaknesses and follies, remain a gentleman. Mr. Conway is certainly as good a Sir John Melvil as could be found. The part is not a very effective

one, though there are some good scenes, chiefly perhaps the interview with Sterling, in which Melvil announces the transfer of his affections from one daughter to the other. Mr. Conway is one of the very few actors who bear themselves easily and gracefully in the dress of a bygone age, and there is about his studies of such characters as this an air of distinction which is not too often found. It is sadly lacking in the Lovewell of Mr. Reeves Smith, for example; but for the most part the performance is excellent. Nothing could be better than the Canton of Mr. Soutar; Mr. Crisp, as the bluff merchant Sterling, is sound and natural; and the valet Brush is cleverly played by Mr. Mark Kinghorne. Sterling's daughters, the one haughty and selfish, the other generous and tender—to each of whom, as a matter of course, poetic justice is done, to the satisfaction of the audience—are meritoriously presented by Miss Fenton and Miss Strudwick. The vulgar dame, Mrs. Heidelberg, is adequately treated by Miss Fanny Coleman. Mr. Conway speaks Garrick's prologue with its reference to an age which will "have Quins and Cibbers of its own."

MR. GOSCHEN'S STAMP-DUTY PROPOSALS.

THE Chancellor of the Exchequer's proposals with regard to the Stamp-duty upon Stock Exchange transfers has excited a good deal of discussion amongst members of the Stock Exchange, bankers, and all who are concerned with the management of joint-stock Companies. The first proposal meets with practically unanimous approval; it is that the stamp upon the transfer of debenture stock should be raised from half-a-crown to half-a-sovereign per cent. In the early days of joint-stock enterprise Companies were in the habit of borrowing on terminable debentures, which had to be renewed frequently at very short intervals and on such terms as the credit of the Companies justified. There were in those days difficulties often experienced in raising money in this manner, and it is obvious that there were many objections from the point of view of the ordinary investor to the purchase of debentures. Consequently, it was found to be expedient by the Governments of the time to deal leniently with Companies borrowing upon debentures. Everything was done to avoid making it more difficult to raise money by their sale, and amongst the other concessions made to them was this—that, whereas the Stamp-duty on transfers generally was $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent., that imposed upon debentures was only $\frac{1}{4}$ per cent. Now, however, debentures have, speaking generally, been converted into debenture stock, which is not terminable, but permanent, and is as much part of the capital of the Companies as their ordinary or preference shares; while it is even a more eligible investment than either ordinary or preference capital, inasmuch as the debenture stock constitutes a first charge upon the revenue of the Company issuing it. There is thus no reason for imposing a lighter duty upon debenture stock than upon any other stock; and practical business men concede with unanimity that the Chancellor of the Exchequer is right in doing away with what had long since become an unmeaning anomaly. There is, however, more difference of opinion respecting the second proposal, which is coupled with the former, and which, briefly stated, amounts to this—that every Company shall be allowed to commute Stamp-duty by paying annually one shilling per cent. on the whole capital of the Company, whatever it may be. The commutation is to be optional, and it is predicted by most critics that the option will not be exercised. The Chancellor of the Exchequer stated in his Budget speech that the yield to the revenue would probably but very slightly exceed the present revenue raised from Stamp-duties if his proposal were accepted. In this we presume he was assuming that all the Companies would commute, for it is not easy to see how else an estimate of the probable yield could be arrived at; yet he stated at the same time that in his opinion the older and sounder Companies would probably not commute, and he gave for his opinion a very sound and sufficient reason—namely, that the stocks of the older and better established Companies have practically all been bought up by investors; that they rarely, therefore, change hands, and that it would not pay the Companies to undertake to hand over to the Exchequer every year one shilling per cent. upon their whole capital, in order to get rid of a Stamp-duty but seldom levied. In the Chancellor of the Exchequer's opinion, however, it will be well worth the while of those Companies in whose stocks and shares dealings are numerous to commute, and he added that he had consulted very good authorities, and was fortified in his expectation that the commutation would very generally be adopted by the Companies in whose securities dealings are frequently made. The Stock Exchange, on the other hand, is very generally of opinion that Mr. Goschen is mistaken upon this point, and that commutation will rarely be exercised.

It was assumed by the Chancellor of the Exchequer that on commuting every Company would continue to recoup itself by making the present charge to the purchasers of stock. It is contended, however, by many persons that it would be a mistake on the part of a Company to commute and yet continue the charge. That it might be worth while to commute and make transfers free is admitted by this class of critics, for the reason that the free transfer would tend to raise prices, and would thus stimulate business and make for the securities concerned a freer market.

For example, $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent.—the duty now levied—is clearly deducted from the price. If a buyer has to pay a duty of $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent., and if the duty is abolished, it is worth his while to pay $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. more than he does at present. The rise in price would, it is argued, stimulate business, and in the long run members of the Company would be recompensed for the expense they would be at in paying the commutation tax of one shilling per cent. upon the whole capital. It appears to us, however, to be overlooked in this argument that the whole charge of the commutation would fall upon the ordinary shareholders. The debenture-holders and the preference-holders would both have to be paid their fixed interest and fixed dividend whatever change took place. The cost of commutation would thus fall upon the ordinary shareholders, assuming that no charge were to be made by the Company, and it is very doubtful indeed whether the advantage to the ordinary shareholders would be such as to compensate them for the cost they would thus undertake. Clearly the Chancellor of the Exchequer was right in assuming that a Company must continue to make some kind of charge, and it seems to us that the most reasonable way to make a charge would be to levy it upon those who actually effect the transfers. There is this difficulty, however, in the way of commutation, and it is a serious one in the case of many Companies. If once a Company commutes, it is bound to go on paying one shilling per cent. upon its whole capital, including debenture and preference stocks, while dealings on the Stock Exchange in its securities may fall off. Such dealings may be very active at one time, and may become quite inactive at another time; and it is a matter of common knowledge that such changes do occur. If, then, a Company were to commute because of the frequency of dealings in its stocks or shares at present, it might find itself burdened with a considerable liability when dealings in its stocks or shares become infrequent in the course of years. If the matter stood thus, it seems clear, then, that commutation would be seldom resorted to. The commutation tax would be fixed and permanent, while the revenue to be derived from transfers would be fluctuating and uncertain; and in these circumstances it is not probable that a board of directors would recommend, or a body of shareholders adopt, a resolution to commute the duty. But there is a consequence of commutation which is regarded as very beneficial by the Chancellor of the Exchequer, and yet the advantages of which are hotly debated by members of the Stock Exchange; it is this, that on commutation Companies would be free to convert their shares or their stock into shares "to bearer."

In this country most shares are inscribed, that is to say, they are registered in the books of the Company in the name of an individual holder. When a holder sells his shares, the certificate which he has received from the Company is sent in to the Company, is cancelled, and a new certificate is granted to the new owner, whose name replaces that of the old owner in the books of the Company. On the Continent, however, shares "to bearer" are very common. The name of the holder is not inscribed in the books of the Company, and the shares pass from hand to hand, without registration. There is an option in this country to issue shares to bearer on certain conditions, and the option has been exercised by two or three Companies; but shares "to bearer" are, with this exception, almost unknown in this country, and are very little in favour. Yet it is clear that shares to bearer have very great advantages. The first of these is that the holder can take his shares to a bank, and can borrow upon them without expense or trouble such as is now incurred. Practically a "bearer" share of a really good Company would become as readily negotiable an instrument as Consols scrip is at present. To the ordinary investor who buys shares or stocks only for the interest they yield, this may be argued, is a small advantage; but, even to the investor who never contemplates borrowing on the security of his shares or his stocks, there is a very decided advantage. The fact that "bearer" shares would be negotiable instruments, on which a holder can borrow from his banker by merely depositing them, would unquestionably make a freer market for the shares, and consequently would raise the price. They would become a favourite form of investment amongst all who desire to have negotiable securities on which they can readily borrow from their bankers. In other words, almost all business men would desire to have shares of the kind, assuming always, of course, that the Company stood in high credit; inasmuch as they could deposit the shares with their banker, and without trouble obtain a loan. And the fact that the shares were thus in general demand amongst the business community would tend to raise the price of the shares, which would benefit the ordinary investor. There is another advantage equally indisputable—namely, that "bearer" shares are very common upon the Continent; that they could, therefore, be sent abroad from this country, and could be held upon the Continent without putting the holder to the expense, risk, and trouble of sending his certificates to London for registration whenever they change hands. The issue of "bearer" shares would thus tend to widen the market, as the phrase goes; that is, to make them saleable on the Continent as well as at home, and consequently to raise prices. But there is no doubt that there are certain disadvantages attending the issue of "bearer" shares. One is, that there is no knowing the composition of a Company if many "bearer" shares exist. The names cannot be inscribed for the simple reason that "bearer" shares pass from hand to hand without more trouble. The consequence of this is that the registered shareholders would in all pro-

bability practically control the Company. They might be a small minority of the whole, and yet they would obtain control of the Company and manage it as they pleased, the more particularly if foreign shareholders constituted any large proportion of the whole body. And there are other objections on which we need not dwell at present. There is no doubt whatever that a share "to bearer" has the great advantage that it widens the market, makes shares more readily saleable, and therefore tends to raise prices. And it has well been suggested that all difficulty with regard to the recovery of the commutation tax might be very easily got over in the same way as it is obviated on the Continent. The shares "to bearer" are charged with a commutation tax, and the charge is levied by deducting from the dividend every year the sum required. If, then, Mr. Goschen's proposal were to be adopted, a Company might undertake to pay a shilling per cent. upon its whole capital, and might yet recover the payment by deducting a very small amount from the dividend on the "bearer" shares issued by it.

M. DE KOLTA'S COCOON.

IN conjunction with Messrs. Maskelyne and Cooke's amusing entertainment at the Egyptian Hall, M. Bustier de Kolta once again asserts his pre-eminence in modern magic by his original, beautiful, and absolutely baffling illusion entitled "Le Cocon." In the Hungarian artist inventive powers and technical accomplishment form a rare combination. The inventor is too frequently compelled to delegate to others the practical vindication of his ingenuity and craft. It is not so with M. de Kolta. He himself is the only convincing illustrator of his unequalled illusions, as may be daily witnessed in the unapproached elegance and finish of his manipulation of the famous "Vanishing Lady." Others have essayed this feat, only to suggest that the secret might remain for ever entirely unsuspected if it were not for their cruder handling. At the Egyptian Hall the "Vanishing Lady," by the distinction of method that belongs solely to the inventor, is still very far removed in spontaneity and facility from the host of simulations that sprang up after its introduction. As he is without a parallel as inventor and demonstrator, it is to M. de Kolta only that we may look for a display of skill and cunning that should surpass the older invention. This has certainly been compassed by the production of "Le Cocon." Here everything is apparently conceded to the spectator. There is no darkened stage, no artificial light, no visible engine, and absolutely no furniture on the stage save a solitary chair without a back. A tape stretched across the stage, and a large shallow box, such as milliners use, the bottom of which is covered with tissue-paper—these are the only visible means by which this fantastic and truly occult illusion is set forth. Suspending the box to the tape in the centre of the stage, M. de Kolta proceeds to draw on the tissue-paper, with brush and sepia, the rough semblance of a silkworm. At a word from the conjuror the tissue is rent, revealing the first stage of the metamorphosis, the fragile cocoon hanging from the tape, from which emerges the radiant young lady who impersonates the butterfly, leaving the audience in wonderment how she should "shrink her fine essence like a shrivelled flower" within such narrow confines. The whole of this astonishing evolution occurs in a few moments, without any interposition of M. de Kolta, who merely makes his woven paces around the cocoon after lowering it to the chair. It is something beyond the metaphysics of belief to assist at one's own deception in this fashion, and accept the impossible. To find no other way out of the difficulty than to conceive solutions even more monstrous than the monstrous impossibility that captivates the eyes is to be landed in worse distractions. Yet it is to wilds of conjecture more haunted than the fabled lands of mediæval traveller that we are consigned by the smiling and pitiless magician. There is something insinuating at once and repellent in a process that obliterates the limitations of the visual world, and is yet equally simple and inexplicable. Fancy and imagination are alike exercised by this ingenious fantasy; the former in the suggestion evoked by the attempt to reconcile the outraged senses, the latter by the infinite possibilities which the promise of such powers may create. Thus might the magician, forbearing any more to allure a sceptical London audience, prefer to wield an awful and undisputed sway in the midmost Mountains of the Moon, directing into new channels dark and secret superstitions as yet undreamed of in Africa, the mere report of which might render the remainder of Mr. Rider Haggard's life unhappy by the sheer impossibility of rivalry. For the present M. de Kolta exhibits his powers in more searching circumstances, as to audience and atmosphere; and, both in his unique illusions and in his peculiar address in jugglery with cards, approves himself the legitimate successor of the great race of magicians.

THE GROSVENOR GALLERY.

II.

THE Academy of '87 is excellent in its portraits; the interest of the Grosvenor Gallery, such as it is, is mainly one of landscape, either pure or in combination with the figure. Mr. Burne-Jones, as we have noted, is in anything but good form; Mr.

Poynter is only scholarly and careful; Sir John Millais is nearly at his worst; Mr. Watts is represented by only one picture; Mr. Hallé and Mr. Mitchell are excessively conspicuous; Mr. Richmond, if we except his "Earl of Pembroke" and his "Mrs. Sanderson," is rather below his average than not; Mr. Collier is seen to better advantage in the "Incantation at Burlington House" than in the "Lilith" that is here; Mr. Herkomer himself, despite the mastery of his "Professor Fawcett," has sent his most admirable work to the official exhibition. In landscape, on the other hand, there is much to interest us, and not a little to delight and charm. Several types are represented, each with a certain fulness; and if no such daring experiment is to be seen in Bond Street as Mr. Sargent's much debated "Carnation, Lily, Lily, Rose," there is more than one achievement here as sound in method, intention, and effect as has been seen in recent years.

In the highest class of all are the works of those painters whose conceptions, whatever the volume and intensity of the sentiment with which they may be charged, are based upon an intimate and searching study of the facts of nature, and whose expression is, not mannered nor eccentric, but, as becomes the vehicle of ideas that are pictorial in their essence, before all things painter-like in principle and accomplishment alike. It speaks well for the immediate future of English art that in such an exhibition as the Grosvenor of '87 there should be found so much to which this formula can, with varying degrees of fitness, be fairly held to apply. It is not too much to say that twenty years ago a gallery containing only the pictures of Messrs. Arthur Lemon, W. J. Hennessy, Mark Fisher, and Henry Moore—to name in a group the four strongest and most capable of the present exhibitors—would have been the town's talk, but of late the general advance has been so marked, and the common standard so greatly improved, that such work as they have given us this year, delightful and artistic as it is, goes perilously near to passing unperceived. Even to-day its superiority is so patent that it "leaps to the eyes"; one does not need to look twice to know that this is art of high quality and enduring interest and worth. Mr. Lemon, a faultless draughtsman as well as a sincere and natural colourist, sends, in "A Maremma Pastoral" (10), an effect of strong Italian sunlight on an open champaign, with cattle in the foreground, the tonality of which is, to our thinking, a little disturbed by the uncompromising blueness of the sky. No such point can be urged against his second work, "Evening," a picture—of horses ridden home from the fields through a wood at sunset—vigorous in sentiment, bathed in a solemn glow of colour, and altogether noble in effect. Mr. Henry Moore, in his "Morning, Goree Bay" (180), presents a picture of early sunshine and dancing water which, considered as a study of light upon broken and shifting surfaces, has sterling merit. Mr. Mark Fisher's "Evening; November" (142), by far the best work he has done for years, is marked by none of his wonted mannerisms, but is novel alike in conception and in design, and is distinguished by a combination of subtlety with strength scarce less rare in kind than excellent in degree; the design and treatment of the sky, and the realization of the aerial envelope being not only of peculiar beauty in themselves, but in execution equal to the best that either exhibition can show. The master qualities of Mr. Hennessy's "A Summer Evening" (154) are a peculiar refinement of tone, a magical unity of colour, a composition of real beauty, and a silvery depth of light, the effect of which is not to be touched in words. Side by side with the work of these four, and to be studied in connexion with it, are many pictures based on a similar convention and informed with something of the same ambition. Mr. East, for instance (who is in far greater force at Burlington House), contributes a pleasant, but not particularly striking, canvas called "A Misty Moonrise" (45), with some good geese and a rather genteel sentiment of poetry. Mr. Henry runs Mr. Macallum hard in his excellent "Spearing Fish" (92), which is large in treatment and grey, natural, and luminous in effect. Mr. Christie's "Rural Joys" (231) is in intention rather decorative than realistic, but has good qualities of observation and handling. Mr. Ernest Parton's "A Valley at Mentone" (176) is bright, clear, and a trifle new; and good work is contributed by Messrs. Allan, Holloway, and F. O'Meara, each after his kind. To this section belongs, too, the first of Mr. David Murray's two works (35), a graceful sketch done with sufficient art, fair in technique, and with a sound view of nature. His second, however, "An April Day" (134), is outside every category but that which comprehends all very bad pictures. The treatment of this work is painfully small and wiry; the details are complicated even to bewilderment; there is no selection; everything is seen and rendered with an almost insectile pettiness; and the result is deplorable in every way. Here is neither art nor that unflinching veracity of observation, that straightforward impartiality of view which (to pass to yet another school of landscape) is found distinguishing the "Noon" (306) of Mr. Maurice Pollock, the "Qu'est-ce qu'il y a?" (199) of Mr. Julius Price, the "Night in an Italian Village" (238) and the "Old Mill at Anacapri" (203) of Mr. Charles Coleman, the "Dutch Mill" of Mr. C. Thorneley, and, to some extent, the work of Messrs. Waterlow (190 and 305), Albert Goodwin (50), and Arthur Lucas (96 and 140). Here—to take a third and last group of examples—here is just as little of the robust and healthy commonness which counts for so much in Mr. Hamilton Macallum's "Crossing the Brook" (82), Mr. Helcke's smooth and self-satisfied "On the Sunny Hills" (204), Mr. Bartlett's vigorous but obvious "Wrack for the Farm" (187), and Mr. Keeley Halswelle's hot, confused, and crumpled "Pass of Brander" (193).

In Mr. Arthur Hacker's "Pelagia and Philammon" (9), a scene from Kingsley's *Hypatia*, the main interest is one of character and emotion—is one, in fact, of drama. The treatment, however, is more or less in accordance with the principles affected by the *plein air* school, and the figures are presented as developed from an environment of air, and as revealed by a certain play of light. It must be noted, however, that Mr. Hacker is a little in the case of him that has fallen between two stools. His work is animate with real poetry, and is so conceived and painted as to produce a definite and coherent impression; but its aerial scheme is at least open to question, and it is not doubtful that in the modelling of his personages there is not so much of *maestria* as there is of the affectation of *maestria*—that the summariness with which, for instance, the limbs of his Pelagia are indicated is rather pretended than real, and is an effect, not of accomplishment and knowledge, but of technical incapacity and insincere or unlearned observation. Even more amenable to criticism are the pictures of a school the very opposite to that of which Mr. Hacker's new work is the outcome—the school, that is to say, of Signor Costa, and his pupils and imitators, Messrs. Corbett, Eugene Benson, Howard, Edgar Barclay, Padgett, and J. W. North. The chief objects of these painters are the pursuit of refinement and the sacrifice of force, the elimination of all but "poetical" facts, and the attainment at any cost of a vague and floating idealism. The gracefulness of Signor Costa's "Twist Summer and Autumn" (133), with its long lines and quiet colour, is undeniable, albeit a trifle hectic and languid. Mr. Corbett's "Evening on the Arno" (102) conveys a pleasant first impression; but the poverty and insufficiency of the forms of the painter's trees make closer acquaintance a depressing experience. Of Mr. Eugene Benson's five, the most workmanlike is perhaps the "Lonely House" (262), which is a good enough sketch; of Mr. Edgar Barclay's four, the best is certainly the "By the Mill," a pretty idyl, in which the water is both well rendered and well observed. To the emptiness and general inadequacy of Mr. Padgett's "Love in the Valley" and "Dreaming and Drifting" we drew attention last week; they will serve, if for nothing else, to show the perils that environ the school that meddles with material which it understands imperfectly—studies partially, and as it were with one eye shut, and is unable to render as it desires from lack of technical experience. As for the larger of Mr. North's two exhibits, "An Upland Water-Meadow, Somerset: Morning" (185), we need say no more than that it is an attempt to make oils do the work of water-colours, is pleasant in colour, and is a trifle broken and "spotty" in effect.

The last to be considered are the landscape-painters, whose aim is purely decorative—who see in nature no more than a suggestion of lovely hues and rich and satisfying schemes of tone. At the head of these are Messrs. John Reid (who sends a Raeburn-like portrait of Mrs. William Sanderson) and Marius di Maria, whose work (121, 346, 351, 109, 298) has a depth, a glow, a harmonious intensity and completeness that make it as remarkable in its way—the ideal way—as that of Messrs. Hennessy, Mark Fisher, and Arthur Lemon is in the other. Not unworthy of comparison with it are the several works of Mr. T. Hope McLachlan, the best of which, "On a Northern Coast" (152) and "March Weather" (356), are good in sentiment and have a fine decorative quality of colour.

ITALY AND THE HOLY SEE.

THE second half of the article on Italy in the current number of the *Fortnightly Review*—forming the fifth of the series on "European Politics"—has an interest of its own on grounds independent of what appertains to the sphere of politics in the ordinary sense of the word. The writer discusses, evidently with a considerable knowledge of the internal forces at work on either side, the future relations of Italy and the Holy See. To ourselves his remarks have an additional interest from the fact that they curiously confirm in almost every respect the estimate of the situation which has been for years past repeatedly put forward in our columns, notably as to the real mind and attitude of the present Pope and the difficulties by which he is embarrassed. The question, as the writer observes, is one of no merely local interest. It is cosmopolitan as well as Italian, for the Pontiff claims to represent a cosmopolite Communion. But even as an Italian question it is not an unimportant one, whether from a political or religious point of view, nor is it at all true to say that the great body of Italians regard the Pope as their "worst enemy," or share that spirit of aggressive antagonism to the Church so prominent just now in France. There are comparatively few Italians who reject baptism for their children, or prefer civil marriage or burial, and the writer further assures us that "the most uncompromising Liberals send their children to the schools of the Fathers." Their Catholicism may not be of a very fervid kind—like that *e.g.* of the French *bien penseurs*—but it is an enormous exaggeration to talk of Protestant missions being a failure, because the proselytizers "try to convert Italians from opinions they do not hold to others which they cannot understand," or again to declare that "they would be a nation of freethinkers if they had ever been known to think." Still less is it true, as a Liberal speaker once exultantly asserted in the Italian Parliament, that they are "a nation of atheists." At the same time it is pretty clear that they have no idea of ever restoring, in whole or in part, the lapsed Temporal Power of the Papacy, and it is supremely improbable that any

foreign European Power will take up the cudgels to compel them to do so. Nor have we any doubt ourselves that the writer in the *Fortnightly* correctly interprets the mind of Leo XIII. in saying that "the Holy Father would not accept of armed intervention in his behalf." The present Pope is statesman enough to be well aware that he has gained, and not lost, even in political influence, by the change, and that "the Vatican stands higher now than the highest point at which it has stood since the Reformation with Protestant as well as Catholic Governments." And he is too good an historical student not to know something more than this also. He is not indeed likely to have come across Mr. Creighton's able and impartial sketch of the *History of the Papacy during the Reformation*, but he must know how directly its secularization at that period coincided with and sprang from the consolidation of the temporal sovereignty, in which Alexander VI., whose name has been a standing scandal ever since, took a chief part by first laying the foundation of a strong Papal State in Central Italy. It is certain again that there is much national and patriotic feeling among the Italian clergy; even under the rigid ecclesiastical despotism of Pius IX., while he still retained his sovereignty, about 10,000 Italian priests subscribed Father Passaglia's address urging him to resign it. But in spite of all this, and in spite too of the obvious inducements which must lead an upright and conscientious pontiff to desire reconciliation, the quarrel between the Vatican and the Quirinal is not so simple and easy of adjustment as might appear at first sight. Nor can it fairly be maintained that the difficulty is all on one side.

If both parties are still engaged in playing a waiting game, that is not merely because the Cardinals are divided in opinion, though they must have ceased to cherish any hope of a restoration of the old *status quo*. The Sacred College itself is not exactly a senate of statesmen, but yet it is true, as the reviewer puts it, that "the Vatican is the most wonderfully organized collection of public offices in the world." It holds under one roof accomplished diplomatists, familiar with the life of Courts; astute statesmen and men of the world, who read all the leading journals of Europe; and a host of skilful permanent officials well versed in every department of their work. Leo XIII. himself is not only a thoroughly well-informed statesman but a capable and industrious administrator who, besides superintending an enormous correspondence, writes many of his own despatches. But in the first place he inherits a position he did not make for himself. Had he been at the head of affairs twenty or twenty-five years ago we can hardly be wrong in assuming that the deadlock would never have occurred. Ministers like Cavour and Minghetti, who felt no hostility to the Church, whatever may have been the colour of their own personal religious beliefs, and who served a master sincerely orthodox, if not very edifying in his religion, would have perceived at once that they had a Pope to deal with who was also a statesman and a patriot, and we cannot doubt that some amicable settlement would have been arrived at, though it is alike impossible and superfluous now to attempt to define what shape it might have taken. But the impracticable "prisoner of the Vatican" bequeathed his imprisonment and his *non possumus* to his successor, who has not yet seen his way to break the spell. The writer in the *Fortnightly* may be quite right in asserting that, if his Holiness were to appear in public, every drive he took through the city would be a triumphal procession, but there have certainly been some indications of public feeling at Rome—as, for instance, on the occasion of the removal of the body of Pius IX.—of an opposite nature, which the Government lacked either the will or the power to suppress. A far more important matter, except as regards his own health, than the Pope's appearance in public is the papal rule of *né eletti né elettori*, which however is an inevitable corollary of his refusal to recognize the right of the existing government, for to vote or to sit in Parliament would virtually imply such an acknowledgment. Yet the result of abstention is to leave the Catholic majority to be legislated for by representatives of a minority of non-Catholics or nominal Catholics who reject the guidance of Church authority, and this must on every ground appear disastrous to those who have at heart the interests of religion and of the Church. On that point *inter alia* the main body of the Cardinals are said to be immovable, while they allege in their defence the rather suicidal argument—however true in itself—that "the Church ought not to be Italian, but world-wide." Just so; but if the Cardinals are to represent a community not Italian, but Catholic, the composition of the Sacred College should for that very reason be Catholic, not Italian. The reviewer is only repeating what we have before now suggested when he argues that it would be only consistent to begin by so changing the constitution of the Sacred College as to make it a cosmopolitan body. He does not add that Leo XIII. has himself done something in that direction. Nearly half the present cardinalate is non-Italian, which is an unusual if not unprecedented proportion, and it includes five British subjects and one American. But it cannot be denied that the Italian element still preponderates out of all due measure in the Sacred College, while nearly all the Cardinals resident at Rome, who alone ordinarily take part in the councils of the Vatican, are Italians, and there is of course the less pretext for this when the Pope has ceased to be the ruler of an Italian State. A body less closely identified with the Curia and in wider sympathy with the universal Church might find less difficulty in coming to terms with the King of Italy.

But after all the grand *crux*, as we have before now observed,

lies in a question the full significance of which the *Fortnightly* reviewer hardly seems to appreciate. He enlarges in detail on the concessions to the Papacy comprised in the Law of Guarantees passed in 1871; and no doubt they are ample enough, and indeed go far, as he says, to secure to the Church what it has seldom or never been found practicable to combine elsewhere, "the power of Establishment together with actual freedom from State control." All personal rights, immunities, and honours of sovereignty are expressly accorded to the Pontiff, and all offences against him are placed in the same category with offences against the King, and corresponding immunities are secured to the Cardinals while sitting in Conclave during a papal interregnum. All the apostolic palaces and their dependencies are given up to him, with a magnificent endowment, and all ecclesiastics employed in his service are exempted from responsibility or subjection to the civil power, while all envoys to the Holy See enjoy the same privileges as those accredited to the Italian Government, and all Papal couriers have the same immunities as those of the Government; the Papal post and Telegraph Offices are exclusively under the control of the Sovereign Pontiff, and are free from all charges or taxes. In purely ecclesiastical affairs the Church has in Italy—we say has, for in all particulars not depending on the actual concurrence of the Vatican the law is already carried out—an absolute liberty never hitherto, so far as we are aware, sanctioned in any Catholic country, certainly not permitted in Italy, beyond the Papal States, under the former régime. The *exequatur* and *placet* are abolished, and the Pope therefore has the appointment to all Italian Sees absolutely at his own disposal, while the old endowments remain. And all restrictions on the free meeting and action of synods, whether local or general, are abrogated—a point, it will be remembered, jealously guarded by the Governments of all Catholic States, modern or mediæval, and by none more stringently than by that devoted eldest son of the Church and strenuous persecutor of heretics, Louis XIV. of France. It is hard to conceive what further privileges the Pope could desire, while in some respects he was obliged during the whole period of the duration of the Temporal Power to be content with much less. But there remains in the background the old difficulty familiar to all readers of Plato's Republic—*Quis custodiet custodes?* Who shall guarantee the observance of the Law of Guarantees? It is based on an Act of the Italian Parliament sixteen years ago, but the legislature which passed the Act may at any moment abrogate it, and the reviewer himself tells us that there have already been signs on the part of the Left of an inclination to persecute the Church. What if the Left should become the dominant party? It is suggested that the Pope may wish the Law of Guarantees to receive dignity and permanence from European recognition of its terms. Such a wish would be only natural on his part, and no doubt an international guarantee under the recorded sanction of the Great Powers, or even of the Catholic Powers only, would add something of force and stability to the compact. Yet even so the guarantee would be more nominal than effective, except on the very improbable hypothesis of its violation being made a *casus belli*. And there first occurs moreover the preliminary question whether Italy would not resent the proposal of an international appeal on a question of her own domestic policy, as most likely would be the case. It is quite conceivable that "Italy may one day become the Pope's right arm," but that day has not dawned yet. Meanwhile it is much to be desired, in the interests not only of the Roman Catholic Church but of the entire Christian community of which it forms so large a moiety, that a satisfactory solution might be found of what at present constitutes the leading difficulty alike of Italy and of the Pope; and a difficulty which grows harder not easier of solution with the lapse of years.

JAMES GRANT.

BY a multitude of novel-readers the death of James Grant on the 3rd instant must have been felt as an irreparable loss, not so much on account of the novelist's position in literature as because of the distinction he so early gained and so gallantly kept as an exponent of military life in fiction. Romance and history were dexterously blended in his picturesque pages, and in one type of character the vivacious force of his presentment admits of no dispute. The soldier of fortune plays a dashing and conspicuous part in his best work, and is portrayed with true creative intensity, as becomes the romancist nourished in the school of Scott and Dumas. Nor is his treatment of history, in the *Romance of War* and in *Philip Rollo*, such as to damp the fine enthusiasm aroused by the exuberant spirit of adventure and the romantic fervour, as of ever-victorious youth, which animates the rich and varied action of his more stirring stories. There is plenty of evidence that the novelist was patient and keen in historical research, but his use of the material was consistently sound and artistic, being broadly applied for purposes of local or chronological colour and never a pedantic display of antiquarian detail. The portraits of Tilly and Wallenstein, in the most elaborate of Grant's novels, cannot of course be classed in the first rank of historical portraiture. The great captains of the Thirty Years' War are, however, broadly and skilfully presented in the lurid atmosphere of Grant's spirited and graphic romance; the descriptions of camp-life, of forays, assaults, and sackings are often extremely brilliant, while the hero, Philip Rollo, is one of the

happiest examples of bravery and splendid fortune that have delighted lovers of romance. The man of middle age, whose boyhood was enchanted by Grant's early novels, will hardly withstand the thrill of excitement awakened by the mere mention of *Harry Ogilvie* and *Philip Rollo*. Apart from his youthful experience, the life of James Grant seems to have been as uneventful as is commonly the case with literary men. He was born in Edinburgh in 1822, and ten years later visited Newfoundland, where he remained seven years with his father, whose profession of arms he adopted on his return to England in 1839. Of active service he could have seen little or nothing when, weary of the monotony of life in a garrison town, he abandoned the service, and produced in 1846 his first work, *The Romance of War*. This book was a prodigious success, and was speedily followed by others, even more deservedly popular, among which may be mentioned *The Scottish Cavalier*, *Bothwell*, *Philip Rollo*, *Harry Ogilvie*, *Jane Seton*, and *The Legends of the Black Watch*. Later in his career, Grant undertook several historical compilations, of which the most important and popular is *Old and New Edinburgh*. Those whose first impressions of James Grant's works are youthful impressions naturally find it difficult to readjust the impetuous verdict of boyhood, nor is this altogether a duty when the sense of pleasure is retained with persistency through many years. And that James Grant exercised this potent charm may be confidently affirmed, without entering upon the odious and unprofitable task of appraisement and comparison.

THE PALLADIENSE GALLERY.

THE small gallery at No. 62 New Bond Street, known as the "Palladiense," is just now well worthy of a visit, since it contains several new works by M. H. Campotosto and his clever sister Mlle. Palladiense. It is now seventeen years since these artists have been established in London, and every season sees some fresh and interesting work from their indefatigable pencils. It is, however, essentially as *fusainistes* that both excel, and although the design of all their painted works is excellent, the colouring is generally rather hard and crude. Signor Campotosto's pictures will doubtless improve with age, and probably fifty years hence the fine portrait of Pius IX., painted from life, and a marvellous likeness, will have mellowed. The small but exquisitely finished sketch of Leo XIII. has been much talked of. It is painted with almost microscopic minuteness of detail. The flesh tints are good, and the portrait as a likeness perfect. The flowers introduced are hard and unreal. It is in his charcoal pictures that Signor Campotosto shows himself to be past master of his art, and none but words of the highest praise can be bestowed upon the "Sleeping Shepherdess" and the equally lovely "Naiade." Mlle. Palladiense, her brother's pupil, exhibits a very clever sketch. Many sketches by David Cox, Landseer, and Stanfield are on view in this gallery, where is also a "Japanese Lady," by Mr. Humphry More, a well-known American pupil of Fortuny.

THE PEOPLE'S PALACE.

THE opening of the People's Palace at the East-End by the Queen to-day may be looked on as the beginning of the popular Jubilee entertainments. In her drive of four or five miles, in almost a direct line from West to East through the streets of London, the Queen will see a greater multitude and a greater variety of her subjects than she is likely to see on any other occasion. The inhabitants of the East-End are, however, so enthusiastic in their preparations for the reception of the Queen, that between the thousands of Venetian masts and the enormous quantity of bunting with which they are decked she will see little of the monotonous and poverty-stricken architecture of the district, and nothing whatever of its commonplace surroundings, for the amusement and delight of the occupants of which the Palace she is about to visit has been raised. The great width of the Whitechapel Road is favourable for the purposes of gala display, and is not surpassed in this respect by any thoroughfare in London, and the deception will therefore be the more complete.

With regard to the Palace itself, its exterior certainly presents a very disappointing appearance, as it is at present a mere mass of bricks and mortar. But this is due to the fact that the great hall which it contains is only the nucleus of the group of buildings which it is intended shall some day constitute the Palace in its entirety. Structures of various kinds and for divers purposes are to be raised on all the four sides of the present building, and the bare walls which are now visible will then be completely hidden. According to the ambitious design of Mr. Robson—the architect, by the way, who has given the metropolis its numerous conspicuous elementary schools—a large semi-circular hall, flanked by two high towers, will occupy the front, and on each side will be ranged the Technical Schools and a series of smaller rooms for Concerts, Art Schools, and Refreshments; while at the rear will be built the Library and Reading-rooms.

The interior of the Queen's Hall—the portion of the Palace to be thrown open to the public to-morrow—is a delightful contrast in brightness and colour to the hideous exterior. It is the largest public hall in London, and one of the most beautiful in its pro-

portions and decorations. The elliptical roof, with a span of seventy-five feet and a height of sixty feet, is embossed and panelled in various forms, and richly coloured, the skylights being also stained with tracery and with shields bearing the arms of the Royal family and of the various sections of the British Empire, including India and the Colonies. Round the walls, and situated between the columns which support the roof, are placed a score of statues above life-size of Queens "who have been useful to their country or in sympathy with their people," ranging from Esther of Persia and Boadicea of Britain down to Her Most Gracious Majesty Queen Victoria, who occupies the place of honour at the top of the Hall. A domed orchestra, intended to receive the large organ presented by Mr. Dyer Edwards, is situated at the bottom of the Hall; and a low gallery, resplendent with gold and delicate ornamentation, runs along each side. The graceful caryatides which mask the iron supports of the gallery are too small and feeble in design, and their projecting feet will certainly prove an irresistible temptation to the destructive or mischievous natures of the rougher visitors, or they may become entangled in the women's dresses. The sanitary arrangements of the Hall have been well considered, and there are numerous doors in the basement to allow of ready egress in case of accidents or panic, although the galleries seem to be rather defective in this respect at present.

As far as the scheme has been carried out, Mr. Walter Besant's dream of a Palace of Delight seems to have been realized; and we sincerely hope that it will be duly appreciated by the persons for whom it has been created. It will require a manager with all Mr. Besant's enthusiasm and knowledge of human nature—and especially of the human nature of the East-End—to effect this object, and we fear such persons are difficult to find and still more difficult to enlist. Sir Edmund Currie and the Trustees deserve much credit, and must feel considerable satisfaction at the results of their exertions to embody in a practical form an idea which was new to philanthropists, imperfectly understood, and often rejected with ridicule. To have secured the sympathy of the Queen is to have won their cause and silenced all opposition, and they may fairly hope to complete their labours at no distant day.

THE JUBILEE STAKES.

ALTHOUGH it is true that the Jubilee Stakes was an extraordinarily rich handicap, it has several times been narrowly approached in value by the Manchester Cup, for which, moreover, starters only have to pay 25*l.*, whereas they had to pay 50*l.* for the Jubilee Stakes. A new race does not always take the fancy of owners of racehorses, and the subscription to the Jubilee Stakes was much smaller than had been expected. Altogether it looked as if the affair would be a failure, yet it turned out a race of exceptional interest.

Of the horses left in the race after the payment of the first forfeit, about half were three-year-olds, about one-third were four-year-olds, four were five-year-olds, and three were seven-year-olds, or aged horses, as they are technically called. This was fairly satisfactory upon the whole, although one would have liked to have seen the names of some six-year-olds in the list. Nevertheless it was something that three horses as old as seven should have trained on to be worth leaving in the handicap, and still better that they should all take part in the race itself. Not one horse older than six had been left in the Eclipse Stakes, nor was there more than one horse as old as that, but the number of horses aged five and upwards had been rather larger in the acceptances for the Eclipse than for the Jubilee Stakes. Much of the interest in the latter race lay in the fact of Mr. H. T. Barclay's Bendigo, the winner of the former, being one of the starters. He ran under exactly the same weight in both races, but there was this difference, that for the Eclipse Stakes he received 3 *lbs.* from one horse and did not give more than 22 *lbs.* to any other; while for the Jubilee Stakes he gave no less than 8 *lbs.* to any horse, and as much as 4 *st.* to one. Another thing that contributed much to the success of the Jubilee Stakes was the presence of two three-year-olds of very high repute, in Annamite and Kilwarline. If these colts had been entered for the Derby, most probably they would not have run for the Jubilee Stakes, and if they had been entered for the Two Thousand their three-year-old form would have been clearly ascertained before the race; but, as it was, the single performance of each colt this spring had left much to be imagined, so far as their relations to the best form of the year were concerned. Then it was said that St. Mirin had proved himself, in a trial with Ormonde and other horses, to be a four-year-old of very exceptional excellence. There was a certain amount of romance attached to this colt's history; for in half the races that he lost last season he had been beaten by Ormonde, and at the Haughton Meeting he had been purchased from "Mr. Manton" for 4,500 guineas by the owner of Ormonde. "Mr. Manton" had given 2,100 guineas for him as a yearling, and as a two-year-old he had never won a race, and was voted a failure; but as a three-year-old he won over 3,000*l.*, and was sold for the price just mentioned. Soon after the Duke of Westminster had bought him, reports were spread about that he was a roarer and that he was touched in his wind. Although but little credit was given by most people to these rumours, some believed them, and great must have been their astonishment, soon after the open-

ing of the present season, to find their "roaring," "broken-winded" horse a hot favourite for the sensational race of the spring. When, a little later, the report of the great trial got into the papers, it almost seemed as if the reputation of Ormonde himself would be exploded unless St. Mirin won the Jubilee Stakes.

Sir W. Throckmorton's three-year-old, Annamite, a brown colt by Tomahawk, was a popular favourite, and some of his admirers believed him to be the best colt of the year. As a two-year-old, his form in the two nursery handicaps of Derby last November appeared to be about the best of the season. In the first of these races he ran within a length of Lourdes when giving him 19 lbs., and he had twenty-four other two-year-olds behind him, to all of whom he was giving weight, and to several about 3 st. In the second he ran Hawthorne to a head with a disadvantage of 18 lbs., again giving stones of weight to a large field. At Doncaster he had run the winner of a nursery handicap to a head, at a difference of 25 lbs., giving allowances varying from 3 st. 4 lbs. and downwards to a dozen opponents. Captain Macbell's Kilwarline, who, by the way, is out of Bendigo's dam, had shown good form both last season and this spring, his latest performance having been to run Southill and Debenture to about a length, when giving the former 18 lbs. and the latter 19 lbs. and two years.

To judge from the betting, the Jubilee Stakes might have been a weight-for-age race rather than a handicap; for all the favourites were supposed to be of the higher class. At the same time, it should never be forgotten that handicaps and weight-for-age races are but two different systems aimed, theoretically, at obtaining the same result. Every weight-for-age race, with penalties and allowances, to some extent handicaps the starters; while every handicap ought to be framed on the principle of weight for age, with penalties and allowances, but with a wider margin than in weight-for-age races properly so called. The great difference between the two systems is that in weight-for-age races no allowance is made for the manner or style in which a race has been won, exactly the same penalty being inflicted whether the winner has won by a short head or by twenty lengths. In a handicap, on the contrary, not only can the penalties be adjusted according to the full merits or demerits of each individual victory, but they can also be made punitive when necessary. If, for instance, a handicapper had reason for suspecting that a horse had been pulled, with a view to getting him put lightly into one of the great handicaps, he could apportion him a weight which might discourage his owner from repeating the offence. It will be understood, therefore, that when we say that the Jubilee Stakes was almost regarded as if it were a weight-for-age race, we are paying a compliment, not only to the framers of the handicap, but also to the owners of the horses nominated for it.

Eighteen horses went to the post, and, with a few exceptions, they were a very good-looking lot, more so, indeed, than some fields which have run for the Derby. Isobar and a colt by Bruar, belonging to General Owen Williams, showed temper at the start, the unnamed colt bolting out of the course when the flag fell. Now there are two ways of describing the race—the first to tell what everybody saw, the second to say what some people saw. Everybody saw Martley and Tyrone leading the way as they came into the straight, with Harpenden behind them; everybody saw Bendigo make his way to the front when it seemed impossible that he should do so, and win by three-quarters of a length, and everybody saw Martley, Tyrone, and Fullerton come in, in this order, separated by heads only. We will now describe what some people saw. Some people saw Martley swerve to the left and thus allow Bendigo to win; some people saw St. Mirin tire under his weight; some people saw him almost knocked on to his head by Kilwarline, who, they say, swerved against him; others saw Kilwarline strike into his heels from behind; some people saw Annamite fairly beaten; others saw him lose through twisting a plate; some people saw Fullerton shut out at one of the most critical points of the course; some people saw a remarkably true run race, in which the best horse won, and others saw a chapter of accidents ending in a fluke. Whether St. Mirin or Fullerton lost the race through the swerving of other horses; whether Annamite and Kilwarline showed that they could not stay beyond six furlongs; and whether Martley ought to have won, are questions which we leave people to decide for themselves on the evidence of their own eyes or those of others; but we maintain that there can be no gainsaying the fact that Bendigo ran a great horse, going as straight as a line, making his rush at the end with extraordinary speed, and finishing with unflinching gameness.

Bendigo's career has been described so often that it is needless to recapitulate it. As every one knows, he never ran as a two-year-old; and he has only run in public eleven times, winning five races out of that number. From this it has been argued, with some plausibility, that a horse will train on longer if he is not brought out until he is three years old, and that he will do best if he is run but seldom. Those, on the contrary, who are indisposed to draw this inference ask, with at least equal reason, whether Bendigo's public appearances have been restricted from choice or necessity. Although Bendigo's sire, Ben Battle, cannot be called a fashionable stallion, he is a very well-bred horse, being by Rataplan out of a mare descended from Melbourne on her sire's side, and from Alice Hawthorn on her dam's. The pedigree of Hasty Girl, Bendigo's dam, does not at first sight look very promising, as her sire was by that most unsuccessful stallion (though magnificent racehorse), Gladiateur, while her dam was inbred to the despised Blacklock. Yet Hasty Girl had

the blood of Rataplan and Touchstone in her veins, and, after all, no exception could be taken to the breeding of Gladiateur, to say nothing of his brilliancy as a racehorse.

It is necessary that we should say something of Martley, who ran second. Last year he won two races out of five, and was placed for all but one, his winnings amounting to 1,764*l.*; but at Derby he had been well beaten by Annamite when receiving 15 lbs., whereas he now beat Annamite easily when receiving only 13 lbs. It is worth noticing that both Martley's two-year-old victories were won at Kempton Park, which is some evidence in support of the theory that certain horses have a liking for particular courses. The career of Tyrone, who ran third, had been of rather a plating kind, and, all things considered, he ran far better for the Jubilee Stakes than might have been expected.

It must be distinctly understood that we have by no means done with Jubilee Handicaps. A race bearing the same name and of much the same value as that which has formed the subject of this article is to be run in about a couple of months at Sandown. The 3,000*l.* which constitute the stakes at Sandown, however, are not to be apportioned in the same way as the 3,000 guineas which were run for at Kempton. At the latter place 2,850*l.* went to the winner, 200*l.* went to the second, and 100*l.* to the third in the race. At Sandown, on the contrary, only 1,500*l.* will go to the winner, while 1,000*l.* will go to the second in the race, and 500*l.* to the third. There are sixty-nine subscribers to the Sandown race against the seventy-eight at Kempton, and nearly one quarter of the horses entered are in Taylor's stable. The most remarkable feature of the Jubilee Stakes at Sandown will be the large stake to be won by the second in the race. That the second should receive a sum equal to two-thirds of the amount to be given to the winner is something quite abnormal. It will be interesting to observe whether this arrangement has the effect of increasing the number of starters; but, whatever may be the success of the race at Sandown, it can scarcely excel the Jubilee Stakes at Kempton Park, which may, without exaggeration, be said to have been a triumph of handicapping.

THE GOLDEN LEGEND AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

ON Saturday, May 7, the summer season opened at the Crystal Palace with an overgrown performance of Sir Arthur Sullivan's new cantata, *The Golden Legend*. This work, composed on a libretto adapted from Longfellow's poem by Mr. J. Bennett, has been often played and often criticized since its first appearance at the Leeds Festival of 1886, so that we need say comparatively little about it. We spoke of it at length, moreover, when it was given here at the usual Saturday concerts on the 4th of last December. Had we heard it for the first time on Saturday last, we should have formed but a poor opinion of the thing. Few works can withstand the ordeal of these huge performances, where the voices count by thousands and the instruments by hundreds. Music must be very grandiose, broad, and clearly cut in style, as well as very massively and simply orchestrated, to suit these great festival occasions. Even the Handel Festival is a mistake from the point of view of the rational and artistic lover of music. It is true that the Handel of to-day is not the true Handel, yet in any case the utter disproportion in volume between the solos and the choruses would always offend any but an ear recklessly greedy of contrast. But *The Golden Legend* is not a work of colossal simplicity. Its character inclines to the light and picturesque rather than to the monumental and massive. When the chorus had to deal with something more or less solemn and simple, something of the nature of a chorale, as "Nocte Surgentes" at the end of the prologue, the effect instantly became more tolerable. The greater part of the prologue, however, seemed at once ineffective and noisy; the clever and picturesque orchestration, so noticeable on the former occasion, was almost entirely engulfed in a confused clamour. As for the solo voice of Lucifer, it was ludicrously inadequate to struggle against the fury it was meant to dominate. The Peal of Bells, supposed to be in Strasburg Cathedral, held their own, and indeed sounded all the better for a fair opposition of noise.

The soloists were Mme. Albani, Mme. Patey, and Messrs. Edward Lloyd, Foli, and Vaughan Edwardes. Even Mme. Albani and Signor Foli seemed to pipe feebly in the vast space. The absence of a strict line of demarcation in many cases between choruses and solos in these picturesque cantatas makes them still more unsuitable in the enlarged Festival edition. In places the solo voices play a dramatic part with the chorus, while the instruments add descriptive symphonies. The principal personages are thus made to bleat feebly and ridiculously, and the game is altogether in the hands of the masses. The entrance of Lucifer with the elixir should be a telling moment in the cantata, and the composer has made it duly important. Here, however, it became insignificant, and the lovely and quaint accompaniment which enters with him was robbed of all its piquancy. Indeed, it is hardly to be expected that an orchestra multiplied ever so many times will play as well as it did before. The original nucleus of good players is swamped in a crowd of indifferent performers, and the expression and the phrasing lack clearness and point. So the music expressing the agitation of Prince Henry's mind expressed nothing, and the same remark applies to pretty nearly all the symphonies. Most of the singers played their parts well; Mme. Albani and Signor Foli being the most audible. Unfortunately,

Mme. Albani's tremolo and her slight hardness of voice made themselves occasionally observable. Perhaps the most successful of the choral renderings were "Nocte Surgentes," "O gladsome Light," and "The Night is calm and cloudless."

The best that can be said for this class of entertainment is that it is decidedly popular; that it permits crowds to suppose they are listening to a work; and that it is the only thing that can well be done on Festival occasions. This last may be counted the only valid reason, since a comparison of the two performances of May and December clearly shows the artistic futility of treating a light, delicate, subtly written, and picturesque work as if it were monumental and indecipherable, like the Pyramids.

VITTORIA CONTARINI.

IT is unwise to produce plays for a single matinée performance which require the utmost attention from a competent stage-manager, elaborate scenic effects, and as perfect acting as can be procured. They cannot receive that attention which is due to perhaps really clever work, and are nearly certain to meet with failure. This was unhappily the case with *Vittoria Contarini*, represented last Wednesday afternoon at the Princess's Theatre. It is a powerful drama, but somehow or other, although the scene is laid in Italy at the time when the Austrian occupation excited public sympathy for the fallen Queen of the Adriatic throughout Europe, it is only too perceptible to those who know anything about Italy that the author has not made a study of the manners and customs of that country, and is not fully acquainted with the political history of the period in which he presents his play. Whatever may have been the political tyranny of the Austrian police in Venetia and Lombardy, the discipline of their officers and army could not be questioned, and an insult such as that represented in this drama given by an Austrian officer to a Venetian lady would have been quite as sternly punished by the military authorities in command as resented by the members of the lady's family. It is true that in the early history of Venice, a certain Maria Pisani, daughter of the great Admiral of that name, was insulted in the square of St. Mark's by a group of young men belonging to a faction opposed to her father, one of whom ventured to kiss her; and, if the thread of this legend and its subsequent revenge has served Mr. A. W. Dubourg for the plot of his play, he would have done better had he placed the action in the middle ages, when the picturesque and more or less legendary mysteriousness of the "Council of Ten" would have proved far more effective than the somewhat improbable performances of the "Secret Society" of which we hear so much throughout the five acts of this long drama. The story, in brief, is as follows. Vittoria Contarini, the fair daughter of a Venetian count devoted to the interests of Italy, falls in love with an Austrian colonel who has had the bad taste to embrace her as she passes out of the church of St. Mark on her way home. Her brother determines to avenge the outrage, and a duel is to be fought between him and the lover; and here circumstances occur which have considerable dramatic interest, but are too lengthy to narrate. Suffice it to say that nothing short of the release of Venice from the tyranny of the Austrians can save the lives of Vittoria's father and brother, which have been jeopardized by her ill-directed and singular infatuation for a man whose conduct as officer and gentleman is beneath contempt. And here is the weak point of the play. In one act Vittoria is the subject of a wanton piece of impertinence, and throughout several ensuing scenes we hear nothing from her but curses, threats, and demands of vengeance upon the perpetrator. In the next act the lady visits the ill-behaved officer in his barracks, in order to implore him not to fight her brother in a duel, or, if he does so, only to slightly wound that young gentleman; but in less than ten minutes Vittoria is locked in his arms, and announcing to the audience that she is desperately in love with him—a strange instance of sudden love, if ever there was one. The two last acts are in many ways powerful; but they need pruning. The author is perhaps unaware that titles do not exist either in Venice or Genoa, except by courtesy, and that only since the fall of the Republic. In Venetia Vittoria Contarini would never be called "Countess." She would be simply Donna Vittoria, and her father the Signor or Don Marco Contarini. When foreign names are used in an English play, it is always wise to suppress the repetition of them as much as possible; for very few actors know how properly to pronounce them, and the effect is frequently exasperating to those who do not speak the language of the country in which the scene is laid and comical to those who do. Thus on Wednesday we were perpetually hearing of Count "Salvetty" instead of Salvetti; and, whereas one part of the actors called the heroine "Vittoria," the others styled her "Victoria."

The piece was not badly mounted for a single performance, but it was throughout exceedingly ill-staged. It served the purpose, however, of introducing Miss Laura Villiers, who has every physical and mental requisite for a romantic actress. She is tall, has a stately figure, an expressive countenance, and a fine voice, which, however, at present she does not know how to use to best advantage. In the more powerful scenes she was admirable. A new actor, Mr. Glen Wynn, made a most favourable impression as the Austrian colonel. He is handsome, manly, and graceful, and will no doubt become an excellent stage lover when he has learned how to

infuse a little more tenderness into his voice, which at present, although mellow and pleasing, is not sufficiently charged with passion for the characters he is qualified to play best. Mr. Brandon Thomas, Mr. Fuller Mellish, and Mr. W. Farren, junr., did good service in the rest of the cast.

IN THE TWO HOUSES.

THE House of Lords, after doing a fair stroke of work, has rested on its oars during the past few days. It has waited for the water-logged, overloaded boat of the Commons, manned by a quarrelsome and undisciplined crew, to overtake it. Towards the close of last week the Peers put the finishing touch to the Railway and Canal Traffic Bill, and, having read it a third time, sent it direct to the House of Commons. In that Chamber it will probably find the line blocked, the navigation impeded. The Commons, absorbed in a faction fight, have no time, capacity, nor, it would seem, inclination to attend to the real business of the country. A Bill enlarging the powers of the Scotch Lunacy Board, the Customs Consolidation Bill—sent from the Commons—the Smoke Nuisance (Metropolis) Abatement Bill, the Bankruptcy Office Sites Bill, and the Markets and Fairs (Weighing of Cattle) Bill, are the small legislative deer which have this week occupied the Peers. Lord Cross has been able to give a somewhat disquieting answer with respect to the disturbances in Afghanistan; Lord Rosebery has illustrated the degree in which the old journalism is infected by the practices of the new in calling attention to the violation of good faith involved in the publication in a daily paper of a more or less accurate report of the proceedings of the Colonial Conference; the Duke of Argyll, the most polemical and combative of dukes, has found leisure from his controversy with Professor Huxley on the order of the universe to overhaul the rulings of the County Court Judge of Kilkenny; the Archbishop of York, aided and abetted by Lord Grimthorpe and Lord St. Oswald, has made himself vainly the organ of the protests of Hemsworth against the removal of its grammar-school to Barnsley; Lord Forbes has asked in vain for returns of the cases of cremation which have occurred during the past five years, there being no information from which returns can be presented; Lord Monkswell has called attention to the forgery of voting-papers in the election to the Chatham Local Board; and Lord Miltown has made anxious inquiry about the dismantled colonnade of Burlington House, and Temple Bar, of which not one stone is left on another.

The House of Commons early last Saturday morning concluded the debate on the Dillon-Times controversy, declining to be surprised by Mr. John Morley's sudden suggestion of an enlarged inquiry into the general political conduct of the Irish members, and rejecting Mr. Gladstone's motion for a Select Committee—proposed because its author and his confederates knew it would be rejected—by 317 votes against 233, giving a satisfactory majority of 84. The Solicitor-General's motion, declining to treat the article of May 2 as a breach of privilege, was then passed without a division. The precedent thus made is even more important than the particular conclusion arrived at. Practically it goes far to reverse, while assuming only to interpret, the old doctrine of Parliamentary privilege. There is a certain sinister consistency in the conduct of Irish members in rejecting the invitation of the Government to submit their case, at the public cost, to an English judge and jury. They do not like the Queen's Courts either in Ireland or England. Their aim is to disparage and supersede them. They have found accomplices in this disloyal and semi-seditious enterprise in Mr. Gladstone, Sir William Harcourt, and Mr. John Morley, and the smaller Gladstonian fry, who are bent on making the House of Commons an instrument of faction, and who are ready for that purpose both to magnify its questionable privileges and to nullify its legitimate authority.

On Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday the House of Commons spent the public time almost exclusively in Committee on the Crimes Bill. The judicious application of the Closure, and the refusal of Mr. W. H. Smith even to consider the question of the Whitsun holidays until some substantial progress shall have been made with the measure, may possibly overcome the forces of obstruction and delay. In the absence early in the week of Mr. Parnell, Mr. Gladstone, who is in his presence the commander only of the Anglo-Scotch wing of the Separatist party, assumes the command-in-chief of the British and Irish army of obstruction. After his social recognition of the development of a new Repeal party in the hospitalities of Dollis Hill in which Earl Spencer and Mr. T. D. Sullivan met, it is difficult to understand the scruple of self-respect or fastidiousness which led Mr. Arnold Morley to decline to act as joint-teller with Mr. Healy—we beg his pardon, Mr. T. M. Healy—in one of the divisions. The party of disruption stands avowed as a party. The distinction of Gladstonite and Parnellite is swallowed up in this larger combination. The Gladstonites are Parnellites and the Parnellites are Gladstonites. There ought to be an equally clear recognition of the fact that the Disruptionists are confronted by one homogeneous party—the party of the Union. Lord Hartington has frankly declared that he does not consider the Government of Lord Salisbury to be a Tory Government. It is a Unionist Government, a Government of national defence, in the strictest sense of that much-abused phrase. The question at issue is not merely that of the Parliamentary,

and ultimately of the Imperial Union, but of the maintenance of the vital principles of lawful government in any shape, against organized anarchy and social revolt. The National League is playing in Ireland the part which the Jacobin clubs played in France a hundred years ago. The war against legal order in Ireland translates itself into a war against Parliamentary order in the House of Commons. It is not surprising that Mr. Gladstone's friends should have as little respect for the authority of the Speaker as they have for that of the Queen. The ultimate, and indeed the sole, responsibility for the disorganization of the House of Commons rests with Mr. Gladstone, and he cannot escape it by retiring to Dollis Hill, the Hayes of this inverted Chatham. What is done is done with his assent and consent, with his connivance if not at his direct bidding. He has given a new application to the old maxim—Divide and rule. He seeks to over-rule by incessant divisions. These divisions, in which the Gladstonites and the Parnellites hold faithfully together, are repeated hour after hour, and the filling and emptying of the lobbies, and the counting of members, occupy, on a reasonable average, about twenty minutes each. Multiplied amendments and dilatory debate are instruments of obstruction sufficiently powerful in themselves. They are now supplemented by divisions of which the result is known beforehand, and the only purpose of which is the waste of time. The temper and firmness of Mr. Smith—whose tact, calmness, and judgment make him one of the best business leaders the House has ever seen, and more than compensate for a comparative deficiency in debating power—and the authority with which Mr. Courtney's masculine decision of character and judicial impartiality of intellect invest his office, make way slowly but steadily against these obstacles. Mr. Courtney's refusal to allow the Closure on the first section of the first clause of the Crimes Bill, until certain amendments which he considered relevant and legitimate had been discussed, was opportune. No precisely similar problem could present itself to the Speaker. But it was well that early in the application of the Closure in its present form, the precedent should be set of the exercise by the Chair of independent judgment on the proposal of the Leader of the House. The suspicion that the Speaker or the Chairman of Committees would be the servile instrument of the Minister implies a degradation of Parliamentary morals which Mr. Gladstone has not yet succeeded in bringing about. How long the House of Commons may be able to retain the services of its present Speaker and its present Chairman of Committees is, of course, doubtful. At the present rate of wear and tear, the House of Commons might be expected to use up a Speaker and a Chairman of Committees every Session. The Easter and Whitsuntide recess for the present year have gone, or seem likely to go. The long vacation, no doubt, affords a considerable interval for the repair of tissue; but when it will begin is hidden in caliginous night. The Chairman of Committees is capable of being relieved by a small group of "casuals"; the Speaker has only the Chairman of Committees, in his character of Deputy Speaker, to fall back upon. In most foreign Parliaments the President of the Chamber is surrounded by a little staff of Vice-Presidents, one or other of whom can take his place in emergency. But the continuous exercise of authority, and the dependence of authority on personal character and official experience, are in England so essential to the weight of the Chair, that it may be doubted whether this expedient would suit our Parliamentary latitude. The reform of the manners and habits of Parliament, and in particular the establishment of an early-closing system, may do something to check a growing evil.

Reporting progress with the Crimes Bill, we have to note that after six sittings the Committee has reached the third section of the first clause, that relating to the preliminary inquiry in the absence of any definite accusation. Government has shown readiness to accept reasonable amendments. A suggestion that only such witnesses shall be summoned as seem to the magistrates capable of giving evidence in regard to the alleged offence, and one exempting from examination a confessing offender or his or her wife or husband, were adopted, as were also proposals that the examination of witnesses should be taken down in writing in the form of question and answer, that depositions shall be furnished to any person who may be put upon his trial, that a witness arrested by warrant shall be entitled to a copy of the information or complaint on which the warrant was issued, and that the witnesses shall not be subject to examination by any other person than the resident magistrates. These modifications, due in greater part to one or other of Messrs. Healy Brothers, though Mr. H. Fowler and Mr. Marum have made contributions, are the few grains of wheat sifted from the Gladstone-Parnell chaff of dilatory and trivial amendments. In six days, including one sitting protracted until six o'clock in the morning, and aided by the repeated application of the Closure, the Committee has reached the twenty-fourth line of the Bill, thus making progress at the rate of four lines a sitting. It has passed the first and second sub-sections of the first clause, the former laying down the manner and conditions of preliminary inquiry before a resident magistrate, the second dealing with the case of contumacious witnesses.

On Thursday the House took relief as a House from its labours in Committee on the Crimes Bill, and read a second time the Duke of Connaught's Leave Bill, after a disorderly and unmannerly conversation, relieved by an access of good sense on the part of Sir Wilfrid Lawson. The Select Committee on the Army and Navy Estimates was agreed to. On the motion for going into Committee of Supply, Mr. Conybeare opened an attack on the Postmaster-General; but his ammunition fell short. "He had

forgotten his notes," and could only indicate ill-will in a general and feeble fashion. The mussel-beds of Scotland, medical supervision on Transatlantic steamers, the alleged unfair interference with Socialistic meetings in open spaces were talked about; and the vote of 17,000, for the Jubilee Thanksgiving Services in Westminster Abbey was agreed to. The ridiculous aspect of the House of Commons was prominent in the persons of Mr. Dillwyn, Mr. Pictou, Mr. Conybeare, Mr. Labouchere, and others. After this interlude the House returns to the Crimes Bill, in which it grinds slowly and grinds very small.

Other incidents which have occupied the House of Commons may be briefly recorded. Mr. Healy (T.M.), whose dignity cannot endure to be answered by an Under-Secretary, appealed to the House to know how long he is to be left to the mercy of this Orangeman—*quousque tandem?*—and has been rebuked by the Speaker. How these Irish love each other! What a happy family the Parliament in Dublin would be! Mr. Campbell-Bannerman, who, before he found salvation and developed antinomianism, was a low-comic Irish Secretary of some considerable humour, associated himself with Mr. Healy in his attack on Colonel King-Harman's appointment, though it is the fact that the need of relief from the frivolous questions of Irish members by shunting them on to an Under-Secretary was felt by his predecessors, if not by himself. Mr. Arthur O'Connor and Mr. Molloy, whose sensitive honour feels a stain like a wound, and who hold that an Irish member should not even be suspected, and is insulted when he is asked to seek redress, at the public expense, in a court of law, have resigned their posts on the Royal Commissions on Trade Depression and Education. Mr. Hanbury has given notice that in Committee of Supply he will move the omission of the pay and pensions of seven gentlemen—generals, admirals, and others—who, according to the Secretary for War, are responsible for the issue of defective weapons to the army and navy—a motion which will, at least, afford occasion for a discussion which ought to be searching.

REVIEWS.

GUILDHALL.*

WHEN a city has a Guildhall we imply that its governing body is a Guild Merchant. What a Guild Merchant is no one seems able to say very positively, at least no one who is waiting for the discovery of more facts before he commits himself to any of the theories which less cautious investigators are fond of propounding. The difficulties with regard to the Guildhall of the City of London are so far insuperable. We have a few facts, but they are inconsistent with any theory; and we have many theories, but they are unsupported by tangible arguments. Among the facts we may state that, as London had a Guildhall at a very early period, it had a governing guild at least as early. Also, we know from Giraldus Cambrensis that in his time the Guildhall of London was so called on account of the resort to it of drinkers. Was the governing guild, then, merely a convivial club? But before speaking of a governing guild we should ask what it was, and what traces it has left us of its existence. Strange to say, we do not know of what it consisted, and the only traces it has left are in the two local names, Guildhall and Aldermanbury. A very early notice of London speaks of "the franchise of its commonalty" in the reign of Stephen. Yet, though we have the Guildhall and the "bury," or mansion of the Aldermen, and the commonalty, able, as William of Malmesbury says, to admit barons of the realm to its freedom, we are by no means certain as to the original constitution of the city. We know that in the reign of Henry II. there existed a Portreeve, and that the Portreeve belonged to a guild and had a Portsoken, and we are all but certain that the Portsoken answered to reeve and elsewhere, and that it was not in Aldermanbury. Was the governing body then, the Knightengild, with its Portsoken and the Portreeve among its numbers, or was it another guild which met at Aldermanbury, and held its drinking parties independently? Towards an answer to this question we have a very few facts, one of them both new and startling. It has long been known that the members of the Knightengild, or "cnihtenagild," went as a body into the priory of the Holy Trinity at Aldgate, and also that the Portsoken, of which they were the trustees, became the property of the prior, who thenceforward ranked as an alderman. It has also, but not so long, been known that these members of the Knightengild were City aldermen, and the sons or brothers of aldermen. But a third fact is entirely new. It appears for the first time in print in Mr. Price's noble volume on the history and antiquities of the Guildhall, published, with commendable civic zeal, by the Library Committee of the Corporation. It is briefly this, that the Bishop of London, in or about 1100, was reckoned an alderman, and had a ward—namely, the precincts surrounding St. Paul's. This district is called "Warda Episcopi" in a very ancient document, a list made at the very beginning of the twelfth century of lands held in the City by the Dean and Chapter. This valuable record is in the muniment-room of the Cathedral, where it was seen and catalogued by Mr. Maxwell Lyte in 1883. Mr. Lyte, unfortunately, in his abstract of its contents, missed the

* A Descriptive Account of the Guildhall of the City of London; its History and Associations. By John Edward Price, F.S.A. London: Blades, East, & Blades.

mention of the Alderman-Bishop and his ward; and it has been reserved for the public spirit of the Corporation to put us in possession of the complete text in a splendid facsimile by Mr. Griggs of the eight pages of which this most interesting document consists. The fact thus added to our meagre knowledge of the early constitution of London is very valuable; and, as it dates from a period before the secession of the Knightengild and the devotion of the Portsoken to religious uses, it shows us that the spectacle of a ward governed by an ecclesiastic was nothing extraordinary, and that the Prior of Aldgate, as an alderman, had the example of the bishop of the diocese before him. In this very document, indeed, we have another example: Ralph, the son of Algod, was a canon of St. Paul's, and alderman of the ward now called Bread Street, which adjoined the bishop's ward on the east side. The "soke" of the bishop on Cornhill was the subject, many years later, of special arrangements; because, as his aldermanry at St. Paul's became more and more shadowy, he asserted rights on Cornhill which would have been subversive of the newly-regulated constitution of the Corporation. With this we have nothing to do here. The latest discovery in the history of the Corporation of London is the fact that when William the Conqueror addressed his celebrated charter to William the Bishop and to Gosfrith the Portreeve, he addressed it to the ecclesiastical and civic chiefs of the Corporation of the day, to the alderman who held the office of bishop and to the alderman who held the office of reeve. Much more might be made of the paragraph, of which, by the way, Mr. Price, who has edited it for the Library Committee, seems hardly to appreciate the significance.

The old Guildhall was situated not far from the present site in a street named, perhaps from it, perhaps from some special estate or residence or "court," as Stow says, which was appropriated to the aldermen as a body, and which may have been this very Guildhall, by the name of Aldermanbury. The ward is described as that of Alwold, an alderman of whom little or nothing else is known, and is identical with that part of the modern ward of Cripplegate which is within the line of the old wall. In the ward of Alwold was a holding of considerable size, which belonged, according to the document already mentioned, to the canons of St. Paul's, and paid the large rent of 2s. a year, of which 1s. was applied to the maintenance and repair of the Cathedral and the other to the canons, and, in addition, three-halfpence to "the soke of Aldermanbury" and a penny to the king. What was the soke of Aldermanbury? How was the king concerned in it? Mr. Price does not seem to have cared to pursue this branch of the subject, interesting as it is; but he is perhaps better acquainted with the later history of the Guildhall. One thing, however, he has told us, and it is of the greatest importance, though he has unfortunately omitted an exact reference to his authority. He says at p. 37 that there were "canons of the soke of Aldremanesberien." We have not been able to find the original statement in the St. Paul's list; and, indeed, do not know what "canons of a soke" can have been, and Mr. Price does not tell us. The old Guildhall existed in the same street for many generations; but as early as the beginning of the fourteenth century it was removed a little further back, or to the eastward, though as late as 1428 its western end was still open to the street of Aldermanbury. In addition to the splendid copy of the St. Paul's manuscript Mr. Price gives us a facsimile of a deed at Balliol College relating to the church of St. Laurence, which is described as being in the City of London. In a later deed, also at Balliol, the Guildhall yard is mentioned. This was in 1294, so that some time before the end of the thirteenth century the Guildhall had been removed to a site nearer the church. Mr. Price assigns the first mention of St. Laurence's Church to the early part of the twelfth century; but on the accompanying print "1182-1201," or the early part of the thirteenth century, is given as the probable date. As the document is witnessed by William Fitz Ysabel, and by Alulf Fitz Fromund, it should be possible to approximate still more nearly to the date. Alulf, or Athulf, had two sons, both aldermen after his day, Constantine and Ernulf, and was dead before 1204. Constantine Fitz Athulf was hanged in 1222, for raising a riot and invoking King Louis of France. At any rate, Mr. Price's date, "the early part of the twelfth century," must be an error.

We have dwelt the longer on these obscure points in the history of the Guildhall, partly because, though Mr. Price has rather avoided their discussion, the publication of so many documents in their original form will enable inquiring students to draw their own conclusions and lay them under an everlasting debt to Mr. Price for selecting, and to the Library Committee for printing, them. Mr. Price does not himself appear to be conversant with the early history of London, and inclines to the theory as to the Roman origin of English municipal institutions which was so completely overthrown by Mr. Freeman years ago in answer to the late Mr. Cooté. Mr. Price, however, advances no arguments to support his views, if indeed he holds them unwaveringly; for on p. 12 he quotes the Bishop of Chester, evidently with approval, as to the now unquestionable fact that during the Norman period London was governed like a shire. It is possible, but improbable, that Mr. Price does not see that this is tantamount to a recantation of his views on the origin of the municipality.

The magnificence of the illustrations and their number would in itself render Mr. Price's volume valuable to the London antiquary and to many besides. We have dwelt more than sufficiently on the facsimiles of ancient documents; but they form only a small part of the number of prints. There are plans of the Guild-

hall at different periods, facsimiles of the sections of Wyngearde's, Agas's, and Hollar's views which show it, views of the chapel and many other buildings now destroyed, of the crypt, the old Council Chamber, the new Council Chamber, the Library and Museum, and many other interesting things. We may praise unreservedly both those which are reproductions of old engravings and those which are executed from drawings old or new. Setting aside Mr. Price's peculiar views as to the connexion of mediæval London with ancient Rome—views which a single sentence from Stow or almost any other chronicler will absolutely refute—we have much that is interesting and valuable in his account of the scenes which the old walls have witnessed, the receptions and entertainments, the State trials, the meetings, the shows, which in the course of half a millennium have made Guildhall as famous in its way as Westminster Hall. There is an ample appendix of original documents, in which, by the way, we observe a pedigree of Henry Fitz Ailwin, the first Mayor, which might have been extended considerably. The index with which the volume concludes is full and correct.

NOVELS.*

THE first half of the *Unsocial Socialist* is full of amusing things; but the word "story" can never be applied to the book. It is really a series of conversations, connected here and there by a few explanatory remarks, the nature of the conversations, of course, varying with the persons that hold them. Mr. Shaw's picture of the manners and customs of girls in a school of the modern type is very lively, and is perhaps not greatly overdrawn. The opening scene of the three heroines sliding down the banisters, silently watched by the schoolmistress, appeals to the heart of all who have ever enjoyed that fascinating relaxation, and the description of the young ladies' personal charms which follows is unnecessary to enlist the reader's interest in their fortunes. It is possible, indeed, that the possessor of teeth "like fine Portland stone" which sloped slightly outwards might find herself heavily handicapped in the race of life, in spite of her bright olive skin, with "a golden mica in its composition." This is the heroine-in-chief, Agatha Wylie, the imp of the school, who dictates compromising avowals to her stupid schoolfellows in the "Recording Angel" or confession-book, and tickles them into compliance with her opinions or wishes. The Socialist hero, who inherits a great fortune from a commercial parent, takes up Socialist principles, runs away from his six-weeks' wife, for whom he professes deep affection, and turns up in the disguise (a very thin one) of a labourer in the neighbourhood of Alton College, is for a time very entertaining. He behaves in the most inconsequent and preposterous way, and solemnly chaffs all the clergy and landed proprietors he comes across. He does not spare even the feelings of the Principal of Alton, when he is questioned as to the sudden disappearance of a young lady (his forsaken wife) whom he had accidentally met while preparing the tennis-grounds of that educational establishment for a garden-party.

"I bargained for ninepence [he says to her], and what with the roller and opening the soda-water, and shoving them heavy tables about, there was a decomposition of tissue in me to the tune of two shillings. But all I ask is the ninepence, and let the lady keep the one and threepence as the reward of abstinence. Exploitation of labour at the rate of a hundred and twenty-five per cent. that is. Come, give us ninepence, and I'll go straight off."

"Here is a shilling," said Miss Wilson; "now go!"

"Threepence change!" cried Smilash. "Honesty has ever been—"

"You may keep the change."

"You have a noble 'art, lady; but you're flying in the face of the law of supply and demand. If you keep payin' at this rate, there'll be a rush of labourers to the College, and competition 'll soon bring you down from a shilling to sixpence, let alone ninepence. That's the way wages goes down and death-rates goes up, worse luck for the likes of us, as have to sell ourselves like pigs."

Whether wilfully or not, the eloquence of Trefusis or Smilash is always inopportune, but never more so than when he relates at great length his conscientious scruples about using his father's money, to his wife, with whom he is hiding on the shores of the river, previous to the scene just related. At the best of times this young lady would probably have not understood what her husband was talking about; but at that special moment her mind was still further confused by the shock of meeting with her husband in such a strange costume, and trying to reconcile his professions of devotion with his determination to return her to her parents. The conversation with the bargee, which immediately follows, is better, and there is much truth in the remark that "Socialism is often misunderstood by its least intelligent supporters and opponents to mean simply unrestrained indulgence of our natural propensity to heave bricks at respectable persons." If M. Dumas fils ever abandons the question of the balance of moral guilt and takes to Socialist instead of Society dramas, he may enunciate a similar epigram. Indeed, we are quite convinced Mr. Shaw would do far better as a dramatist than as a writer of fiction. How delightful Miss Norreys would be as Agatha.

* *An Unsocial Socialist*. By George Bernard Shaw. London: Swan Sonnenschein & Co. 1887.

The Squire of Sandal-Side. By Amelia E. Barr. London: Clarke & Co. 1887.

His Next-of-Kin. By Emma S. Worboise. London: Clarke & Co. 1887.

Fatal Shadows. By Mrs. L. L. Lewis. London: Arrowsmith. 1887.

Wylie, and how amusing Mr. Lionel Brough could make the antics of Smilash! But when Mr. Shaw quits his girls' school, his power seems to go from him. The account of Smilash (in his proper person of Trefusis) coming to his father-in-law's house, and receiving the news of his wife's sudden death, is not only ghastly, but disgusting. He shows no more concern than if she had been a canary, and after a few commonplace questions, remarks to the doctor that it may be "pleasanter to be in heaven than here in such weather," and that he is "a young man, and shall not cut a bad figure as a widower." He goes in to see the dead girl, at the request of the nurse, and says to her, on leaving the room, "Delighted! Charmed! The arrangements are extremely pretty and tasteful. Most consolatory"; while he frankly tells Agatha a few years later that "he is very glad" his first wife is not alive. The second part of the book is prolix and tedious. It teems with lectures on Socialism, in which we feel, like the Ghost in *Ruddigore*, that "there is a fallacy somewhere, if we could only see it"; and the behaviour of the schoolgirls grown up is stupid, and often vulgar. They habitually make use of strong language, "concocted fools," "great ass," being terms of frequent occurrence; while one gentleman asks his wife how she can be so "damnable rude." Altogether, the reader will feel grateful to Mr. Shaw for the many witty passages of the early part of the book; but most people will be convinced that he is the right man in the wrong place.

The Squire of Sandal-Side is evidently the work of a lady who not only knows the Lake Country well, but holds it dear. The characters are few and simple, but they live and move; and, if the story is not very sensational, it is carefully worked out. To be sure, it is quite plain from the very beginning that Stephen Latrigg is going to turn out a real Sandal and become the family prop; but that may be only a kind thought for allaying the anxiety of the reader as to the ultimate succession of the unbearable Julius; and Stephen is a manly young fellow, fit to be the husband of the lively, frank-hearted Charlotte Sandal. Charlotte is her father's companion, and they spend long days out-of-doors together, "persuading fine trout to go a little way down stream" with them, and agreeing that they want no other company on an outing. It is a pity that the Squire is never allowed to open his mouth without finishing his sentence with "Eh? What?" The trick would be tiresome enough in real life, but in print it is positively irritating; but, in spite of this, his picture is as faithful as those of the hills and dales which Miss Barr loves. There are a few mistakes or slips of the pen, which are slight blemishes to a pleasantly-written story. Do "wild Tartan shepherds" (p. 18) refer to the Tartans or the Scotch? and who (p. 4) was "the Wickliffite Queen of Henry VIII."? "The mountain sheep are sweeter, but the valley sheep are fatter," was not "a Border song" (p. 49), but was written by one Peacock. As far as we know, it was not the custom for young English officers about the year 1850 to go about the world in "crimson and yellow uniforms" (pp. 124 and 163), and a book that introduces Wordsworth as a friend of its heroine, ought not to misquote him, as in p. 231, where we read of "the light that never was on sea or sky."

Readers of Mrs. Worboise's other books will know what to expect of *His Neat of Kin*. There is much—very much—pious conversation, but there is a great deal more about eating and drinking, and cabs play almost as large a part in the story as human beings. The hero is a man of good family and connexions, who, being reduced to dire straits in America, finds employment with an old bachelor. After many years this old man dies, and bequeaths his business and a hundred thousand pounds in ready money to Austin Raymond. It is to be hoped that the sale of the business produced a large sum, for the hundred thousand was required to be singularly elastic. Having no natural heirs, Mr. Raymond resolves to seek out his English relatives in the disguise of a pauper, and to reward disinterested affection, which few will be surprised to learn that he discovers in a beautiful and ill-treated orphan niece. From the moment of his landing at Liverpool his methods of locomotion are punctually recorded. It is a matter of serious consideration to him what class he shall travel by on the railway, and even the cab that is to convey him to the station is duly noted down. Soon cabs are not good enough for him, and he orders (p. 122) the best carriage which the hotel affords to take him to the train. No less than twelve separate times are the journeys of Mr. Raymond and the special vehicle used on the occasion described at length; indeed, once he takes down into the Midland counties "his own carriage and pair and his own servants" (p. 434) all the way from London, for the sole purpose of impressing his unkind relations, and fetching away his orphan niece with as much pomp and state as Cinderella going to the ball. Then as to the eating. Patience fails in reckoning the Christmas feasts, the "cold shoulders" (literal and metaphorical), the cups of tea, the rounds of toast, that are described throughout this book. One fact in connexion with Mr. Raymond's first Christmas in England will puzzle the attentive student. The family of cousins with whom he is stopping prepare after breakfast on Christmas Day for morning church (p. 61). On p. 70 they all come back again, and make haste to get ready for dinner, which was "a superb one," with Mrs. Raymond in "rich amber satin and turquoise ornaments" at the top of the table, and her husband, "in his very best dress suit," at the bottom. At what time of day could the "soup" and "turkey," and "plum-pudding" and "mince-pies," and "apples" and "pears," and "grapes" and "pines," and "rich creams" and "candied fruit" have been disposed of? Not before four, probably, for "the

gas was lighted in the drawing-room when the ladies came out"; but it is seldom, even on Christmas Day, that people put on their evening clothes for an early dinner. Still this custom is not perhaps more abnormal than others which Mrs. Worboise describes with confidence. On p. 186 she says, *à propos* of Mr. Spurgeon, that "all Londoners, to say nothing of visitors to the metropolis, think much of the great preacher, and make a point of attending his ministry occasionally; of hearing him *once*, at any rate." If Mrs. Worboise would take the trouble to stand at the doors of a metropolitan station, or of a concert-room, or of the Japanese Village, and inquire of each person the number of times (if any) they have been to hear Mr. Spurgeon, she would have the opportunity of testing the truth of her statement, which for the present we beg as confidently to deny. She would also do well to watch her proofs more carefully. On p. 262 Hubert Raymond is mentioned on several occasions as "Herbert," and on 440 and elsewhere the servant Adelaide suddenly turns into Adeline. Besides the religious conversations which are out of place, there is a good deal of illiterate talk, as in p. 17, and a tedious number of characters, which only serve to confuse the wearied brain of the reader.

Fatal Shadows is a harmless, if not very entertaining, little tale with the scene laid in Australia. Life in Melbourne seems to go on pretty much like life in other big towns, where girls have plenty of money and doting parents who allow them to spend it as they like. It is pleasantly enough written, and will do to pass the time on a journey as well as anything else.

TWO BOOKS OF TRAVEL IN SOUTH AMERICA.*

THESE volumes of South American travel are full of interest of various kinds. That of Mr. Simson's is a narrative of adventurous exploration in the eastern wilds of Ecuador, between the Andes and the upper waters of the mighty Amazon. As for Mr. Ball, he made the circular tour of the southern continent in five months, landing at most of the principal ports, and "prospecting" the country hurriedly as an enthusiastic naturalist. Both writers are men of keen observation; but perhaps Mr. Simson's book is the more attractive, as he struck into districts which are almost unknown to Europeans, and met with any number of exciting incidents. Mr. Simson was tempted to explore the eastern province of Ecuador by considerations that would have deterred most people. Nothing seems to have been known of it, even at Quito, save that there were no roads except the native tracks through the forests, and that it was traversed in all directions by bridgeless torrents. Beyond the last village on the confines of civilization the country was understood to be entirely populated by Indians, always at war among themselves, and jealously resentful of intrusion on their territories. All manner of sinister and wonderful rumours were rife about these barbarians. If they did not wear their heads beneath their arms, they were said to be addicted to the most atrocious practices; and, according to their hospitable, hereditary customs, to put their white visitors to death with frightful tortures. The nearer that Mr. Simson approached to their frontiers the more circumstantially were these reports confirmed. As matter of fact he found that the savages had been considerably calumniated; yet the real difficulties of the journey were by no means exaggerated. The paths through the woods were so many quagmires, sometimes embarrassed by the rank tropical undergrowth; mountains were to be scaled by passes almost impracticable; the climate was simply detestable, and they trudged forward in a continual downpour; rain-storms like waterspouts swelled the rivers, keeping the travellers in their tents on the banks till the floods subsided; the places where provisions were to be obtained were few and far between; and though the savages as a rule showed themselves friendly, they were armed with blow-pipes and poisoned arrows, and their favourite strategy was known to be one of ambushes and surprises. To push the journey forward from tribe to tribe needed patience and diplomacy as well as resolution. And what greatly aggravated both the cost and the labour of the expedition was the necessity for carrying goods of all kinds for barter. Could Mr. Simson have slung a knapsack, stowed some circular notes in a waterproof pocket-book, and engaged the services of a single guide, he might have managed comparatively well. As it was, he had to recruit a score or more of Indian porters, who could never be persuaded to go beyond a certain point, however difficult it might be to find fresh relays, and load them with the cotton stuffs, the hardware, and the trinkets which passed in the interior as current coin. But at least that costly and irritating system of travel had one advantage, inasmuch as it brought him into familiar intercourse with many races and gave him opportunities of acquainting himself with their characters and habits.

From the first, however, he declares himself to have been amply rewarded by the magnificent scenery. The comparatively narrow Pacific coast-strip of Ecuador is dominated by the double range of the Andes, which embraces Chimborazo and others of the loftiest summits. The devastation wrought by violent volcanic convulsions is everywhere visible, though in the lower regions it is half concealed by the luxuriance of the South American vege-

* *Travels in the Wilds of Ecuador.* By Alfred Simson. London: Sampson Low & Co.

Notes of a Naturalist in South America. By John Ball, F.R.S., &c. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, & Co. 1887.

tation. But those ridges with their sublime grandeur had to be surmounted, and he very soon found occasion to appreciate both the dangers and the beauties of the route. Crossing the western chain from the Chimbo Valley, they rose out of the damp jungle thickets into a more salubrious region of heaths and gorse, desiling on horseback "along a ledge of rocks and stones on the right bank of the torrent, to all appearance, and in reality to a calm judgment, impassable for a goat." They scaled the apparently impracticable wall that seemed to shut in the valley, approaching it by a break-neck path over loose debris; but when they descended the precipitous eastern side they had left the bleak desolation behind, and found themselves among shrubberies of rhododendron and scented beds of heliotrope. The breach or "window" which opened in the wall was some 14,000 feet above the sea-level. They reached their night-quarters fasting from all food except a cup of milk taken fourteen hours before, and they lay down to sleep on an earthen floor in their soaking clothes, the porters with the baggage having loitered behind. Nor can the country, notwithstanding its natural charms, be much more agreeable for residents than for visitors. Mr. Simson made an interesting excursion to the site of the vanished Cacha, a town which sank beneath the soil in the seventeenth century with all its inhabitants, and they are said to have numbered 5,000 souls. The ground in the neighbourhood still continues to sink, although latterly it has been subsiding more leisurely, and there have been no more sensational catastrophes. The pass over the Cordillera was awkward enough, but it was less perilous than one of the suspension bridges which were the last visible signs of the scientific enterprise of the white inhabitants. The ponderous main chains were rusted through and through; they were broken in several places and patched with ragged aloë fibres. As for the footway, it consisted of transverse boards laid over ropes of the same raw material. Some of these venerable ropes had snapped, so that "the bands tilted over the raging torrent." Even the professional muleteers shrank from making the passage, and it says much for the nerves and head of Mr. Simson and a Hungarian gentleman who accompanied him, that they could get over on foot, having their horses led behind. After all, that dangerous passage was a useful preparation for the more primitive native bridges in the interior; where the bark stripped from the trees had to be brought over by the lessees of the forests. At these bridges the passenger is hauled over in a loop of cord, slung to the extremities of a forked branch, thrown over a single rope. Mr. Simson, as we said, found the Indians generally friendly, although they could hardly be called hospitable, for they were in the habit of driving hard bargains. They often had eggs and poultry to sell; but for themselves they live chiefly on *chicha* made from the nutritious cassava root. The preparation of the *chicha* would be disgusting to fastidious palates; for the root is chewed by the women before it is left to ferment; but necessity knows no law, and Mr. Simson came to like it. He gives a curious account of the system of forest telegraphy, practised in times of trouble by the warlike tribe of Itvaros. They summon the warriors scattered through the woods and swamps by striking on a huge drum. The drums are kept in houses built within earshot of each other; the different strokes have distinct meanings, so that "varied information is conveyed in a few moments to all the families of hordes dispersed over a great extent of country." It was the system, often adopted successfully, in the days when they had to repel the raids of their ruthless Spanish conquerors. The snakes which lurk in the dense undergrowth are numerous and dangerous, and there are flies swarming in the swamps and on the rivers which are more poisonous and more intolerable than the mosquitos. But Mr. Simson pronounces the vampire-bats to be the most terrible of the many plagues of Ecuador. He is inclined to believe that these bats really fan the victims into a fatal slumber by the gentle flapping of their wings; and they have a special fancy for the blood of children. The sleeper in the most sultry nights must cover himself up in common prudence, for the bats will attack any limb or feature he leaves exposed. And, strange to say, the bite is hardly felt, even when the person attacked is wide awake. Mr. Simson himself was once actually talking with a man who was commenting on that remarkable phenomenon while a vampire had been sucking at his toe. But small-pox, so far as the natives are concerned, is a still more serious scourge. Melancholy experience has taught them that infection is certain death, and whole tribes have been swept away by the disease. Mr. Simson and his companions were placed in a most embarrassing situation by finding themselves in a settlement on the Napo River which was compromised by the arrival of a family stricken by the pestilence. News of the calamity had spread abroad, and all the boats passing on the Napo gave the village a wide berth. It was only by concealing the facts from some casual visitors, when self-preservation may have justified the deceit, that at last the travellers effected their escape. But, among many picturesque descriptions of wild scenery and savage manners, nothing impresses us more forcibly than Mr. Simson's account of the self-sacrificing devotion of a Jesuit priest, to whom he was indebted for much valuable assistance. These Catholic missionaries, though they seem to have done little towards making converts to Christianity, have asserted an extraordinary influence over their barbarous parishioners—as they well may have done, considering that they are indifferent to civilized comforts and that they always carry their lives in their hands, even ministering to the sufferers from small-pox or fever who have been deserted by their nearest relatives. It is hard to conceive a more dreary or isolated lot than that of one of those

intelligent and educated men, doomed to an indefinite term of exile from all that makes existence tolerable. We may doubt whether the geographical results of Mr. Simson's researches are worth all the hardships he cheerfully underwent; that, however, was a matter for his own consideration, and he has certainly given us an exceedingly entertaining book.

As for Mr. Ball's *Notes of a Naturalist*, the author's name is enough to recommend them to men of culture and science. They are especially rich in botanical details, though the writer's observations were necessarily cursory; and meteorologists may draw many useful conclusions from the facts and the statistics he indefatigably collected during his tour. But he describes the South American scenery as picturesquely as Humboldt; and there is much in his book which must be of general interest to those who care little for plants, or sea currents, or the mysterious laws of storms. Mr. Ball's opinion of the financial prospects of the Panama Canal is not very favourable. He was struck by the significance of the broad band which had been cleared across the Isthmus along the line of the projected works. The mere expense of keeping that clearing open must be enormous, for the jungle grows again as fast as it is cut down. Only African negroes can be advantageously employed on the labour, and even among the negroes the death-rate is abnormally high. In short, and if the estimates of the engineers are fairly reliable, the contractors have to count with climatic and physical obstacles which are practically incalculable. Another consideration which, so far as we know, has never been hitherto noted, is that of the impenetrable fogs which prevail in the Pacific. Even at present, when passenger steamers are rare, these fogs are a serious interruption to navigation; but the risk of collision with the certainty of delays will become very serious should the traffic through the Canal be as great as is expected. Another physical phenomenon of great interest to which he directs attention is the almost absolute dearth of water over tolerably populated districts on the western coast. In some exceptionally favoured spots there may be a short but heavy rainfall, once in the course of several years; elsewhere each drop of water must be imported, with the coal, the provisions, and everything else. Yet there is a strange vitality in the baked and burning soil; and after one of these heavy periodical downpours, the arid rock of a sudden will be covered with a mantle of verdure. At Tocopilla, for example, Mr. Ball "searched utterly in vain; not only was there no green thing; not even a speck of lichen could I detect, though I looked at the rocks through a lens. . . . The aspect is distinctly that of the moon—of a world without water and without an atmosphere." If it is asked why people should settle there, the answer is that there are profitable mines and mineral deposits; so that even Europeans of fair position are tempted to engage themselves as superintendents of industrial establishments. Almost as sterile and far more magnificently savage is the country to the north of Tierra del Fuego and the intricate Straits of Magellan. Mr. Ball describes much of the scenery as unique; he believes "that nothing like it is to be found elsewhere in the world." It was a blending of bold snow-crowned peaks and gigantic glaciers, with a softer foreground of forest-clad headlands, towering above a belt of luxuriant vegetation. He roughed it for a few days at Punta Arenas, where there is no regular house of reception for strangers; and although he was treated hospitably, he was by no means sorry to leave "Sandy Point" for the comparatively luxurious capital of Uruguay. In Uruguay he was struck by the general adaptation of the latest scientific inventions to the purposes of everyday life. In fact, in that respect, Monte Video is decidedly in advance of London. While sitting and discussing scientific matters with a provincial doctor at Paisandu, famous for its preserved ox-tongues, a telephone bell struck several times. He was informed that the doctor's sitting-room was connected by wire with each of the chief *saladeros* and *estancias* in the neighbourhood of the little town. So that not a moment was unnecessarily lost, in case of sickness or an accident. His flying visit to the Argentine Republic brought him to the conclusion that, although its prosperity has hitherto been dependent on stock-breeding, "agriculture promises to become the most important element of the national prosperity." And he advertises the extraordinary liberality of the terms offered by the Republic to agricultural settlers from Europe. We need not follow him to Rio Janeiro, which has been made familiar to everybody by endless narratives of travel; but we may remark that Mr. Ball's description of the famous Bay has all the vivid realism of an admirable set of photographs. And we confidently recommend the little volume as a scientific and practical handbook to any one contemplating a similar tour and desirous of making the most of brief opportunities.

CORRESPONDENCE BETWEEN GOETHE AND CARLYLE.*

THE pleasure which ought to have been derived, and to a great extent has been derived, from the publication of so great a store of matter, interesting both in subject and form, as that furnished by what may be called the Froudian and Nortonian codices of Carlylian remnants, has been marred by causes about which there is no need to say anything here. Fortunately, this correspondence between Goethe and Carlyle is not open, either in the original composition of it or in the present publication of it, to

* Correspondence between Goethe and Carlyle. Edited by C. E. Norton. London: Macmillan & Co. 1887.

a single uncharitable remark, or a single depreciatory construction. If, on one occasion, the neophyte of Craigenputtock, vexed by Goethe's astonishing interest in Philistine things and persons, seems to hint to a third person a half-petulant, half-astonished suggestion of "twaddle"; if the Master of Weimar seems, in the fulness of his eighty years, to substitute, more amiably than heroically, gossip and pleasant domestic garrulity for the *Ganz*, and the *Treu*, and the *Wahr*, and all the other capital letters, neither of these things, surely, need cause an ill-natured smile to any but the veriest Smelfungus. On the whole, the two men chiefly concerned, and the other persons, men and women, less chiefly concerned, come out remarkably well from this complete publication of sixty-year-old letters. Some of the documents were known before, especially those relating to the famous gold seal given to Goethe on his eightieth birthday by fifteen English friends, including, with others only less distinguished, Carlyle, Maginn, Wilson, Scott, Lockhart, Southey, and Wordsworth. But the majority are new, and all, old or new, are pleasant. We do not remember, in connexion with English literature, any more agreeable instance of the peculiar homeliness which Germans claim for themselves, but which is not always so agreeably shown. The correspondence has hardly begun before Goethe begins sending, not merely the usual literary presentation copies, but pocket-books, medals, Berlin-iron and gold necklaces for Mrs. Carlyle, work from daughter-in-law Ottilie's hand, and so forth. These are duly returned by gifts of the same kind, one of which, a Scotch bonnet worked for Ottilie, evidently occasions, with much gratitude, a little awe at Weimar. "Der schottische elegante Turban . . . die national Prachtmütze" is acknowledged in nearly a page, but with the cautious addition that Ottilie "so bald unsere Trauertage vorüber sind, wird damit glorieich aufzutreten nicht ermangeln."

It will hardly be expected that we should go through the matter of these interesting letters, which occupy rather too little than too much space. With regard to Goethe, the impression already indicated, that of a cheerful old age as far as possible from doting or from indifference to intellectual concerns, but at the same time showing that wise preference of simpler and more human pleasures and interests which grows with age in almost all but the stupidest and most unamiable of men, is the chief thing communicated. With regard to Carlyle, his singular juvenility, though he was almost middle-aged at the beginning of the letters, and fully middle-aged at the end, is in its turn the chief impression produced. But there are numerous subsidiary matters of interest. One touches that odd absence of personal intercourse between Sir Walter and Carlyle which has never to our knowledge been quite satisfactorily accounted for. Carlyle had been more or less connected with Edinburgh literature, and the society which was only another name for literature in Edinburgh, during many years before Scott died; he was well acquainted with and had a high esteem for Scott's son-in-law, Lockhart, yet when Goethe sent medals for distribution to the Edinburgh literati, Carlyle makes excuses for not sending Scott's direct, and at last forwards it through Jeffrey, whose chief connexion with Goethe was that he had written a review of *Meister*, as prejudiced as De Quincey's and a great deal more ignorant. Another minor point of some interest is the profound mutual ignorance existing between countries not very distant from each other at a time but a little before the beginning of the present reign, with the difficulty of communication to which that ignorance was mainly due. Of course this fact is a commonplace well known enough; but each fresh instance of it—such as the season-long detentions of Carlyle's and Goethe's packets at Hamburg and Leith—has some interest. Yet again, another species of ignorance which, though it also has diminished, subsists, we fear, in a far greater degree, appears in the very frank and natural acknowledgments which both correspondents make as to the literature of their own and other countries. Goethe has to confess a very indistinct knowledge even of so great a contemporary of his own as Burns; while Carlyle has to go to Goethe not merely for information about bird's-eye sketches of German literature, but for intelligence about St.-Simon and the St.-Simonians. As a last sample, and a rather pathetic one, from a pleasant miscellaneous budget, let us mention Carlyle's exultation over the commission for a regular Short History of German Literature. The book, alas! though it got itself written, never got itself published, owing to the inefficiency of editors and the profound indifference of the public. Yet it could hardly have been more profitable or more delightful than those fragments of it which survive in another form as the famous *Essays on the Nibelungen Lied* and other early German poetry.

THE HISTORY OF MUSIC.*

IN these two somewhat bulky volumes the publishers have certainly spared themselves no pains, as far as clear type, beautiful illustrations, and facsimile reproductions are concerned, to make the subject of music as attractive as possible to the general reader, who at times has been known to resent the infliction of having to wade through some 1,300 pages of close print in acquiring an outline of the history of the art of music. The subject is a large one, and Herr Naumann shows himself fully

aware of the responsibility entailed in handling it; for, as he says, while the specialist has merely to treat of one composer, school, or period, the general historian's duties require a careful comprehension and wide survey of the art, in order to link together the deductions of specialists, and so to form a complete and consecutive whole. In justice to the author, we may say that he has with much success endeavoured to fulfil the requirements laid down, and, if occasionally we come upon opinions which are still open to argument expounded somewhat too dogmatically, yet the work as a whole is conceived in an open-minded, just, and, if severe, yet not hypercritical, spirit which deserves high praise. The work, which was originally produced in numbers, first saw the light as long as six years ago; but the regular publication of the numbers was delayed for some considerable time by severe trouble befalling the author, which, as he pathetically describes it, "might have effectually paralysed all activity." That it did not do so is a subject for sincere congratulation.

Beginning with what the author calls the pre-classical period, he leads us through a description of the music of the ancient Oriental nations to the classical period of Greek and Roman music, and thus on to the music of the early Christians of Western Europe. The chapter on Early Christian Hymnology will be found to be highly interesting, including the period from A.D. 590 to the times of Franco of Cologne in the eleventh century. At this point he begins to treat of the music of the people, and describes the gradual growth of polyphony, and he rightly takes considerable credit to himself for establishing the fact that double counterpoint was employed by the early French masters as far back as the twelfth century, while hitherto it has been considered an invention of the sixteenth century. It is a remarkable fact that one of the earliest specimens of polyphonic writing in existence is the old six-part canon, "Summer is icumen in," reputed to be the work of one Walter Odington, who, Herr Naumann says, "although an Englishman, must be looked upon as a disciple of the old French school." This is the same sort of reasoning which led a musical Teuton once to assure us that Henry Hugo Pierson, some time Professor of Music in Edinburgh University, was a German composer, because he was living at Stuttgart. Sir Frederick Gore Ouseley, who, besides editing the present translation, has supplied a series of chapters on the history of English music, which has, in our opinion, vastly increased the value of the whole work, has very properly inserted this remarkable canon at the end of the chapter with explanatory text, a very necessary addition, inasmuch as the author, although he does not altogether fail to notice it in another chapter, does not reproduce it in its proper place.

The next point of interest is the chivalrous manner in which the author vindicates Martin Luther's claims to be considered a musician, and especially as the composer of the hymn-tune "Eine feste Burg." Before 1813 the great Reformer was credited with some thirty-two different compositions, but in that year Rambach, in a work entitled *Luther's Merit as a Sacred Composer*, decreased the number to twenty-four. Since that time it would appear that one critic after another among his ungrateful countrymen have striven to minimize, if not wholly to extirpate, his claim to the title of musician. After Rambach there was somewhat of a lull; but it was only the calm before the storm, for in 1882 one Koch played such havoc with his critical sword as to leave but nine survivors; Russmann slew another and wounded five; Von Winterfeld and Mendel finished off the wounded five, leaving but three; whilst Kade dispatches two of them, leaving only "Eine feste Burg." One would think that the critics would have been satisfied with this wholesale slaughter. But this is not so. Like the "Ten little niggers," these Luther compositions were fated to be reduced to zero—at least that was Herr Bäumer's intention, as he "denies Luther's right to the authorship of this celebrated melody." To follow the author through his defence is not our purpose; but we may say that, if it does not convince us that Luther was the composer of the tune, it makes us confident that Bäumer's theories do not bear critical investigation and leaves the game drawn very much in favour of Herr Naumann.

Later on, when he comes to treat of the Germans in the school of the Italians, the author sets on foot a most interesting inquiry into the influences exercised by these masters, and especially one Dismas Zelenka, a Bohemian pupil of Antonio Lotti, on the great composer Johann Sebastian Bach. It is certain that, after leaving Venice, Zelenka studied under Fux and came to Dresden, where he resided from 1723 to 1745. Simultaneously with Zelenka's arrival in Dresden, Bach was appointed Cantor at the Thomas Schule of Leipzig, and it is not unlikely a strong friendship sprang up between them. Whether, as the author suggests, it was through this intercourse that Bach developed a style of fugue writing which strongly resembles that of the Italian masters, and especially of Poglietti, or whether his fugal style is the necessary outcome of his own marvellous genius—a theory which we would rather endorse—must be left an open question, and one which it would be impossible to answer; but it is interesting to follow the author in his very ingenious and not improbable suggestions.

The second volume of the work begins with the eighteenth century and Sebastian Bach, giving the history of modern music. Unlike some recent writers, Herr Naumann has the highest appreciation of the genius of Christoph Gluck, and, regardless of the thunderbolts which will be hurled at him by the Wagnerian, dubs him "the real father of the music-drama." Undoubtedly Gluck's claim to be a great reformer and pioneer in the lines indicated by

* *The History of Music*. By Emil Naumann. Translated by F. Praeger. Edited by the Rev. Sir F. A. Gore Ouseley, Bart., Mus. Doc. 2 vols. London, Paris, and New York: Cassell & Co.

Peri and Monteverde before him is a high one, and Herr Naumann is justified in taking this view; but the real fathers of the music-drama were those two Italian composers who had first attempted to realize their ideal and had failed from want of material to work with and a public sufficiently educated to appreciate their attempts. Peri and Monteverde began that which Gluck and Wagner have developed, and whether there will be any further development who shall say?

A facsimile is given of the handbill announcing the first performance of Haydn's *Creation* at Vienna on the 19th of March, 1799, and it is amusing to find the great master politely intimating to the Viennese public that he would feel obliged if they would not expect him to repeat any of the numbers after their applause, as it would interrupt the continuity and spoil the effect of the work. The "encore" nuisance was a very real fact evidently in Vienna in 1799. It would be hard for the historian to tell us anything very new of Beethoven, Mozart, and the other great composers which follow up to the present day, seeing the vast amount of literature that exists concerning them; but that which he does tell us is trustworthy, and his judgments singularly impartial. We are not likely to disagree with him in his pertinent remarks upon Richard Wagner, though it has evidently been gall and wormwood to his translator, Mr. F. Praeger, who at last, finding that he can bear it no longer, bursts out in the following note:—

The whole life and experience of the translator have led him to an estimate of Wagner in direct conflict with that of Professor Naumann. To the translator Wagner represents the climax of the six great geniuses. The whole of their efforts find their completion in him. It is Wagner who makes the tonal art a language understood by all; his music is as if the tongue of the art were loosed, where before it was but hissing speech. To class Wagner with the "Talents" is an absolutely false judgment; he is a genius of the first order.

Mr Praeger must, however, be congratulated upon the way in which he has accomplished his part of the work, as must also Sir F. Gore Ouseley, whose excellent chapters on English music we have already referred to.

STORIES.*

A FULL moon made of something silvery but sticky, about as big as the top of a breakfast-cup, partially eclipsed by a black bat, the size of life, and a sinuous spray of some willowy vegetable, illuminates the outer cover of Mr. Hatton's story. Moreover, the title-page authoritatively declares it to be a "Story of a Ruined Home, as developed in the Strange Revelations of Hickory Maynard." It is therefore clear from the beginning that we have to deal with a straightforwardly old-fashioned tale of mystery with no mystery about it, and still less any dilettante soul-curing. It is almost as touching in its simplicity as the opening scene of a certain melodrama much in favour a few years ago. When the curtain rose upon that famous piece, a faithful steward guided the tottering steps of a septuagenarian squire through the open French window of an apartment brilliantly lighted, but very much out of drawing, across a lawn covered with snow, to the neighbourhood of a very fine and large property tree. The first words of the piece, spoken in quavering tones by the squire, were "Three years ago this very day, I turned my dear son So-and-so out of house and home. . . ." Of course, every sympathetic person knew instantly that the squire would immediately be murdered, and that the prodigal son would inopportunely return to be erroneously charged with the crime. Even so, Mr. Hatton never gives anybody the least opportunity of being puzzled about the past history or present aims of anybody who appears in his pages. The course of true vengeance runs without a ripple from the beginning of Vol. I. to the end of Vol. II. The villain duly expiates his atrocious offence at the hands of the destined avenger, at the very place where his crime was committed, as the reader has known all along that he will, at the same hour of the same day in the year as that which first saw murder done. The number of years that have elapsed is fifteen, and that number has been heard of before in this connexion. It would be hard to say why; probably for the same reason that if you get less than twenty years' penal servitude you may get fifteen, but never any of the intervening numbers. We had a hope that it might turn out that the days of the week would be the same after the lapse of fifteen years, but a simple calculation shows that this is not so. Another thing suggestive of guileless melodrama is, that the villain describes himself on his visiting-card as "Chingford Lucas, M.A." It is difficult to resist the conviction that in his earlier and more prosperous days Chingford Lucas, M.A., wore evening dress at all hours. Also, there is a slight confusion about the age that different people must have been at different periods, but it is beyond dispute that Hickory Maynard, the hero, was three years the junior of his blushing bride. The plot is carried out exclusively by two supernaturally 'cute persons, one

of English extraction, but the other a true-grit Yankee. They talk poker, and are sparing of their words and inexhaustible in their resources. Maynard is merely a passive instrument in the hands of fate. What fate requires him to do is to hold his tongue in order that the two sharps already mentioned may safely commit murder, and to accept the hand of his elderly adored, and a fortune of 4,000*l.* a year—to earn which he has done nothing whatever—along with it. But then the person to be murdered is only Chingford Lucas, M.A., who deserves it for other things besides his bad taste in visiting-cards. So the sympathies of the reader are in the right quarter, and as the story is short, bright, brisk, and very reasonably thrilling, it may be perused without the least twinge of remorse.

For a little story in two short volumes *Miss Nancy Stocker* is surprisingly confused. There are two rather nice girls in it, one called Kate and the other Rosie, who marry two perfectly unobjectionable young men, one a lord and the other a general practitioner. But the two girls and the two men are so much alike that it is impossible for the reader to remember which belongs to which, or to feel quite certain at the end that the four have not all changed lovers without knowing it themselves. Miss Stocker herself is old, benevolent, and an exasperating busybody, and commits the unpardonable offence of having, and being known by the reader to have, heart-disease, of which she does not die. This is exceedingly common in real life; but it is a fault in romance. It is a sordid detail undignified by tragic development, and it arouses legitimate expectations which are doomed to be disappointed. That part of the interest of the story which is not merely amatory turns upon the fact of a sickly lady having come into possession of a fine estate in consequence of the theft of a will and the fraudulent substitution for it of another. These black deeds have been suspected ever since their commission by a gloomy man, who lives in seclusion, periodically pelting the sickly lady with letters containing apposite quotations from Scripture and from Shakespeare, which frighten her very much. He is father to one of the men, and she mother to one of the girls, and therefore when the story is all explained and acknowledged *à propos* of nothing in particular, there is a general reconciliation cemented by marriage. The transactions which lead up to the explanation pass the wit of man to understand. There is a malevolent woman called Lady Conny, who annoys people considerably by her meddlesome behaviour, but never does any harm. There is also a pompous elderly gentleman whom she sends to Paris upon some fool's errand which is infinitely diverting to the author and to Miss Stocker, but which the reader cannot make head or tail of. The best way to read the book is to resolve to pay no attention whatever to the plot. Read on this principle, it is moderately entertaining, and in any case is wholly devoid of offence.

In *Four Reigns*, which is externally decorated with stamped resemblances of four sovereigns, one of the reigns of Her Majesty, and one of that of each of her three predecessors, might well pass for the actual reminiscences, written in 1842, of a venerable lady of good birth, fair abilities, irreproachable morals, and a kind heart. Althea Allingham, who married her cousin, Mr. Oliffe Allingham, was born in the neighbourhood of Bristol in 1785, and lived the chief part of her life at or near Windsor, whereby she was more or less familiar with the persons and surroundings of the sovereigns for the time being. It is a little irritating to be told about twenty-five times in the first two or three chapters that the servants of her childhood used to pronounce her name "Alling'am." Whatever may have been the case in the last century, no human being—"aesthetes" being practically extinct—would now think of pronouncing it in any other way. The merit of the book is the fidelity with which the manners and modes of thought prevalent in the different periods of the story are reflected in its pages. Considerable, but perhaps not excessive, advantage has been taken of the information to be derived from such generally known literary personages as Mrs. Delaney, Miss Burney, and Horace Walpole, with all of whom little Miss Allingham became acquainted. The story contains a moderate amount of mild adventure, and the domestic life of the heroine is duly chequered with appropriate joys and sorrows. Whenever royal personages are mentioned, it is—so far as their moral characters permit—with a somewhat effusive personal loyalty which was perhaps more common in 1842, when Mrs. Allingham died, than now, but which is quite in keeping with her character, as well as amiable in itself. The tone of the whole book is thoroughly ladylike and pleasant.

Revenge! is, of course, a shilling dreadful. Mary Gardener, governess, and Gussie Rossiter, she-villain, loved the same architect. Gussie was splendidly beautiful, and probably the biggest young lady ever employed in fiction. "She was six foot four." Please observe the inverted commas, which indicate that those are the very words of Mrs. Chamberlain, and not the gloss of the reviewer. Also she "was stout and very fully developed for her age [19 or thereabouts] even at that height." She had also good eyes, "and in the distance they appeared to be grey, but on nearer examination you would notice that the grey iris was dotted over with fine specks of greenish-brown." Now, how on earth could anybody, except perhaps the gentleman at the London Pavilion, make a sufficiently near examination of the eyes of a lady of six feet four to spot those specks? Eventually the architect told Gussie—he must have shouted to make her hear—that he was engaged to Mary. They were in a boat. She "jumped up and struck him," whereby he fell out and was drowned, calling on Mary, and Gussie went mad. One would have thought that her

* *The Old House at Sandwich: the Story of a Ruined Home.* By Joseph Hatton. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1887.

Miss Nancy Stocker: a Novel. By Charles Blatherwick, Author of "Personal Recollections of Peter Stonnor, Esq." &c. London: Chapman & Hall. 1887.

In Four Reigns: the Recollections of Althea Allingham, 1785-1842. By Emma Marshall, Author of "Under the Mendips" &c. London: Seeley & Co. 1887.

Revenge! By Mrs. Edith Chamberlain. London: Swan Sonnenschein & Co.

jumping up would be quite enough to upset the boat and drown the architect, without her striking him. He deserved his fate, because they were adrift in the boat with one oar, the other having been lost, and he did not even try to scull to the shore with it. Every pleasure-boat at sea has a socket over the rudder-post in order that it may be propelled with one scull from the stern, and every hero should be acquainted with that method of navigation. It can be learnt in about twenty minutes, and is delightful when you know how to do it.

LONDONISMEN SLANG UND CANT.*

IF this work is not exhaustive, it is at least what book catalogues call Curious. The author, or the compiler, in a laudable and Teutonic desire to produce exhaustive work, has consulted every book he could find on the subject, from Harman's *Caveat for Common Cursters* of 1566 to Hotten's *Slang Dictionary* of 1874. The bare enumeration of their titles is a valuable guide to the study of the slang of any period within the last three hundred years. He, however, who thinks to compress within the space of three hundred pages a complete account of ancient and modern London slang may deceive himself, but cannot deceive the intelligent reader. The subject requires a far larger canvas. For, first, when it comes to be treated historically, it will be found that the common slang understood by the people of the road and the back streets, the great and important class of vagabonds, thieves, and common rogues, is in the main the same now as that spoken by their Elizabethan ancestors, whose "groundwork of conny catching" was their "Pedlars' French," by which they could talk to each other without being understood by outsiders. This is the real *raison d'être* of slang which will continue as long as vagabondage is popular—that is to say, as long as the world lasts—for now, as three hundred years ago,

The Budge it is a delicate trade,
And a delicate trade of fame;
For when that we have bit the blee,
We carry away the game.

Therefore a Dictionary of Slang ought, like the new Dictionary of the English language, to have its words traced through all the literature which has dealt with slang, even through Harrison Ainsworth's novels, whose thieves' language was, we apprehend, taken from Grose and other authorities, rather than from real knowledge of the subject. And we earnestly recommend any young novelist in search of a subject which is always attractive, and would be at the present moment quite new, to live for a few months among the society of Seven Dials, or the neighbourhood of Paddington Street, Marylebone, or behind Seymour Street, St. Pancras, and to study the language, lives, and manners of the population in any of those districts. He would find no other materials for a romance than exist elsewhere among any congregation of men and women; but he would find a language practically unknown, and a people whose customs and ways and general point of view are wholly unknown. Mr. George Sims has probably a better knowledge of modern slang than any other living man; but he has not, so far as can be learned from his writings, lived among the people; and the author of the 'Arry Poems in *Punch* puts into the mouth of his hero a dialect which closely resembles the true slang, though no 'Arry in real life would lower himself by using it.

In fact, when one comes to consider the many distinct branches of modern slang, one is simply appalled at the magnitude of the task proposed to himself by Herr Baumann. For instance, there is Romany, which is fast becoming rather a slang vocabulary than a language; pedlars', costers' and tinkers' slang, which contains a good deal of Romany, and sometimes passes for it; the current coin of peculiar words, abbreviations, and familiar phrases used by any separate trade, each of which has its own language, theatrical and circus slang, military and nautical slang, which have added an immense number of locutions to the language; school slang, sporting slang, the slang of the day, such as back slang and rhyming slang, to which the *Sporting Times* has lately endeavoured to add a Yiddish slang. There are also the extinct and nearly forgotten slangs, such as the language of the Ring. Thus:—

With daddies high upraised and not held back,
In awful prescience of th' impending thwack,
Both kiddies stood—and with prelusive spar,
And light manoeuvring kindled up the war,
The one, in bloom of youth, a light-weight blade,
The other vast, gigantic, as if made
Express by nature for the hammering trade—

lines which speak a language that for the moment is well-nigh forgotten.

To theatrical slang belong a good many terms that are now either introduced into familiar and slangy talk or are familiar; we know how to make the ghost walk when biz is rumbo, and what it is that makes the company multicattivo. Some of us have been goosed; we recognize a wheeze, and we know gag when we hear it; we should all like to have a ben, and, if we make-up, it should be for a part with plenty of fat in it. Nautical slang fills all the sea-stories and colours the whole language; it would be impossible in a small volume to include a tenth part of the sailor language in common use. Back-slang is of all forms of vulgar

speech the hardest to acquire and to use with freedom. The sharp London boy, however, transposes his words and is understood by his hearers with an astonishing facility. Very little of this slang has become known to outsiders. Ross for horse is not new to most of us, nor is yenep for a penny; that sloop stands for police we also knew, though few people know that the word was arrived at by a simple process of inversion. The difficulty of inverting the word shilling accounts for "generalize," from which the abbreviation to "gen" is natural as well as affectionate. Rhyming slang is also new, and simply consists in substituting for any word a rhyme which is at once suggestive and easy. Thus "artful dodger" may serve for "lodger," "awful sinner" for "dinner," "cows and kisses" for "missus," "sorrowful tale" for "jail," with anything else that anybody pleases.

It is not fair to include in such a book as this mere trade idioms. For instance, it is not slang, but the language of the workshop, when printers talk of "quads," "comp," "stick," "ada," and so forth; it is slang, and yet purely trade slang, when one printer says of another that he has got his head in the bag. Again, the few Freemasons' expressions which have escaped the swords of the outer and the inner guard, and got out of Lodge, are not slang in any sense; nor is it slang when one is playing chess or lawn-tennis, and uses the words which belong to the game. Nor did the late lamented Mrs. Brown talk slang in the remarkable language with which, according to the Rev. Mr. Rose, she communicated her experience and her opinions. Yet Herr Baumann devotes half a dozen pages to a quotation from Mrs. Brown. He does useful service to those of his countrymen who wish to understand the London lower classes by pointing out some of the commoner mistakes in speech, such as—"I see," "I seed," "he kep," "she slep," "he was took," and so forth. The verses which commence the volume, and are called a "Slang Ditty," singularly hit upon the weakest point of the book, which is the inability of the writer to distinguish between slang proper and slang that is only a passing fashion. He supposes the reader to ask how this book was made:—

Tell ye 'ow? Vy, in rum kens,
In flash cribs and slum dens,
I' the alleys and courts,
'Mong the doocedest sorts,
When jawin' with Tillie,
Or Mag and 'er Billie,
Ve shoved down in black
Their illigant clack.
So from hartful young dodgers,
From vaxy old codgers,
From the blowens ve got
Soon to know wot is wot.

These lines, it will be at once observed, mix up periods, and produce an impossible language. The coster and the London cad no longer say "ve" for "we," nor "vaxy" for "waxy." That they did fifty years ago is clear, not only from the testimony of *The Pickwick Papers*, but from the whole of the comic literature of the period; but they do so no longer. That form of mispronouncing the Queen's English has vanished. The change of the vowels "a" and "i," as "laidy" for "lady," "keb" for "cab," "poiper" for "piper," and "paiper" for "paper," is the leading characteristic of modern cockney, a point which Herr Baumann seems to have missed. And with this we lay down a book which cannot fail to amuse and interest all Germans who study the English language, and many Englishmen who are pleased to read about slang in all its branches.

LEAVES FROM MEMORY'S LOG-BOOK.*

SIR WALTER SCOTT praised Captain Basil Hall for remembering that everything about the inside of a ship is interesting to landsmen, and, as usual, Sir Walter was right. All landsmen do not care about ships. Some associate them with nothing but sea-sickness, which is not a pleasant thing to think about, but these unlucky persons are the minority. Most of us are more or less interested in ships, and can find something amusing in accounts even of the mere routine of sea life. Any compilation from the logs and private journals of an old seaman, if at all decently done, is tolerably safe to find readers, and this book, in spite of its somewhat claptrap title, is fairly well done. The memory of the "Ancient Mariner" did not go back to the heroic times of the great war, but it contained something worth putting on record. The editor does not name the officer whose journals and reminiscences he has put into shape, but it would not be difficult to find it if the work were worth doing. A short examination of the navy lists would show who were the officers of H.M.'s brig *Pickle* in 183-, or who commanded the *Cygnat* in 184-. The years during which the "Ancient Mariner" served were not fertile in great things, and his luck did not take him in the way of what service there was. He missed Navarino, and was not present either in the Baltic or the Black Sea during the Crimean War. Still his services were active enough, and he was employed almost continuously in distant seas from his entry into the navy in the first quarter of the century, down to the sixties. He saw the last of the navy of the great war, and the beginning

* *Londonismen Slang und Cant.* By Heinrich Baumann. London: Trübner & Co. 1887.

* *Leaves from Memory's Log-Book, and Jottings from Old Journals.* By an Ancient Mariner. Compiled and edited by C. A. Montrésor. London: W. H. Allen & Co. 1887.

of the new navy which has already gone through several phases without standing the test of actual fighting.

The midshipman of to-day will hear with envy that the "Ancient Mariner" was put on the quarter-deck of the 80-gun ship *Cambridge* without so much as a pretence of examination. A brother of the Captain's happened to know the "Mariner's" father, and gave him a recommendation, and that was enough. He simply got his uniform and went on board. A few years later he would probably have been asked to write a sentence from dictation and do a rule-of-three sum; but about 1825 not even that much was required. Her Majesty's ships do not appear to have been the worse handled for this want of book-learning; which was, indeed, as good as useless at a time when the one thing absolutely needful for an officer was to be a practical seaman. Then, too, there were still men in command who had been trained in the great school, and who were not likely to tolerate incompetence in any of their subordinates. The "A. M." (we fall back on this abbreviation to escape the circumlocutions forced on us by the reticence of Mr., Mrs., or Miss C. A. Montrésor) saw one of them, Sir Thomas Stames, show what the nerves of Nelson's officers were made of. The men of his ship, the *Isis*, were engaged in raising the guns of the *Cambrian*, which had been wrecked somewhere on the coast of the Mediterranean. A triangle, made out of three topgallant masts, had been rigged up, and his men were at work under his own direction. By accident or mismanagement on the part of somebody the triangle came down, and all hands bolted out of the way of the falling wreck. "Only one man stood his ground; it was the Commodore, who, having lost one arm in action, the other being almost totally disabled in a duel, could not possibly have escaped by attempting to run on a rocky, uneven shore; with the nerve which had so often stood him in stead, he quietly watched the falling masts, poising himself in such a position that they should fall on each side of him; and there—when we had recovered our fright—we saw him standing erect and grimly triumphant on the prostrate triangle; in its fall it had killed an unhappy Marine and broken the leg of one of the midshipmen." On another occasion Sir Thomas Stames showed the allied fleets in the Mediterranean what the seamanship of Nelson's captains was. A French frigate had given up the attempt to get out of "the bay"—we are not told which—against a head-wind. She was to have carried despatches to Malta. When the Frenchman gave it up, Sir Thomas at once signalled for permission to take despatches. It was given, "and then the *Isis*, under treble-reefed topsails and reefed courses, slipped her anchor, and, worked by the commodore himself, after tacking twenty-three times, succeeded in clearing the weather-most point of the bay, to the envy and admiration of the whole fleet, English, French, and Russians, who were anxiously watching the result." The midshipman who was trained under captains of this stamp was certain at least to learn to keep cool in danger, and to be a seaman. The "Ancient Mariner," as a matter of course, saw something of the barbarism of the old service as well as its courage and its skill. Thus, on one occasion he saw the wardroom officers of a flagship engaged in clobbering the chaplain, and among his superiors was one who had attained to such a mastery of blasphemy that even the navy of 1825 could not stand him. He lost the command of a sloop for "tyranny" in the shape of intolerable profanity, and was named second on a big ship to recover his character, and as a last chance. In this position the struggle between his desire to curse and swear in moments of emergency and his regard for his interests was pitiable to see. He just contrived to stand the test, but the variety and colour of his oaths would have been fearful in any other man. They were only sufferable when compared with his earlier style. Of such survivals of the wild old time, and of later service among the islands of the Pacific and in the slave squadron, the "Ancient Mariner" writes pleasantly and at length. It is a book to be skimmed with pleasure, and to be remembered with profit here and there.

THE LEGEND OF ST. VITALIS.*

THOUGH Mr. Church has hitherto been known to the public as a writer only of prose works—such as *Stories from the East*, *Stories from Virgil*, *Stories from Homer*, &c.—few who read the volume of verse, his latest production, will feel inclined to deny that he has partly realized what he states in his preface to have been "one of the dreams of his life," and that he has "won a place" among English poets. Having said this much, it may seem paradoxical to add that Mr. Church's poetry appears, at least on first reading, to be wanting in originality. He has, so to speak, saturated himself with Keble and Tennyson till he has become to those masters of sacred and semi-devotional song what in painting Cornelius Jansen was to Vandyck. The lover of art, seeing a portrait by the first named, will often exclaim, "What a magnificent picture—evidently a Vandyck!" and will experience, on consulting a catalogue, a feeling of disappointment at finding the object of his admiration to be the work of him whom the world has adjudged to be the lesser artist, though it may not always be easy to point out wherein lies the inferiority. In like manner might one who should hear Mr. Church's "Sea of Galilee" (the "Oxford Prize Poem on a Sacred Subject, 1883") read aloud be well excused if he should at once

attribute it to Keble; for are not such stanzas as the following as close an imitation of Keble as can well be imagined?

Fishers of men! who would not rather stay
Content to win the water's glittering spoil,
Careless to ply the labours of the day,
Careless to sleep the dreamless sleep of toil
Till toil and slumber ended by his grave,
Shall plash unheard the long familiar wave?
Fishers of men! what perilous seas ye dare!
What hidden treachery of shoal and rock!
What toil of adverse winds! what dull despair
Of stagnant calm! what dread of tempest shock!
What pain of wasted night and fruitless day!
How wild the waters, and how fierce the prey!

Or, again, when he turns to a more commonplace subject, who so Tennysonian as Mr. Church? Surely Tennyson himself would apologize for writing an ode "On the Death of a Dog" not otherwise than in this strain?—

Ah! well; but who is wise to know
How man, the lordly head and crown,
Is finely linked with things below;
Through what gradations passing down
The common nerve of kindred runs?
And if we mourn for something lost,
Whene'er it chance that treacherous suns
Have leagued with April's lingering frost
To slay the tender blooms of spring,
Who then shall deem the gift a wrong
To nobler sorrows if we bring
For such a grave a wreath of song?

It were easy to multiply instances which one might almost swear were paraphrase or parody of the above-named poets, but which yet are neither, and in no case is the disciple unworthy of the master.

"The Legend of St. Vitalis," the initial and title-poem of the book, is taken from Mr. Baring Gould's *Lives of the Saints*, and is the story beautifully told in blank verse of a monk of the Thebais, who finding himself divinely called to, and fitted for, a work of all others the most repugnant to him, enters upon the task, performs it nobly, and dies a martyr in the discharge of his duty. "In Memoriam Puellulæ Dulcissimæ" is perhaps the gem of this little collection of song. Of the elegiac, "Could we forget the widowed home," it is sufficient praise that it received the imprimatur of so accomplished a Latin scholar as Charles Stuart Calverley.

A FEAST OF FOLKLORE.*

SOME polyglot person was said to have been "at a feast of languages, and stolen the scraps." There are scraps enough of folklore before us at this moment to furnish forth a feast, and not of the most meagre. The French are the most energetic contributors, and even seem in some danger of wasting their energy in the multitude of enterprises. England, where the study of popular traditions is so much older, has but one folklore journal. France has at least three. There is the parent of the rest, the noble fairy, *Méluise*, conducted by M. H. Gaidoz and M. Rolland. There is the *Revue des Traditions Populaires*, which is mainly directed by M. Sébillot. This periodical rejoices in a pink cover and a vignette of Mother Goose discoursing to her children, the goslings. They meet at stated intervals, and dine, and sing popular songs, and, no doubt, tell curious popular tales, at the *Dîner de Ma Mère l'Oye*. They have discovered, too, that Charlemagne was a *Folkloriste*, and it is certain that the great Emperor let gather the remains of Teutonic epic song; would they had come down to us! The third French folklore journal is *La Tradition*, which has a green cover, with a vignette of an old Breton woman sitting near a dolmen. This paper, we understand, represents M. Carnoy and his school of collectors and students.

Of these three serials, old acquaintance and loyalty to *Méluise* make us prefer the periodical of M. Gaidoz. It is, perhaps, less literary—or, rather, aims less at mere general favour; but we venture to regard it as more scientific. M. Gaidoz is in the habit of selecting a subject—say Cannibalism, or the Great Bear, or some popular *Märchen*—and opening an *enquête* on it. These examinations are continued from number to number, each contributor adding his quota, till a vast number of illustrative references, with volume, page, and date, are brought together. Thus the marrow of a mass of scattered literature is offered at once, and the student, for example, of legends and myths about the constellation of the Great Bear is made happy. At present *Méluise* is publishing popular versions of *Le Chaperon Rouge* ("Little Red Riding Hood"). These are very useful, enabling one to understand Perrault's mode of using his popular materials. A good example is the story of *Cinderella* (*Cendrillon*). No reader of our borrowed English *Cinderella*, or *Cinderella*, as the earlier versions call her, no reader of Perrault, would guess that the fairy god-mother was probably an invention of the opponent of Boileau. In almost all traditional versions—Breton, Finnish, Santal, Scotch, Gaelic, Portuguese; nay, in the Kafir fragment—it is a *Beast* that favours the heroine or hero. But the beast is invariably a domesticated beast, sheep, cow, or bull, and thus perhaps we may conclude that *Cinderella* in its oldest form is not older than the

* *The Legend of St. Vitalis; and Other Poems.* By Alfred J. Church, M.A. London: Seeley & Co.

* *Méluise.* Paris: Emile Lechevalier.

Revue des Traditions Populaires. Paris: A. Dupret.

La Tradition. Paris: A. Dupret.

age in which men first domesticated the lower animals. Then, if we agree with J. G. Müller that the peculiarity of human life in pre-Columbian America was the absence of domesticated animals, except dogs and llamas, we cannot expect to meet in America native, unimported versions of *Cinderella*; nor, in fact, are we aware that any exist.

Méluise has made so far no discoveries quite as curious as this in the tale of *Red Riding Hood*. But even here the popular memory retains (in the *Nièvre* at least) incidents which Perrault did not preserve, whether he knew them or not. Indeed, the friend of childhood might well have purposely omitted this trait of the wicked wolf. When he had slain the grandmother of *Red Riding Hood*, he put the old lady's flesh in the pot and her blood in empty bottles. Then, on the arrival of the child, he induced her to dine on this horrible provender. But the cat came and warned *Red Riding Hood*, and *le jau* (the cock) spoke to her admonishingly, while the wolf himself bade the child throw her clothes into the fire. None the less *Red Riding Hood* went to bed with this wasteful grandmother, and *le loup se jeta sur la pauvre petite fille et la dévora*. So far we have not observed, in France, the consolatory German conclusion. In German the *Märchen* turns into one of the world-wide "swallowing-myths," for the wolf is made to disgorge *Red Riding Hood* alive, as in Greek, Bushman, and Australian stories. Perhaps this incident was tacked on arbitrarily by some tender-hearted Teutonic nurse or grandmother.

M. Gaidoz is also conducting an inquiry into cannibalism, suggested by Herr Andree's *Die Anthropophagie* (Leipzig: Veit & Co. 1887). To his brief bibliography we may add the learned *Geusius, De Victimis Humanis*, published by Wetstein in 1699. It is a very neat pair of volumes printed in the Elzevir manner, by the publisher of the noted Marot of 1700. We do not propose, at present, to say much about cannibalism and its etiquette, a curious topic rather overlooked by Herr Andree. A student of those matters, now dead, used to maintain that cannibalism went out of fashion in part through the influence of a Totem-kindred which had Man, not a beast, for its Totem, and which, therefore, was under a religious obligation not to eat men, just as an Egyptian of Wolf-town or Pike-town would not eat pike or wolf. There was some evidence for this, we believe, from the Sandwich Islands. But we do not know that the following text from Porphyry (*De Abstinencia*, iv. 9) has been cited in this connexion. The pupil of Plotinus is writing about the local beast-worships of Egypt; how one town venerates and abstains from the flesh of the sheep, another from the wolf, and so on. Indeed, "all the animals are worshipped, and about the village Anabis they even worship Man . . . ὡς οὐν ἀνθρώπου ἀπέκτοιν, οὐτὼ καὶ τὸν ἄλλων . . . as human flesh is to be abstained from, so should the flesh of the other animals."

While *Méluise* offers these systematic studies, she does not disdain any curious relic of tradition which has novelty and interest for students. Nor does she avoid the manners and customs of savages.

The last number of M. Sébillot's organ, *La Revue des Traditions Populaires*, is also well supplied with moral and mental *bric-à-brac*. Popular and sacred music from Brittany and Anjou are compared, and found to be very near akin to each other, by M. Lionel Bonnemère. Then M. Achille Millien brings from *Nièvre* a capital *Märchen*, with this peculiarity, that we do not know a variant of it anywhere. True, some of the incidents are familiar; one of them recalls the whispering to the grasses, "King Midas hath ass's ears." But the rest is unfamiliar, and we shall not spoil the tale by analysing it. The curious can go to the *Revue des Traditions Populaires* and read for themselves. M. Gittée writes pleasantly on the folklore of Flanders. The peasantry are in some matters still in the savage mental condition. When children have the "rickets" the complaint is attributed to an evil spirit named *de Oude Man*—anything but a Grand Old Man. *De Oude Man* lives in the child's stomach. M. Loys Brueyre gives a tale of *Brer Rabbit* from Louisiana; it is familiar in Mr. Harris's collection, *Uncle Remus*. A strange extract from MM. Ferret et Galinier, who voyaged in Abyssinia, tells of a man who, like *Œdipus* and the hero of Gautier's *Jettatura*, cast out his own evil eye. Luckily he kept his other eye, which had not a stain on its character. In the useful notes on foreign periodicals the English words might be more correctly printed.

The green French folklore paper, *La Tradition*, has only published its first number. *La Tradition* protests against pedantry, but we have observed no pedantry in its white and pink rivals and elders. Indeed, it seems to us that *La Tradition* is scarcely just to the other *Revue*s. Some notes on the "Æsthetic of the Conscious and the Unconscious" sound scientific enough in all verity. However nothing more metaphysical is intended than a combination of documents and of criticism with which surely nobody can quarrel. M. Emile Blémont proposes to pursue his researches of the Unconscious into its elementary condition. "Les jeux, les chants, les arts, les amours des bêtes, n'ont-ils pas au plus haut degré la grâce naturelle?" Quite true; but are these not rather subjects in natural history? *C'est magnifique, mais ce n'est pas le Folklore*. Happily "nous ne ferons de ce côté que des excursions discrètes." *La Tradition* will be more fortunately inspired when it rejects "toute redondance stérile, tout rabâchage insipide d'un thème aux innombrables variantes." After the prospectus, of which we only analyse a part, comes a translation of a pretty Japanese story on an old-world theme. Then we have a popular song or two, and an article, by M. Carnoy, on a forgotten *conteur*

—*Les Facétieuses Journées* de Gabriel Chappuis (Paris, 1584). M. André Theuriot contributes a pleasant *étude*, or short story. M. C. de Warloy describes the hardships of a missionary of folklore among the Turks. *Que diable allait-il faire dans la galère d'un Turc?* the sceptical will say. A study of popular life in the South is next translated from Mistral. Some "cuttings" and reviews follow. On the whole, so far, *La Tradition* seems to aim at a more literary and æsthetic treatment of the development of art and culture out of the half "unconscious," or popular, into the conscious, or literary, stage. In future numbers we shall see how this good idea is worked out.

The end of an article is not the place for a complete study of the *Märchen* of the shy and remote Santals, a non-Hindu hill-tribe of India. A few of these have been published by Mr. A. Campbell in the *Indian Evangelical Review* of October 1886. They are very curious, and seem to show that tales can pass the most carefully guarded frontiers; for there is hardly anything here not familiar to collectors in Europe and Africa. We trust that Mr. Campbell will add to his collection, and publish it, with notes, in a more generally accessible shape. The essay, *tiré à part*, which has reached us from India, bears no publisher's name, and no mark of place of publication.

A HISTORY OF THE OLD ENGLISH LETTER-FOUNDRIES.*

WHO invented and who first used movable types for letterpress-printing is a question which will probably never be satisfactorily settled. A library of literature has been written in attempting to answer these questions, but the solutions seem far off. We know that some printer-genius of an economical turn—or it may have been an engraver—was inspired to have his work cut in such a manner that the blocks could be divided into separate pieces of uniform length, each bearing on its face a letter of the alphabet, which would be the first attempt to form a practicable fount of type. Still earlier, however, words from disused blocks were cut out and patched into new work; therefore, a sort of rudimentary logotype-printing preceded even the first crude attempt to use movable letters. In a dissertation published in 1548 the Swiss writer, Theodore Bibliander (*In Commentatione de ratione communi omnium linguarum et literarum*. P. 80. Zurich, 1548), thought it worth while to record that "first they cut their letters on wood blocks the size of an entire page, but because the labour and cost of that way was so great they devised movable wooden types." The fact is that transition from the use of wooden blocks to separate letters engraved on wood or metal, and finally to cast metal letters, was due to a slow but irrepresible natural development, the results of which could not have been even remotely foreseen.

In compiling *A History of the Old English Letter-Foundries* Mr. Reed has enjoyed the advantage of a close connexion with an old-established English firm of typefounders, tracing back to the first Caslon, from whom have sprung nearly all the English typefounders now in existence. Basing his monograph on Mores's curious, but slovenly, *Dissertation*, written in 1778 to accompany a set of printed specimens of the types of John James, a founder of the period, Mr. Reed has added, expanded, and verified, until he can tell us almost all that is known of the old English letter-founders and foundries. The most valuable result of his labours is an attempt to indicate the books for which the types of various founders were used, and in some cases specially engraved and cast. Although it appears almost certain that Caxton obtained his types from Bruges, we must bear in mind that early printers were also letter-founders—or, to be quite exact, that most of the old printers cast their own types—and the difficulty of compiling an accurate history of the old English typefoundries becomes thereby enormously increased. Mr. Reed has succeeded in gathering together much that is new and valuable, and the description of letter-founding as an English mechanical trade forms one of his pleasantest chapters.

Few persons have any idea of the perfection to which typefounding has necessarily been carried. A page of type composed of a multitude of separate pieces of metal must as a whole be so perfect in construction that when pressure is applied to the sides (technically known as locking-up) the many pieces form to all intents and purposes a solid block of metal. Fewer persons still can be acquainted with the names and peculiarities of the very numerous founts of type used in the production of books and "display" work, by which term is meant fanciful printing of every possible description, from trade circulars to the posters on London hoardings.

There is fashion in type as in everything else, and the taste for things primitive and æsthetic was, no doubt, the cause of the reversion between thirty and forty years ago to old style or antique printing, when the discarded punches and matrices of the greatest English typefounder, the first Caslon, were again turned to profitable account. Founts of delicately cut type, preserving all the characteristics of the old style, were rapidly produced both in this country and in America, and at present there are few signs of any change in style.

The style, fashion, or appearance—whatever term may be used—of ordinary Roman type differs materially. It is not difficult, for

* *A History of the Old English Letter-Foundries*. By Talbot Baines Reed. London: Elliot Stock.

instance, to distinguish between a book printed in London and another printed in Paris. In America the distinction is not always so apparent, for many of the book-founts are facsimiles of those used in the mother-country. The Americans consider themselves vastly ahead of us in typefounding, and it must be acknowledged that in regard to founts of a fanciful character their claim is just. Many fanciful founts of type now used by the English printer are of American origin, but in his attempts to introduce types into this country the American founder seems not to have allowed enough for the difference in national taste. In "display" printing the American loves finely shaded and fancifully designed hair-line letters in combination with background blocks in bright and gaudy colours worked on highly glazed eye-trying paper.

There has of late been a noticeable change for the better in English letterpress-printing. There was certainly plenty of room for it. About eight years ago an association of practical printers was formed in London with a view to improvement. A member annually contributes a specimen uniform in size and matter of his best work in sufficient number for all to receive an impression, and in return he gets examples of their work from fellow-members, which are bound up in volumes for future comparison and study. The *Printers' International Specimen Exchange* has flourished abundantly, and now numbers, amongst some three hundred and fifty members, the most skilful European, colonial, and American printers. In the tastefully vellum-bound current yearly volume submitted for our inspection are many splendid specimens of letterpress-printing, including examples from the State printing offices of Germany, Austria, and Russia. A specimen of printing passed for the *Exchange* is looked upon very much in the light of a diploma, and the contributor, who may be master-printer or journeyman, commands a position where skilled services are appreciated at their full value. With frequent opportunities of comparing the best typographical work from all parts of the world, national peculiarities are becoming, to some extent, less prominent. The best founts of the American typefounder are being absorbed into the English printing-office, and the American printer is showing a tendency to forsake strongly contrasted colours in favour of tints which the French printer can blend harmoniously. The German typefounder has been laid under contribution for graceful bordering and typographical ornament; and the English founder, who can hardly be accused of being ahead of the times, seems to be awakening to the fact that, unless he chooses to compete in the production of new and tasteful types, he must suffer the most profitable part of his business to go elsewhere.

Returning to Mr. Reed's book, which, as a technical production, can hardly be overpraised, we confess to a feeling of disappointment that the compiler has refrained from adding to his many capital illustrations a facsimile of the first specimen sheet of types issued in 1734 by William Caslon. Why also he gives us unsatisfactory "process" reproductions of the Hansard portraits when, with little trouble, he might have obtained the use of the original blocks, is best known to himself. And, finally, author or publisher sins by withholding the name of the printer.

THE WANDERING JEW.*

THE strange case of Shelley and Medwin and their poem *The Wandering Jew* is discussed at considerable length by Mr. Bertram Dobell, the editor of the Shelley Society's reprint now before us, who zealously contends for the bold ascription of the title-page. In its present form the poem is a reprint from *Fraser's Magazine*, 1831, with missing lines interpolated, and variorum readings appended as notes, from the pages of the *Edinburgh Literary Journal* in 1829. The poem is now set forth as the work of Shelley, "possibly," as Mr. Dobell is compelled to qualify his claim, "with some slight assistance from Medwin," and is regarded by the editor as completed. The first assumption is negatived by the express statement of Medwin, written in 1833, that he recognized in the *Fraser* poem his own share in the poem which he and Shelley wrote. The second assumption rests on no better evidence than the unsupported assertion of the anonymous writer in *Fraser*, who was possibly in ignorance of the indisputable fact that Shelley and Medwin had collaborated in a poem called *The Wandering Jew*. Nothing could be more explicit than Medwin's language:—"The part which I contributed I have still, and was surprised to find *totidem verbis* in *Fraser's Magazine*." Now this should dispose of the question of absolute authorship now claimed for Shelley, unless we are prepared to believe that Medwin was guilty of falsehood. This is precisely what Mr. Dobell shrinks from doing, and his refusal to follow his own suggestions to their logical end vitiates his whole argument. He is driven to draw certain inferences from Medwin's well-known inaccuracy; but he is forced to admit, "were he [Medwin] a writer of ordinary credit, it would be scarcely possible to dispute his statement," and still more lamely to observe, "I, at least, prefer to think that Medwin was under the influence of some strange hallucination with regard to the poem." This is surely a pretty euphemistic way of saying you do not believe a

gentleman. We are not justified in rejecting Medwin's statement respecting the *Fraser* poem merely on the ground that he was a loose and inaccurate writer and a rash and random talker. There is, moreover, a vast difference between a man of inaccurate habits of speech and a man subject to hallucinations. In the first particular there is not much to choose between Medwin and Shelley; but we have no ground—save Mr. Dobell's bare assertion—for believing Medwin to have been the victim of illusions, as Shelley notoriously was.

When we come to matters of detail Mr. Dobell's case looks worse. It is true that Medwin's two statements as to his share in *The Wandering Jew* are not consonant with accuracy. The points of contradiction are, however, much less important than Mr. Dobell conceives them to be, and, taken with Medwin's infirmity, are very far from justifying Mr. Dobell's courageous rejection of the positive denial of the *Fraser* claim. It is assumed by Mr. Dobell, and rightly we think, that Medwin was ignorant of the Edinburgh article. He was tolerably prompt, therefore, when he dealt with the *Fraser* article in the *Athenaeum* in 1832 and in *The Shelley Papers* of the following year. That he should write in 1833 of *The Wandering Jew* as a poem of "six or seven cantos," of which the first four were his, and in 1847, in his *Life* of Shelley, speak of "seven or eight cantos perpetrated," of which he claimed three, seems to us precisely the kind of contradiction to be expected of Medwin, and in no sense involving his good faith. Mr. Dobell magnifies this slip of the pen to so monstrous an evidence of error that it is taken to outweigh the deliberate avowal of Medwin in 1837, which was carefully repeated in 1847, when he wrote, "The part which I supplied is still in my possession." One more point may be cited that piquantly illustrates the editor's strange predilection for his theory. Shelley's love of mystery, even when dealing with his intimate associates, is sufficiently established. Mr. Dobell assumes Medwin's ignorance of Shelley's mysterious negotiations with Ballantyne in Edinburgh and Stockdale in London, in the matter of *The Wandering Jew* (1) because he does not refer to them, and (2) because he says it was Campbell's adverse criticism that "gave a death-blow to our hopes of immortality"—which, "as we know," says Mr. Dobell, referring to Shelley's want of success with the publishers, "it certainly did not." Nothing, surely, but perverse ingenuity could discern contradiction in this. What is more probable than that Medwin should delegate to Shelley the work of finding a publisher, and that the disgusted poet should have kept his experiences dark? As to Medwin's very natural remark on the effects of Campbell's criticism, we fail to see how it implies with any certainty ignorance of Shelley's negotiations. Campbell's authority may have been invoked previous to submitting the poem to the booksellers, and the severe criticism of so reputable and famous a poet could not but depress the young authors. Mr. Dobell cannot bring himself to believe that Shelley could write to Ballantyne of a poem not wholly his as his own production, preferring rather the hypothesis of Medwin's hallucination to so shocking an imputation. With Shelley's first letter to Godwin before us, we can scarcely sympathize with his incredulity.

Examining the poem itself, we find both technique and internal evidence unfavourable to the editor's theory. In all his juvenile verse, in the stanzas "On a Cat," in the lyrics in *St. Irvyne* modelled after Scott and Chatterton, Shelley's metrical execution is always that of a good craftsman, is something very far removed from the slipshod doggerel of the present reprint. Here and there are passages that may well be Shelley's, but there is nothing in the poem as a whole that renders Medwin's claim impossible of credence. We know he was at one time Shelley's constant companion, we know he was saturated with the morbid and extravagant literature that fascinated Shelley; we possess his avowal of authorship, and, for the present, we are without Shelley's.

HANDBOOK OF PRACTICAL BOTANY.*

ALTHOUGH so many of the current German works on botany are being translated into English, this appears to be the first opportunity afforded to students who do not know German of learning the methods of teaching employed in a particular German laboratory; this being the case, it is a fact for congratulation that the handbook selected is that of the University Laboratory at Bonn, by the world-famed author of *Zellbildung und Zelltheilung*. Curiously enough the present work is the only specimen of Professor Strasburger's remarkable books that has been, or seems likely to be, translated into English; a fact no doubt explained by the extremely special character of most of the writings of that distinguished botanist.

The originals of the book under review—a small edition followed the larger and fuller edition of *Das botanische Practicum*—are undoubtedly masterpieces of fine details and accurate workmanship; but experienced teachers might complain that the minutiae so admirably classified for reference and treatment in the Professor's private laboratory were by no means well arranged for teaching purposes, and that even the smaller edition of the original did not attain the standard of a good working laboratory book. As a work of reference to be continually at hand in the laboratory, however,

* *The Wandering Jew. A Poem.* By Percy Bysshe Shelley. Edited by Bertram Dobell. London: published for the Shelley Society by Reeves & Turner. 1887.

* *Handbook of Practical Botany.* By Professor E. Strasburger. Edited from the German, by W. Hillhouse, M.A., F.L.S. London: Swan Sonnenschein & Co. 1887.

there could be no question of the value of the larger of the originals; it is indispensable to every botanist who works with the microscope and employs the best methods. The work under review is practically a translation of the smaller of the two originals referred to above.

This English edition comes to us with several advantages. It has been revised by Professor Strasburger himself, who has almost rewritten some portions and has added numerous notes. The editor has also placed a very decided imprint on the work by means of his notes between square brackets and some additional illustrations.

A sensible remark in the preface by the editor is worth quoting:—"The student is earnestly urged to study from the beginning the author's methods of work." There can be little question that Professor Strasburger has succeeded in putting into his handbook the best account of modern botanical methods which has yet been published, and the service of rendering these accessible to English students is one for which the editor deserves thanks. It is hardly to the purpose to give a *résumé* of the contents of a book so abounding in technical details as does this; but it will be useful to show how very different the plan is from those of our English works on the microscope and microscopic work.

After describing instruments, reagents, &c., the author gives the student a serious lesson in the use of the microscope as applied to the examination of starch-grains of different kinds, passing to similar exercises on the cell-contents of various seeds and other structures. These lessons in elementary histology gradually increase in difficulty, and the learner is slowly made acquainted with the uses of other and more elaborate reagents and instruments as he proceeds. Next come exercises on the structure of tissues—epidermis, vascular bundles, &c.—and the organs composed of them. Stems, leaves, growing-points, and the other vegetative organs of the mosses, ferns, and higher plants are examined in detail, and by means of excellent types. Then follow lessons on the structure of the fungi, lichens, and algae. Professor Strasburger follows the plan of training the student to investigate the vegetative organs of the higher plants first, passing downwards to those of the vascular cryptogams, and then to those of the cellular cryptogams; the reproductive organs then follow in the reverse order, those of the algae and fungi being taken first, and those of the mosses, ferns, conifers, &c., following; and, finally, those of the ordinary flowering plants. The last exercise is devoted to the study of nuclear and cell division, undoubtedly one of the most severe tests in the botanical laboratory.

The plan of the work is certainly excellent, but it may be questioned whether even German students would really examine and draw all that is to be seen in the objects treated of in thirty-three lessons, and the editor has done well to head the divisions "chapters" instead of "lessons"; however, the student who works conscientiously through even one of the types in each subdivision will know more botany when he comes to the end of the book than he could learn from merely reading all the text-books in existence, without observing the objects themselves.

It now remains to say a few words on this book as an edited translation and in its English dress. It must be allowed that many small faults can be found, though these do not amount to errors which seriously injure the record value of the book. The translator seems to have allowed his German to run away with him in many places, whereas the nature of the book permitted free translation—for instance, the phrases, "Learn to know," on p. 55; "The oil present in the guard-cells 'balls' together" (p. 69); "A neutral but water-containing fluid" (p. 34); "We have had an opportunity in several objects of obtaining an insight," &c. (p. 38); "starch-enclosures" (p. 39). The book loses in clearness in the hands of students, who need the clearest of clear English in exposition, though such little faults might perhaps be passed over by those who can see how they arise. They are somewhat too numerous in this case, however.

No doubt words like "aceticized," "functionate," "cutinized," &c., are taking root in some laboratories, and the author admits them, though it is to us incomprehensible how they serve better than the words in common use. Before pointing out some of the services rendered by the editor, we have still several other faults to find with his treatment of the original. It is, of course, admissible and sometimes advantageous for a commentator to put remarks into brackets and interpolate them here and there in the text; but the easiest of critics would demand that such interpolated remarks really do good work by rendering something clearer. The editor of this book has been very lavish with his notes in square brackets, and, while acknowledging their use in many cases, in some cases it is difficult to see what service they accomplish in return for their obtrusiveness. For example, p. 32:—"We draw the circular outline of the field of view upon the paper with the aid of our camera, and obtain thus, if the inclination of the drawing-desk is correct, likewise a circle [i.e. the cross measurements of the figure from side to side and from top to bottom of the sloped surface will be like]; if, on the other hand . . ." and so on. On p. 69 we read, "The cells of the epidermis have a strongly undulating ["sinuous"] outline. . . ." Again, on p. 287, "We select [the common Hart's-tongue fern] *Scelopendrium vulgare*. The leaf is traversed by a strong midrib, from which arise weak lateral veins, only slightly inclined forwards. In the upper half [or along the greater part of the length] of the fertile leaf the sori are formed. They retain the same direction with the lateral veins. Externally they appear more or less completely covered by two [at first] overlapping lip-like indusia,

which later [are more widely separated and] spread open . . ." and so on.

We are, of course, ready to give the editor full credit for the laborious and conscientious distinctions between his own remarks and those of the author; but when in some cases it needs care to discriminate between notes and original, the reader may well ask why the annotator did not write a separate work.

In spite of these rather clumsy failings, there are several excellent features in the English edition, for which teachers and students alike should thank the editor.

In the first place, he has added at the head of each chapter a list of the plants or objects required for the studies treated of in that chapter. Other useful additions are a transfer-table of the English and metric systems of weights and measures, and lists of the reagents, &c., needed in limited collections used by private students, &c. There is abundance of evidence of a praiseworthy industry and earnestness on the part of the translator and editor in the form of English names for the plants used in the book, and English equivalents for terms; but "chambered-pit" is no improvement on "bordered-pit" (p. 124), nor do we regard "fibro-vascular" as better than "fibro-vascular," and there are other innovations which are not good enough to warrant the change. The root of *Acorus* (p. 138) no doubt contains some of the principle used in perfumery, but is it not the rhizome which is used in commerce?

The note on the pistil at the foot of p. 322 must be quoted:—

It is high time an end was put to the confusion existing in systematic works as to the use of this term. A pistil I define as a distinct ovary, of one or more cells, and composed of one or more conjoined carpels, with its stigma or stigmas, and, if present, style or styles. A gynoecium is the whole female part of the flower, consisting of one or more such pistils. Pistils and gynoecium may thus be synonymous, as when there is but one pistil, but are not necessarily so. This may not be throughout consistent, but it is at least clear.—Ed.

Is it? We commend it to the consideration of botanists. We trust that the revision of a second edition will soon enable the publishers to put this book in a still clearer form before the numerous students of practical botany who are now appreciating the reality of knowledge acquired at first hand.

NAVAL BOOKS.*

IT is dreadful to think of what the materials for writing the history of the American Civil War will amount to in a few years. Already there has been printed a mass of material probably larger than all the original authorities for the history of Greece and Rome, and this heap is being added to daily. There is no battle so unimportant as not to have its own little sheaf of monographs, no general or politician so obscure as not either to have thought it necessary to write a book, or to have inspired somebody with a determination to publish a volume about him. If writing and printing goes on much longer at the same rate, the world will not hold the books which shall be written on the American Civil War. No justification exists any longer for saying that the history of the United States is meagre. It may be short and may not be varied; but what it wants in these respects is being rapidly made up in bulk. The two contributions to this vast literary mountain named at the head of this article—Admiral Semmes's *Service Afloat* and Admiral Porter's *Naval History*—are both on the usual Brobdingnagian scale. The first gives an account of about three years, not so much of fighting as of cruising and burning of ships. It is rather larger than Clarke and McArthur's "Nelson," and as large as Southey's, Allen's, and Harrison's lives of the greatest of seamen put together. Admiral Porter's book is naturally even bigger. As he tells not only of his own services, but of the whole body of naval transactions throughout the struggle between the States, he needs even more space than Admiral Semmes. Accordingly he has published a volume weighing about as much as a machine gun—eleven inches high and eight inches wide. It is printed in double columns and in moderate sized type, with long extracts in a minute letter. It is probably about half as big as James's *Naval History of England*. The judicious reader of this review would have every reason to consider himself insulted if we supposed that he did not see without our help how this overgrown size is obtained. Of course it is done by the well-known old methods of endless repetition and unending detail. Admiral Semmes fights his political battles over and over again, reprints handfuls of letters written to French or English Colonial officials, and describes every single capture he made from the Federals, though one pursuit, capture, and burning of a merchant ship is precisely like another. Admiral Porter prints despatches and pages full of names without mercy, and a full account of every brush between the U. S. gunboats and the Confederate batteries on the Mississippi. It follows, as a matter of course, that they have written two books which will be found, on the whole, decidedly tiresome, except to their own countrymen, who seem to be incapable of hearing too much about the war. No doubt the exception in one sense justifies

* *Service Afloat; or, the Remarkable Career of the Confederate Cruisers "Sumter" and "Alabama" during the War between the States.* By Admiral Raphael Semmes. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1887.

The Naval History of the Civil War. By Admiral David D. Porter, U.S. Navy. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1887.

their wordiness and neglect of perspective. Admirals Semmes and Porter may answer that they write for their countrymen, and to please them. This is possibly a sufficient reason; but none the less, when the literary artist who is going to write a history of the American Civil War, naval or military, or both, does at last come, he will find a very great deal to reject as quite unimportant and superfluous in their books.

Of the two works, Admiral Semmes's *Service Afloat* is much the more readable. He had the advantage of a livelier subject, no doubt; but much of the fun of his memoirs is due entirely to himself. Admiral Porter says of him that his efficiency as a naval officer surprised his comrades of the "old navy," for he had always been known as a man of scholarly tastes rather than as an active seaman. There was apparently some ground for this belief. Admiral Semmes seems to have been particularly proud of his knowledge of international law, and of his power of writing a well-worded and convincing despatch. In the course of his meditations on international law he had arrived at the conclusion that the neutral policy of the European States was very one-sided. This is how he proved it. The Federal States have plenty of seamen and a navy. We have no seamen, and no navy. Consequently they can blockade us, but we cannot blockade them. When, therefore, neutral Powers forbid us both to take prizes into their ports the prohibition does not work fairly. The Federals do not want to take prizes into neutral ports, for they have ports of their own. Besides, there are no prizes they can take, for the Confederate States have no commerce. How different is the position of the Southerners. They are blockaded, and cannot use their ports. There is plenty of commerce for them to plunder, but they cannot bring it home. It would be so convenient for them to be able to take it into a neutral port, and foreigners ought to see that, by making the prohibition applicable to both sides, they are really helping the Federals. There is not a weak link in this chain of reasoning, which yet ends in the demonstration of the astounding proposition that it was the duty of neutrals to redress the balance of power between North and South. Admiral Semmes sees, and saw, nothing absurd in it, and he sailed all over the world vainly arguing his case with all manner of Colonial Governors and Admirals, in long despatches full of that kind of topsy-turvy logic which some Irishmen, and most women, can gravely use with the finest comic effect, and without ever seeing why their reasoning excites laughter. In the intervals of discussing questions of international law, or abusing the Yankees, which he does to a tiresome extent, Admiral Semmes gives pages of very interesting writing about ocean currents, storms, clouds, the migration of fishes, and such subjects. These things may not have much to do with the American Civil War, but at least they are good to read about, and sufficiently in place in the book of a navigator. On the whole, we like them better than the history of the *Sumter's* cruise, or even the *Alabama's*. In these there are brilliant episodes here and there, but in the main they are neither attractive nor glorious. Admiral Semmes seems to have so heartily enjoyed the work of capturing and burning Yankee ships, and to have found such a keen pleasure in ruining individual Yankees, that he forgets that his readers may have too much of the same thing. Every capture the *Sumter* or *Alabama* made is told at length, and almost in the same words. One vessel after another comes in sight, is tempted to approach by a display of the stars and stripes, or is pursued and caught up, then it is burnt at sea or let off on ransom bond when the cargo is neutral. All this work of destruction, which it was of course his duty to perform, Admiral Semmes recounts with a certain jubilation. Now and then he half apologizes for it on the ground of necessity, but his tone is always one of intense satisfaction. He chuckles as he tells how he burnt the ship of this or that long-faced Yankee, and turned him on shore a ruined man, as if the recollection consoled him to some extent for the defeat of his own cause. Now and again, too, Admiral Semmes declares that he was moved to be the more strict by the misdeeds of Federal generals in the South, but his work must have been done in pretty much the same way if General Pope had never invaded Northern Virginia or General Butler had never commanded in New Orleans. His rather shrill tone compares unfavourably with the grim cruelty of Sherman's account of his own desolation of Georgia, Alabama, and the Carolinas. The Federal General did much the most terrible things no doubt, but he tells of them with a colossal inhumanity which has a kind of dignity. Now Admiral Semmes is not dignified. He is wordy, and abusive, and vainglorious. With these defects, however, he none the less makes it very clear that he was a skilful and enterprising officer. There can be no doubt whatever about his scientific knowledge of his profession, and he uniformly writes well when ships, or sea, or sky, are his subjects, and not international law, or the hateful Yankees.

As Admiral Porter fought on the winning side, it is perhaps easier for him to write with temper than it was for the Captain of the *Alabama*. Whether for this reason, or because he believes that courtesy is due from one fighting-man to another, he certainly avoids angry scolding and mere personal abuse, and, like most Americans who now write on the war, speaks of the other side fairly and with a becoming recognition of its merits. His *Naval History of the Civil War* may therefore be so far praised. Further, it may cheerfully be acknowledged that the Admiral, who took an honourable part in those transactions himself, could hardly undertake to tell the world all about them without saying a good deal which is valuable. With this much, however, the praise of

his history must end. Indeed, it is only by a figure of speech of the most polite kind that his book can be called a history at all. At the beginning of the chapter on the capture of New Orleans by Admiral Farragut, he says:—"It is desirable in some respects to make this a book of reference, especially in regard to official letters which seldom or ever are seen by the public, and several reports of Admiral Farragut, also those of his officers, contain details of the battle at the forts, and of the capture of New Orleans, which can best be told by those who were participants in those stirring scenes, and they are appended to the general account of the battle." The view of the proper character of the book advanced in this rather slovenly piece of English is duly acted on, and accordingly a very large part of it is mere undigested despatch. This of course makes it valuable as a book of reference, but quite deprives it of the right to be called a history. A history is a coherent narrative of more or less literary merit digested out of many "books of reference." Admiral Porter's volume contains "general accounts" written by himself, and based on the evidence of others, or his own experience; but they are almost overpowered by verbatim reprints of letters and despatches. The reader may compare these for himself and get an idea of what happened; but this is just the laborious work he expects the historian to do for him. We shall not express an unqualified opinion of the Admiral's accuracy. Who shall say whether every engagement between Federal gunboats and Confederate batteries on the banks of the Mississippi is quite correctly described? It is likely enough that officers who were actually present at some of these engagements may have occasion to find fault with Admiral Porter's narrative, or may think that his quotations are not full enough. Naval officers of all nations are apt to be a little captious when their services are in question, and to grumble at the praise given to old messmates. They may not use the dreadful language which poured from Commodore Hawser Trunnion when he heard that Admiral Bower was to be made a peer, but they are given under similar circumstances to expressing the same sentiments. Admiral Porter may, therefore, have to face a considerable cross-fire of criticism and complaint. His book, however, leaves the impression that he has tried to be fair; and perhaps his anxiety to offend nobody has had a good deal to do with his profuse quotation of everybody's letters. Doubtless he wishes to let his old fellow-officers speak as much as possible for themselves. His accounts of some of the more dubious transactions of the war are marked by an honest desire to look facts in the face. A very fair instance is the history of the capture of the *Florida*. Admiral Porter does not deny for a moment that Captain Napoleon Collings of the *Wachusett* did a very violent thing when he captured the Confederate cruiser in a Brazilian port. He makes no attempt to justify him on legal grounds, and there is some dry humour in his remark that it was strange that the *Florida* should have sunk for no apparent reason at Newport News when in charge of a Federal crew. But, though Admiral Porter recognizes the irregularity of Captain Collings's proceedings, he declines to be greatly shocked by them, and practically says that Powers which are not strong enough to enforce respect for their neutrality must not expect to be respected. This may appear brutal to the legal mind, but it is a pretty accurate statement of the case. The Brazilians had allowed Confederate cruisers to make prizes in their waters, or had not been able to prevent them from doing so. Under these circumstances it was not to be wondered at that Federal officers treated them with scant regard. For the rest, loud as was the outcry against Captain Collings in this country, we have a notion that an English officer of Nelson's time—Troubridge, for instance—would have behaved pretty much in the same way.

GERMAN LITERATURE.

HEINE is one of the chief literary figures of the century, and his life must undoubtedly be written (1). But it cannot be considered a very satisfactory undertaking for a biographer, either for the general impression it must create, or with regard to the materials of which it has to be compounded. Many biographers are overburdened with materials which can neither be effectively used nor safely cast away. The biographer of Heine, on the other hand, has been robbed of what fairly belonged to him. Not the least of the numerous resemblances between Heine and Byron is the fate of their autobiographical memoirs. The history of Byron's is known; that of Heine's is enveloped in a cloud of mystification and contradiction, out of which appears the one solid and disagreeable fact that the document is not forthcoming. A number of valuable letters addressed to Heine were destroyed by a fire at Hamburg; most of the remainder have been abstracted or embezzled; and his own letters, though not devoid of strictly personal interest, seldom possess any other. There is, perhaps, no man of genius whose correspondence is more persistently occupied with petty matters of business, generally, directly or indirectly, relating to literary wire-pulling and bargaining with publishers, to the exclusion of the high themes on which Goethe and Schiller loved to expatiate. It is not romantic error so much as prosaic matter of fact which renders his biography so unsatisfactory; we can bear with the infirmities of genius, but lose patience over paltry

(1) Heinrich Heine. *Sein Lebensgang und seine Schriften, nach den neuesten Quellen dargestellt.* Von Robert Proelss. Stuttgart: Rieger. London: Nutt.

intrigues and idle literary quarrels. Byron and Southey had something to fight about, but Heine is rarely divided from his opponents by a question of principle. We have need to remember not merely his poetical genius, which, being mainly lyrical, might have existed along with a lower order of intellect, but also the singular depth, clearness, and fruitfulness of the ideas frequently thrown out in his prose writings. The least creditable of all these writings, for instance—his disgraceful attack on the memory of Börne—contains that luminous generalization on the distinction between the Hebraic and the Hellenic order of mind which has since served as the text for so many disquisitions, and many other instances will occur of original ideas presented with the soundest sense and most consummate skill. Herr Proelss has performed his task with great intelligence, and in an excellent spirit. He has the kindly feeling towards Heine which every biographer ought to entertain for the subject of his labours, while he does not endeavour to make a hero of him, except on the side of his character which really was heroic, his indomitable fortitude and persistence. He has most assiduously examined every possible source of information, and has compressed his materials into a clear, interesting narrative of moderate extent. If, as he owns, the general result is, after all, hardly satisfactory, the fault cannot be imputed to him.

As must always happen when a reputation is temporarily exalted beyond due limits, the fame of George Eliot is at present suffering in this country from a reaction, which, in its turn, may yield to a juster appreciation. This return may be accelerated by acquaintance with the estimate formed of her by competent foreign critics, and in this point of view Herr Hermann Conrad's (2) intelligent and conscientious study may not be useless to English readers. As a biographer he can only follow the correspondence published by Mr. Cross, which he epitomizes with fidelity and judgment. His information on some collateral points may be slightly defective; it is amusing to find Dr. Martineau described as "der unbedeutendere Bruder" of the excellent Harriet, and it should not have been so impossible to discover who William Ellis was. In the main, however, he is exceedingly thorough and accurate. The literary criticism is excellent, not distinguished by preternatural insight, and somewhat too deliberately anatomical for the English taste, but admirably sensible and sound. We do not find any notice of the remarkable resemblance of the plot of *Silas Marner* to that of Kraszewski's *Jermola*, to which attention has been called in England.

Goethe's sonnets were certainly addressed for the most part to "Minchen" Herzeleib, and we must suppose that she was the Ottilie of the "Wahlverwandtschaften," since German criticism will have it so. We cannot say that the point is any the more clearly established by the four letters from her to her intimate friend Christiane Albers, discovered and published by Herr Gaedertz (3), interesting and pretty as these are in themselves, and welcome as is Herr Gaedertz's restoration of the likeness of a very attractive person. The only passage with any important reference to Goethe is one in which Minchen speaks of frequently melting into tears when thinking over Goethe's wise and beautiful sayings, and comforting herself by the reflection that we cannot all be Goethes. Many enthusiastic young persons of both sexes could probably have said quite as much. It is, indeed, true that Goethe himself speaks of having loved Minchen more than he ought (*mehr als billig*); but the expression admits of a variety of interpretations, and its occurrence in a familiar letter is pretty good proof that it was intended to bear a very innocent one. At all events, the acquaintance was very brief, and the imputation against Goethe of having trifled with her feelings to obtain material for his poetry falls entirely to the ground. Her subsequent lot was by no means happy, but entirely from her own perversity in uniting herself to a man for whom she entertained no regard.

We are indebted to Dr. Otto Stoll (4) for a circumstantial account of the highly interesting country of Guatemala, with its rich natural productions, its fine scenery, its mysterious remains of Indian antiquity, and the curious social and political problems presented by its democratic institutions and its half-breed population. Not above 1,500 of its inhabitants, says Dr. Stoll, are pure whites, the remainder being either Indians or a mixture of Spaniards, Indians, and negroes. On the whole, the country seems more prosperous and orderly than might have been expected, although it is a problem whether this will continue without the heavy hand of the late cruel but energetic Dictator, General Barrios.

The history of the Jewish agricultural colonies in South Russia is an interesting appendix to the Russo-Jewish question in general. Herr Julius Elk (5) treats it from a Jewish point of view. These colonies were projected by the Emperor Alexander I., under whom, however, they obtained but a trifling development. Nicholas took up his predecessor's plans with warmth; but for a long time the rascality of the officials entrusted with the execution of his plans rendered them a total failure. At length, in 1846,

matters began to improve under the administration of Count Kisseleff, and at the present day the Jewish inquirer is able to report that the settlements inhabited by his countrymen are not less prosperous than those of their Russian neighbours. Considering the superior morality and sobriety of the inhabitants, this is not, after all, an over-flattering account; but the Jew does not take kindly to agriculture, is hampered by the number of religious holidays, and suffers from much legal and social injustice.

Few archaeological discoveries of our day surpass either in interest or in promise the totally unexpected find of papyri now in the possession of the Austrian Archduke Rainer (6). Nothing has yet justified such hopes of sooner or later recovering fragments of Greek literature. A publication of the Imperial Press at Vienna affords some insight into the value of the find already made, while suggestive of the richer treasures which may yet be in reserve. It is, of course, inevitable that the most recent documents should stand the best chance of preservation, and accordingly the larger part of the documents so miraculously recovered are found to belong to the period of the Arabic conquest of Egypt. Even these are of great value, including the earliest dated document of the period of the Hegira yet known, and rectifying, as we are informed, the received chronology in many particulars. Very curious, also, is the discovery that the paper on which they are written is not made of cotton, but of linen rags, sized in the modern manner. Among classical texts, we hear of fragments of Æschines and Isocrates, and of an unknown grammarian; while an Egyptian hieratic manuscript contains a copy of an heroic poem dating as far back as 1300 B.C. Further communications will be awaited with keen interest; and it is to be hoped that the Archduke's good fortune will prompt a keen inquiry for fragments on paper and papyrus.

"From the Youth of Jesus" (7) is an attempt, more successful than similar undertakings in general, to depict the condition of the Jews and Judaism at the period through the medium of a tale. The story is not very striking, and the action is interrupted by long dissertations and disquisitions; but the subject is certainly made more attractive for average readers than it would have been if a more scientific treatment had been resorted to.

"War with Warlocks" (8) is a curious book by a Protestant clergyman, who without, as it would appear, any personal experience, has convinced himself of the reality of witchcraft, and of its alarming diffusion throughout the German Empire. The experiences of ages have, however, produced this much effect upon him, that he humanely, but illogically, withdraws sorcerers and their doings from the cognizance of the civil magistrate, and holds that they may be effectually dealt with by a course of sermons.

Dr. Jacob Löwenberg has written a very pleasant essay on Schiller's and Otway's dramatic treatment of the history of Don Carlos (9), pointing out their common obligations to the novel of the Abbé Saint-Réal. While admitting some curious verbal resemblances, he disputes Schiller's acquaintance with his predecessor's work. Otway, he thinks, surpasses Schiller in pathos and simplicity, but his play has no such creation as the Marquis Posa.

The essays of Hugo Schuchardt (10) on the literature of the South of Europe would make an attractive little volume of themselves, and are agreeably reinforced by letters descriptive of two tours in Wales. There is nothing very new to be said about Pompeian graffiti or Virgil in the middle ages, but what we have heard before we like to hear again when it is communicated with the practised ease and dexterity of Herr Schuchardt. There is more novelty in the account of the dialectical peculiarities of the French of the recently annexed provinces, and of the measures adopted by the French Government to extirpate German, which would have succeeded if the conquest had been deferred much longer. There are interesting essays on Goethe and Calderon, and on the Roman satirist Belli, and a notice of a village tale by a Portuguese physician, Julio Diniz, who died just as he seemed about to add something valuable to the literature of his country. The Welsh tour which occupies the latter part of the volume was, Professor Schuchardt informs us, suggested by his wish to air the few words of Welsh which he had acquired, and for which he could find no use in Germany. He humorously compares himself to the man who, having found a horseshoe, deemed it incumbent upon him to buy a horse. To this idea we are indebted for some very pleasant pages upon Welsh scenery, camp meetings, Eisteddfods, the personal attractions of the ladies of Bala, and the merits and demerits of Borrow's *Wild Wales*.

Herr Tischendorf has rendered the literature of his native country a service by transplanting the admirable tale of *Laila* from the Norwegician of J. A. Friis (11). The great interest of this charming little book does not so much consist in plot or character-painting as in the picture of the collision between a civilized and an uncultivated race. The scene is laid in the eighteenth century,

(6) *Mittheilungen aus der Sammlung der Papyrus Erzherzog Rainer*. Wien: K. K. Hof- und Staatsdruckerei. London: Nutt.

(7) *Aus den Jugendjahren Jesu*. Von Theodor Hansen. Leipzig: Lehmann. London: Nutt.

(8) *Die Zauberei und ihre Behauptung*. Von F. A. Rüsch. Gutersloh: Bertelsmann. London: Nutt.

(9) *Ueber Otway's und Schiller's Don Carlos*. Von Jacob Löwenberg. Lippstadt: Staats. London: Nutt.

(10) *Romanisches und Keltisches*. Gesammelte Aufsätze von Hugo Schuchardt. Berlin: Oppenheim. London: Nutt.

(11) *Laila. Schilderungen aus Lappland*. Von J. A. Friis. Nach dem Norwegischen von C. Tischendorf. Leipzig: Wigand. London: Nutt.

(2) *George Eliot. Ihr Leben und Schaffen dargestellt nach ihren Briefen und Tagebüchern*. Von Hermann Conrad. Berlin: Reimer. London: Nutt.

(3) *Goethe's Minchen*. Auf Grund ungedruckter Briefe geschildert von K. T. Gaedertz. Bremen: Müller. London: Nutt.

(4) *Guatemala. Reisen und Schilderungen aus den Jahren 1878-1883*. Von Otto Stoll. Leipzig: Brockhaus. London: Nutt.

(5) *Die jüdischen Kolonien in Russland*. Von Julius Elk. Frankfurt: Kaufmann. London: Nutt.

since which time many problems have been solved; but such a scene as the contest between the righteous Norwegian pastor who, from the best motives, wishes to take away the Laplander's Bible, that he may be compelled to learn Norwegian, without which, as the pastor rightly discerns, no progress in civilization is possible, and the Laplander who clings to his treasure with affecting pertinacity, brings to a focus an entire class of the problems which most perplex statesmen and philanthropists.

"Mother and Daughter," by Ernst Wichert (12), is another tale grounded on the manners of a simple people, and fully equal in literary merit, though much less bright and wholesome. The scene is laid in Lithuania, and the subject is a domestic tragedy, springing from the jealousy which a widow—who is remarried in maturer years—not without good grounds, entertains for her step-daughter. The situation, though painful, is entirely natural under the circumstances described, and is worked out with absolute fidelity to nature.

The April number of the *Rundschau* (13) has the first part of an article on the political and military condition of the British Empire by F. H. Geffcken, who seems more desirous to dwell on our weak points than our strong ones; for which Englishmen, if wise, will thank him. He has much to say on the numerous mistakes of British policy during recent years, and the weak points in the national defence, as well known to foreigners as to ourselves. Major Wachs makes a survey of the defensive strength of the German frontier, both east and west, and professes himself, on the whole, contented. The only other contribution of much interest is a fragment of autobiography by Ranke, treating of his early years, and dictated in 1863. His first study at the University, it appears, was theology, and he made considerable progress in Hebrew. In the May number Herr Geffcken's essay is concluded, and Ranke's autobiography is replaced by a still more interesting article on Tolstoi, the Russian novelist, who was bidding fair to rival the fame of Turgueneff when he turned from fiction to mysticism. A graphic description of his personal appearance is given, and particulars of his life hitherto not generally known. A paper on Tunis and the ruins of Carthage contains vivid pictures of both, and holds out encouraging prospects of the results to be anticipated from excavation.

It is a peculiar feature of Dr. Heinemann's (14) little book of extracts from German authors for translation that they are all selected from books published since 1870, thus ensuring perfect modernness of expression. They are chosen with judgment, and, apart from their special purpose, will be found interesting and entertaining by cultivated readers.

PRISON LIFE IN RUSSIA.*

PRINCE KROPOTKINE knows too well, and not from the outside only, the prisons both of Russia and of France. It was as a student, however, and not as a sufferer, that he first became acquainted with the prisons of his native land. In 1862, when he had just entered the military service, he was quartered in Siberia, near the mines of Neretchinsk; and having been attached as aide-de-camp to the Governor of the district, was commissioned by him to study the condition of the prisons and to draw up a report on the subject, with a view to meditated reforms. The period of liberty which, as if by a natural reaction, had followed the rigid compression exercised by the Emperor Nicholas, had not yet been brought, by Nihilistic excesses at St. Petersburg and by armed insurrection at Warsaw, to an abrupt and violent end; and, even after counter-reaction had manifested itself in the capital, there were well-meaning enthusiasts among the high officials of Siberia who still believed, not only in the abstract utility, but in the practical feasibility of the important legal and administrative reforms by which the emancipation of the serfs was to have been accompanied. These reforms were, in fact, introduced, and were in a measure carried out. But when the new institutions were found not to work well for the Government they were modified or ignored, while the projects of prison reform were nullified by a series of Ministerial circulars, restoring the very punishments which it had been proposed to abolish. Prince Kropotkine has been in many prisons; and he might say of them what, after due consideration and comparison, Fuller says of various modes of death: "None please me." It must be acknowledged, however, that he lays but little stress on his own personal sufferings, and that he presents the relative advantages and the absolute disadvantages of his different places of confinement with calmness, and, to all appearances, with moderation.

The Russian prisons, Prince Kropotkine tells us, are in some respects not worse than the French; and French prison discipline is on certain points better than the English. Nevertheless, Russian prisons have special horrors of their own; and, in dwelling upon them, Prince Kropotkine supports his case by Russian official documents and by the evidence of books and news-

papers published in Russia without any interference on the part of the Government. For the necessity of reforms in connexion with prison administration and with the prisons themselves was, as has already been seen, recognized in Russia years ago; and, according to the novelist Dostoeffsky, who spent ten years in a Siberian convict prison, questioning and observing (with a rare talent for observation) during the whole of the time, some very important reforms were, after the accession of Alexander II., introduced, and not only introduced but maintained. In his account of convict life in Siberia this author states explicitly in more than one place that the barbarous punishments common in his time are no longer inflicted; also, that since the reforms of Alexander II. a much better class of men have found their way into the military and civil administration. This is not Prince Kropotkine's belief. But Dostoeffsky's experience in such matters was as much greater than that of Prince Kropotkine as the experience of Prince Kropotkine is greater than that of Mr. Landells. Without any previous knowledge of Russian prisons, and without any knowledge whatever of the Russian language, the Rev. Mr. Landells saw just as much of the prisons he visited as the attendants chose to show him; and he hastily concluded that what he had not seen did not, and could not, exist. A good portion of Prince Kropotkine's book is devoted to the refutation of Mr. Landells's views, as generalized from incomplete observations made under exceptional circumstances; and he shows from Government reports, and from books published by Russians in Russia, that the prisons in which Mr. Landells found so much to admire contain very much that should be condemned. Mr. Landells's book proves beyond doubt that Russian prisons are not so bad but that considerable portions of them can, after due notice, be exhibited without shame to inquiring and well-disposed foreigners. It proves, however, no more than this. The prison inspectors themselves cannot know what really takes place in Russian prisons, for, as Prince Kropotkine puts it, the inspector goes away, but the gaoler remains; and if the prisoner has ventured to complain, the gaoler can find a hundred ways of punishing him for his indiscretion. Dostoeffsky describes a sort of insurrection or demonstration in mass which took place in the yard of the prison where he was confined; and the end of it all was that, when the prisoners were called upon to step out singly and set forth their grievances, no one prisoner thought it desirable to accept the invitation. Gogol, in his amusing, but rather terrible, comedy, the *Revision*, has shown how the Government inspectors are systematically deceived in all the public establishments they may happen to be visiting; and though the malpractices of Russian officials may have diminished since Gogol's time, the principle remains the same—that the governors of hospitals and gaols can always throw dust in the eyes of persons, even persons in authority, visiting them for purposes of observation and inquiry. Most candid readers, then, will agree with Prince Kropotkine, when he mildly describes as "regrettable" the "levity" with which Mr. Landells assumes that there is nothing to complain of in Russian prisons, and thereupon attacks Russians who have ventured to complain:—

Levity [he says] is always regrettable; but it is more regrettable in questions like this, and in a country like Russia. For twenty years all honest men in our country have been loudly crying against our prisons, and loudly asking for an immediate reform. For twenty years public opinion vainly asks for a thorough renovation of the prison administration, for more light, more supervision in the whole system. And the Government which refuses that will be only too glad if it can answer them—You see there is a foreigner, who knows everything about prisons throughout the world, and who thinks that all you say is mere exaggeration; that our prisons are not at all bad in comparison with those of other countries. . . . I earnestly invite foreigners who may be tempted to study this question never to forget that each attempt to extenuate the dark features of our prisons will be a stone brought to consolidate the abominable régime we have now.

If Mr. Landells gives too favourable an account of Russian prisons, Prince Kropotkine gives such an unfavourable account of French ones that he makes Russian prisons seem less black than, but for the inevitable comparison, they might appear. His general conclusion, indeed, on the subject of prison reform is that, except as regards some details, it is impossible in the present condition of Russia; while, as regards prisons generally, the only important suggestion he has to make is that they should be abolished. "They do not deter," he says, "and they cannot reform. Therefore, away with them." Whether the prospect of possible imprisonment has ever a deterrent effect on the criminally disposed who have not yet broken the law is a question which Prince Kropotkine cannot be considered in a position to answer. Nor on this point can there be any statistics to refer to. But that in Western Europe about one-half of the men who have once been in prison find their way back there after a brief period of liberty can be shown by incontrovertible figures; and to habitual criminals the prison affords permanent headquarters from which at intervals they sall forth to attack society, sure before long to be driven back to their ordinary abode. Apart from the corrupting influences of prison life, its constant routine under inflexible rules has the effect, according to Prince Kropotkine, of weakening the prisoner's will, and thus rendering him more incapable even than before of resisting such temptations as those to which he had before succumbed; and in the last chapter of his book he suggests in a distinctly tentative manner the extension to criminals of the farming-out system applied in Belgium to lunatics. Something of the kind was really tried in the days when criminals used to be transported beyond the seas; and the system gave in many cases very beneficial results. But the world is getting so full, and

(12) *Mutter und Tochter. Eine litauische Geschichte.* Von Ernst Wichert. Leipzig: Reissner. London: Nutt.

(13) *Deutsche Rundschau.* April, Mai, 1887. Berlin: Paetel. London: Nutt.

(14) *German of To-day: a Series of Short Passages selected from Contemporary German Writers.* By Dr. N. Heinemann. London: Cassell & Co.

* *In Russian and French Prisons.* By Prince Kropotkine. London: Ward & Downey.

criminals continue to be held in such aversion by the unconvicted, that it is difficult now to find suitable territories for convict settlements.

We have said very little about Prince Kropotkin's direct experiences of Russian prisons; nor does the narrative of that experience occupy in the present volume more than a few pages. The sickening horrors of Russian prison life as presented by the Prince fill one with a strong desire to know as little as possible of a country where such things are possible. The disgust inspired by the book is due in some measure to an accumulation of details, true perhaps in themselves, but gathered together with a view to effect from a number of different sources. The sufferings of Russian convicts seem to be due in part to harshness and cruelty on the part of the officials, but in part also to bad management and gross negligence—such, for instance, as causes the exceptional sickness and mortality in all Russian camps. One would think that many of these evils might be remedied without any violent change in the Russian system of government. But that is not Prince Kropotkin's opinion. He has no reforms to propose. His one essential condition of progress is the destruction of the autocracy; which, indeed, to judge by its own acts, can only be maintained by exiling every year to Siberia thousands of suspected persons against whom no legal sentence has been passed, and who are sent away under a simple order from the administration.

FRENCH LITERATURE.

THE Esquimaux of Father Pétitot's interesting book (1) are not those with whom most people are best acquainted, the Esquimaux of Greenland and the district of Davis's Straits. They are the much wilder and more independent Esquimaux of the delta and embouchures of the Mackenzie, familiarized with European ships hardly at all, and much more feared than loved by the European, half-breed, and Indian employés of the Hudson Bay Company, with whom they come in contact. Father Pétitot made their acquaintance rather more than twenty years ago, as a Roman Catholic missionary, and for several years he was in intermittent relations with them, partly at Forts Good Hope and Macpherson, and partly in adventurous, but not very successful, journeys into their country. His account of the manners of the men and of the morals of the women is unfavourable, and we think rather harsh; as, indeed, now and then he seems almost to admit. The fact that more than once his prudence and courage in going perfectly unarmed among them saved him both from robbery and personal violence, points to by no means the lowest standard of morality; and when in his last and unluckiest expedition he had to fly for his life and abandon his property, it was chiefly owing to the Esquimaux' tribal jealousy of his Indian companions—an obvious source of trouble which is constantly and unaccountably neglected by travellers. Nevertheless, as is the case with all honest explorers, he supplies abundant material for checking his own results, and the book is both a valuable and interesting one, more particularly because there is hardly any sign in it of national, and not a very great deal of professional, prejudice.

Colonel Fabre de Navacelle's *Précis des guerres du second empire* (2) is a book of a comparatively novel and very valuable sort. The events of the siege of Rome, of the earlier Algerian campaigns, and of the Crimean, Italian, Chinese, and Mexican wars, are successively related in a manner readable without being the least, in the injurious sense, popular, and technical without being heavy. The Crimean section in particular is one of the best things of the same scale and kind known to us. The great rock ahead in all such cases is the unnecessary discussion of contentious and perilous matter. Colonel de Navacelle has at the worst barely grazed this rock, with no damage worth mentioning.

We are rather inclined to agree with the indignation which, as M. du Pontavice de Houssey tells us, has been shown by French theatrical persons at his attempt to adapt *The New Magdalen* (3). It is true that one hundred and even two hundred years ago French dramatists were by no means too proud to convey wisely English property. But things have changed, so that a reversion to the older plan may naturally seem "schoking."

There is a tolerably numerous class of persons, even in England, who appear to suspect any critic or essayist who does not attempt, as Mr. Carlyle has it, "to *briller* and *pétiller*." These persons will be happy enough with M. Blaze de Bury's treatment of the interesting, if not extraordinarily novel, themes of Petrarch's Laura, Lucrezia Borgia, the Fornarina, Vittoria Colonna, and Bianca Capello (4). We might, indeed, if we cared to do so, beat up M. Blaze de Bury's quarters in a pretty lively fashion. His remarks about the "*bons gros professeurs de Göttingue*" in general, and Gregorovius in particular, are in the first place very impertinent, and in the second place extremely silly; nor does he seem in the least to understand how the Lucrezia question really lies. A man who at this time of day talks about "*cette nuit du*

moyen-âge que les bûchers seuls éclairaient" is either a very foolish, or an extremely prejudiced, or a hopelessly ignorant, or a most recklessly careless person. But these little figzigs and fireworks are all in M. Blaze de Bury's style and day's work. His subjects are without exception interesting in themselves, and he has, to do him justice, the virtues as well as the defects of a bookmaker.

M. des Ecorres (5) has composed one of those military odes in very short sentences, and in a nothing-if-not-sprightly style which have been made popular by the success of Théo Critt. There are really as well as intentionally lively things in it, but it would have been improved by less mannerism of arrangement.

M. Emile Ferrière's *La matière et l'énergie* (6) is purely scientific and not at all philosophical, dealing with questions of chemical physics, mathematical formulas, spectrum analysis, and so forth. It is, therefore, scarcely suited for more than passing notice here, though it appears to be a valuable collection of facts in its own class.

NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

A NEW book on gardening should possess some uncommon advantages of plan or teaching to justify its appearance, and especially is this true of a handbook with the comprehensive claims of Mr. E. Hobday's *Villa Gardening* (Macmillan & Co.) This book is intended for the guidance of owners of "gardens from one to eight or ten acres," an area which is surely greatly in excess of the average villa garden. The author's scheme comprises flower and fruit culture under glass, open-air gardening in all its branches, the laying-out of grounds, and a monthly calendar of work, and in each of these sections of his work it is evident it is the larger kind of garden he has in view. Indeed, his book is more suitable for the occupier of a twenty-acre demesne, with all the usual appurtenances, than of use to the dweller in what is commonly considered a villa. Apart from the somewhat inapt title, there is much that merits commendation in Mr. Hobday's book. The chapters on planting and all that relates to what was once called landscape-gardening are full of excellent sense and good taste, the section on fruit culture is thoroughly practical and trustworthy, and the calendar of work is one of the best of its kind. With regard to the flower garden and to the art of planting trees and shrubs, the author shows himself to be a liberal advocate of the broader and more artistic views that distinguish modern gardeners. Who now reads the fathers of the art or follows the rigid rule of Repton? The days of geometrical beds with glaring geraniums and the like are gone, and gone for ever, it is to be hoped. Mr. Hobday pleads for the herbaceous border. "The prettiest gardens," he says with perfect truth, "are those where a continual change is going on, where as one flower is leaving us another equally beautiful is coming on," and consistently urges the advantages of broad masses, arranged on sound principles of relief and proportion. Altogether Mr. Hobday's handbook is a useful addition to the literature of the subject.

American schools must be greatly in advance of English, or American boys and girls exceptionally gifted, if we may judge from Dr. A. S. Packard's *First Lessons in Zoology* (New York: Henry Holt & Co.), one of the Elementary Course in an "American Science Series" of text-books. Time was when the nearest approach to anything of the kind in use at schools was a popular sort of natural history of unimpeachable orthodoxy. It started with man and the larger mammals, descending through the four kingdoms to the obscurer forms of zoophytes. It rarely got within measurable distance of the Infusoria, and it ignored all science subsequent to the classification of Linneus and Cuvier. Dr. Packard's little book, with its capital woodcuts, anatomical diagrams, and thorough scientific method, makes us blush for such paltering with the field of science. Reversing the bad old method, Dr. Packard follows the ascending scale of life from a protoplasmic cell to the higher mammalia, from the Amœba to man, in fact. Each lesson in the progressive course is emphasized by a few expressive words of summary till the cumulative effect becomes really prodigious.

There seems to be so great an interest in the masterpieces of Russian fiction in America and this country that it is not surprising to receive a translation of M. Ernest Dupuy's studies of Turgenev, Gogol, and Count Tolstoi, entitled *The Great Masters of Russian Literature* (J. & R. Maxwell). To these essays the American translator, Mr. Nathan Haskell Dole, has appended some biographical notes that contain some interesting matter, though we cannot accept as representative the extract from Dostoïeffsky—the description of the public bath from the *Recollections of a Dead-House* (*Zapiski iz Mertvaia Doma*). Writing of *Crime and Punishment* the translator quotes a letter from "a brilliant Russian lady," who observes:—"Generally speaking, your countrymen have too healthy a constitution to appreciate such a novel. Let it turn heads among the pessimists of France and Russia, the natives of effete Europe." It seems to have turned a good many heads here, where we are less given over to pessimism.

A good cure for pessimism is *The Prodigious Adventures of Tartarin of Tarascon* (J. & R. Maxwell), a volume of the "Parisian Library," issued at sixpence, which claims to be "translated into living and wholly readable English," not to

(1) *Les grands Esquimaux*. Par Emile Pétitot. Paris: Plon.

(2) *Précis des guerres du second empire*. Par H. Fabre de Navacelle. Paris: Plon.

(3) *Madeline: pièce d'après Wilkie Collins*. Par R. du Pontavice de Houssey. Paris: Ollendorf.

(4) *Dames de la renaissance*. Par H. Blaze de Bury. Paris: Calmann Lévy.

(5) *Expéditions autour de ma tente*. Par Ch. des Ecorres. Paris: Plon.

(6) *La matière et l'énergie*. Par Emile Ferrière. Paris: Alcan.

speak of "preserving all the pristine vivacity, fervid colour, full-spirited wit, and torrid yet refined passion" that distinguish the series. The translator is at extraordinary pains to do justice to the patois of Tarascon. He gravely observes in a note that *bon Dieu* is "bad French for 'Good God!'" instead of being good Tarasconnais for "Bon Dieu!" and when Tartarin discovers the faithless Baïa carousing with Barbassou he exclaims "Odsbodkins!" With the same care for local colour we find "the deuse!" (*sic*) "Why, what a surprise!" and the like homely and familiar phrases of the music-hall and the street. Compared with living English of this kind, the misprints of the book are of little moment. "Bless thee, Tartarin, bless thee! thou art translated!"

Mr. J. Ashby-Sterry's *Cucumber Chronicles* (Sampson Low & Co.) is a volume of light, chatty, and pleasant essays on a variety of agreeable topics, not intended to be consumed at a sitting, but to be "taken in slices." Following the author's direction, we have happened on several bright and facile descriptive papers—such as "Tubbleton's," "An Ancient Hostelry," and "Change for Sixpence," the last-named a vivacious account of a trip to a West-End suburb. On the whole, this is a capital book for a lounge in the hammock and a hot day in the shade.

All who love a record of perils at sea, mutinies, and blood-curdling excitement, and love the record the better for being matter of fact, will delight in *From Forecastle to Cabin*, by Capt. S. Samuels (Sampson Low & Co.), of which we have a new and cheap edition.

Part VI. of Mr. A. W. A'Beckett's *Comic Blackstone* (Bradbury, Agnew, & Co.) is illustrated by an interesting comic plate, after Mr. Harry Furniss, setting forth the triumph of a civil tenure over military. The satirical accessories are admirable.

Among our new editions are Milton's *Paradise Lost* in "Routledge's Pocket Library"; the *Essays of Elia* in the "World Library" (Routledge), and Mr. William Black's *Goldsmith* in "English Men of Letters" (Macmillan & Co.).

We have also received new editions of *The Mayor of Casterbridge*, by Mr. Thomas Hardy (Macmillan); Mr. James Payn's *The Heir of the Ages* (Smith, Elder, & Co.); and *The Household of Sir Thomas More*, by the author of "Mary Powell" (Roper & Drowley).

NOTICE.

We beg leave to state that we decline to return rejected Communications: and to this rule we can make no exception.

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The ADVERTISEMENT DEPARTMENT has been REMOVED from 38 to 33 Southampton Street. All communications respecting ADVERTISEMENTS should therefore be addressed to Mr. JOHN HART, 33 SOUTHAMPTON STREET, STRAND, LONDON, W.C.

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THE INHABITANTS OF THE TOWER HAMLETS (School Board Division), THEIR CONDITION AND OCCUPATIONS. By CHARLES BOOTH, Esq.

LONDON LIBRARY, St. James's Square, S.W.—The FORTY-SIXTH ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING of the Members will be held in the Reading-Room, on Friday, May 20, at Three P.M.
The Right Hon. the EARL of DERRY, K.G., in the Chair.
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ROYAL ACADEMY OF ARTS.—Notice is hereby given that the President and Council will proceed to ELECT on Tuesday, May 24, a TURNER ANNUITY.
Applicants for the Turner Annuity, which is of the value of £50, must be artists of repute in need of aid through the unavoidable failure of professional employment or other causes.
Forms of application can be obtained by letter, addressed to the Secretary, Royal Academy of Arts, Piccadilly. They must be filled in and returned on or before Saturday, May 21.
By order, FRED. A. EATON, Secretary.

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